

MUSEUM

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FEBRUARY, 1833.

From the last *Quarterly Review* we have copied a review of Flint's Valley of the Mississippi, and we have marked for a future number of the Museum a review of Chalmers on Political Economy; an article upon the Works of the Rev. Robert Hall; one upon Pecchio's Observations on England; and one upon Fashionable Society in England. This month's Museum also contains an interesting account of Earle's residence on Tristan d'Acunha. The parts which we have not printed, and shall not print, are:—1. Tod's Annals of Rajasthan, (upon this subject we have already had a good article;) Greek Elegy; Earle's New Zealand, (already reviewed;) and the Revolution of the Three Days.—So that we shall copy nearly the whole.

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From the *Foreign Quarterly Review* we have copied the Life of Gouverneur Morris. We shall omit the articles on the German Origin of the Latin Language, Douville's Defence of his Travels, Italian Translation of Paradise Lost, and probably those on Chateaubriand, (on whom we have had an excellent article;) the Poets of Portugal; part or all of Steam Carriages. The articles on the Government of Louis Philip, and Religion in Italy, are under consideration; and that on French Novels is marked for a future number.

In an article on the Present Condition and Future Prospects of Steam Carriages, the *Foreign Quarterly Review* thus sums up—

“The substitution of the power of steam for the strength of horses in propelling carriages, coaches, and wagons, has now been the subject of general and sustained interest for more than twenty years; the expectations, even of the less sanguine, have been raised periodically, and after intervals of nearly equal duration, to the full assurance of perfect confidence, by the reported and apparently entire success of some fortunate projector in effecting the complete solution

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of the grand problem; expectations that have only deepened the total disappointment by which they have been invariably succeeded. There is not at this moment, in this country or in any other, a single instance of a regular land communication satisfactorily sustained by the agency of steam. On common roads we have never seen any thing better than short-lived and unproductive experiments; on rail-roads (*chemins de fer*) they can scarcely be said to have been more successful. On the Liverpool and Manchester line they are only retained by an enormous sacrifice of money and of the interests of the proprietors. The steam-engines used on it are huge, disproportioned, clumsy masses of mechanism, better adapted in their size and structure to the staid and sober pace of an elephant, than to the rapid flight for which they are used; and though by being urged to the uttermost, they have attained velocities approximating nearer to aerial flight than earthly trudge, yet, like a cart horse goaded to a gallop, they founder themselves, and knock the road to pieces. From all that has yet been made public, we are only warranted to deduce this one conclusion,—that every attempt yet made to render steam-carriages the means of economical and regular inland communication has totally and absolutely failed.

“Reduced to this condition, it may be well to inquire into our prospects. Is there, we may ask, any peculiarity in the nature of land locomotion, to prevent that power which turns the wheels of a *boat*, from propelling with similar effect, the wheels of a *britchka*? Is there any thing in the nature of a carriage so peculiar, that while a steam-engine can do the work of a hundred horses, it cannot do the work of ‘four-in-hand’? Have we attained the ‘hitherto and no further’ of the power of steam? Knowing, as we do, that the proposed substitution would bring about a great and beneficial change in the moral, political,

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and commercial state of the empire, are we at last, after hopes so long and so fondly cherished, so long pregnant with apparent fruition, doomed to discover that we have only been tantalized? Are we to find that we have been hunting after nothing more attainable, than an alchemist's stone for converting steel and steam into oxen and corn, and baking the bread of the poor from the dust of the highway? Is all the mechanical skill of Great Britain at last foiled? Is all her science, all her ingenuity, unequal to the evolution of this little problem,—‘with an engine of sixteen-horse power, to propel a four-horse coach!’ Where is the present race of the Bells, the Boltons, and the Watts? Can the government do nothing to foster the invention and bring it to maturity? These questions are serious:—the answers to them weighty, all-important to us—to Great Britain. We think they can be answered fully and satisfactorily, so as to show, that not in the nature of the thing to be done, but in the mode of setting about it, is the cause of failure to be discovered. We may be able to detect in each invention omissions and elements of self-destruction necessarily involving total failure, and these not in mere details, but in the great principles of structure and arrangement.”

Then follows a long and interesting account of the several steam engines which have been tried in England, with an account of their defects; and the reviewer proceeds—

“Here then we arrive at the conclusion of the whole matter. We find that the failures which have hitherto attended all attempts at the steam-carriage have arisen, not from any necessary incompatibility between the nature of steam and this particular application of its power, but from the deficiency of the inventions that have been produced in some of the great elements of structure which we have shown to be essential to success; that it would have been easy, from the construction of these engines, to predict their failure, as we now predict the failure of all constructed on the same or on similar principles; that it was an error to suppose that they were deficient merely in practical details which further experience would supply; that every one of them contained elements of self-destruction; that they had attained all the perfection of which they were capable; and finally, that success may yet be expected from such as may be constructed in compliance with the requisites we have pointed out.”

These requisites are:—1. A light and strong boiler, exposing a large surface to the fire. 2. Such an application of the power of the steam as will not waste it—it

is said that in consequence of the bends in the pipes, &c. a large part of the whole power is lost. 3. A different arrangement of the cylinders; or rather, a single cylinder should be used, as it is difficult to make two *keep time*, and the greater surface causes more rapid cooling. 4. An arrangement for supporting the carriage-body and the whole of the moving machinery upon perfectly flexible springs, so as to vibrate freely in every direction, and yet admit of being impelled forwards with uniform power and velocity. 5. To construct an engine of variable power like that of a horse, which shall proportion its exertion to the resistance to be overcome.

“These five parts of the problem must, therefore, be separately accomplished in the highest degree of perfection, and then combined in one compact and uniform whole, before we can expect perfect success in any attempt at the construction of steam-carriages. If any one of these circumstances be neglected or imperfectly accomplished, even although all the others should be completely obtained, that one omission will be fatal. We must have a boiler at once strong and light, containing space for a large fire, an extensive heating surface, and a capacious reservoir. The supply of steam must be economised to the greatest possible extent, by widening the passage-pipe, shortening, and making it straight; the cylinders to which it is conveyed must be so proportioned as to give the greatest possible benefit from their form, position, or number, and the simplicity of their appendages. And while the utmost rigidity must be sustained among these moving parts, to ensure their operation, they must yet be allowed such a measure of vibration in every direction, that being hung on perfectly flexible and highly elastic springs, they shall be allowed to act upon them either upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards, to the right hand or to the left, without in the slightest degree affecting the uniform velocity of the carriage; finally, a provision must be made, by altering the force of the steam or its quantity, or otherwise arranging the parts of the carriage, for giving on different kinds of road such degrees of power as may impel the vehicle at a velocity nearly uniform, whether ascending or descending, or running on the level. If this construction be possible, and we have little doubt but that it is so, then we may still expect to see the invention fully perfected. Certainly, if we find, in pursuing our investigations, that every carriage hitherto produced has been deficient in one or other of these essential points, we think that it will go far to prove—not, as some assert, that the power of steam is in its nature unsuited to the purpose of travelling on common roads; but only that the

ingenuity, or science, or practical skill, hitherto brought into the field, have not been equal to the task, and that the subject has not yet been viewed in its proper light."

Blackwood for November had not a single article which we could copy. The December number contains another article from the Diary of a Physician, called the Magdalen; but the subject being at least doubtful, and the article not being written with the author's usual ability, we have omitted it. The same remarks apply to the Pirate's Leman, from Tom Cringle's Log. There is a good article against the French Revolution of 1830; and one in favour of the King of Holland. There is also some poetry, not so good as that we copy; an ordinary Tale; and a discussion of the Burning of Bristol.

In the New Monthly Magazine for December, we find the following notice—

"To our correspondents in America we are much obliged for many favours, and beg, through this channel, to thank Edward Morris, Philadelphia, and also our literary friend in Nova Scotia. We very much regret that we cannot avail ourselves of the offer of the latter. The home market is over-stocked. We beg to inform our excellent and ingenious correspondent, Willis Gaylord Clark, that we have not received the communications he refers to. His calumet indeed arrived safe, but the *ex fumo dare lucem* has not yet extended to the papers he mentions. 'Swallow Barn' has never come to hand, nor 'Thatcher's Indian Biography,' nor the Letters from Peru. While we are on this subject, we beg to inform our friends on the other side of the Atlantic, that any packets of books or journals, sent per post, is a more expensive present than they are aware of. We had this very morning a packet from New York, containing what we know not, offered us for 5*l.* 16*s.* We felt compelled to decline the proposition of the postman. Perhaps in so doing we may have lost one of the works referred to above. We are very sorry—*mais quoi faire?*"

From the New Monthly Magazine.

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build. Be mine, in hours of fear
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here."

Wordsworth.

A dim and mighty minister of old Time!
A Temple shadowy with remembrances

Of the majestic Past!—the very Light
Streams with the colouring of heroic days
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
To other years!—and the rich fretted roof,
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
Ivy and Vine, and many a sculptured Rose,—
The tenderest image of Mortality—
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves—all these things
Tell of a Race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship poured a Wealth of Love!
Honour be with the Dead!—The People kneel
Under the Helms of antique Chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from Banners thrown,
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved
Of Warriors on their tombs.—The People kneel
Where crown-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewell'd
crowns

On the flushed brows of Conquerors have been set;
Where the high Anthems of old Victorics
Have made the dust give echoes.—Hence, vain thoughts!
Memories of Power and Pride, which, long ago,
Like dim Processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away.—Return, my Soul!
The Cross recalls thee—Lo! the blessed Cross!
High o'er the Banners and the Crests of Earth,
Fixed in its meek and still supremacy!
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts,
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasures of immortal Hope,
Gathered before their God!—Hark! how the flood
Of the rich Organ-harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!—
A forest-sounding music!—every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
And the old Minster—forest-like itself—
With its long avenues of pillared shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my Soul!
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude, the glorious Hymn.

Rise, like an altar-fire!
In solemn joy aspire,
Deepening thy passion still, O Choral strain!
On thy strong-rushing wind
Bear up from Humankind
Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain!
Father, which art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of Harp or Song to reach Thine awful ear;
Unless the heart be there,
Winging the words of Prayer,
With its own fervent faith, or suppliant fear.
Let, then, thy Spirit brood
Over the multitude—
Be Thou amidst them through that heavenly Guest!
So shall their cry have power
To win from Thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.
What Griefs, that make no sign,
That ask no aid but Thine,
Father of Mercies! here before Thee swell!
As to the open sky,
All their dark waters lie
To Thee revealed, in each close bosom-cell.
The sorrow for the Dead,
Mantling its lowly head
From the world's glare, is, in Thy sight, set free;
And the fond, aching Love,
Thy Minister, to move
All the wrung spirit, softening it for Thee.

And doth not Thy dread eye
 Behold the agony
 In that most hidden chamber of the heart,
 Where darkly sits Remorse,
 Beside the secret source
 Of fearful Visions, keeping watch apart?
 Yes!—here before Thy throne
 Many—yet each alone—
 To Thee that terrible unveiling make;
 And still small whispers clear
 Are startling many an ear,
 As if a Trumpet bade the Dead awake!
 How dreadful is this place!
 The glory of Thy face
 Fills it too scorchingly for mortal sight:
 Where shall the guilty flee?
 Over what far-off Sea?
 What Hills, what Woods, may shroud him from that
 light?
 Not to the Cedar shade
 Let his vain flight be made;
 Nor the old mountains, nor the Desert Sea;
 What, but the Cross, can yield
 The Hope, the Stay, the Shield!
 Thence may the Atoner lead him up to Thee!
 Be Thou, be Thou his Aid!
 Oh! let thy Love pervade
 The haunted Caves of self-accusing Thought!
 There let the living stone
 Be cleft—the seed be sown—
 The song of Fountains from the silence brought!
 So shall Thy breath once more
 Within the soul restore
 Thy own first Image—Holiest and most High!
 As a clear Lake is filled
 With hues of Heaven, instilled
 Down to the depths of its calm Purity.
 And if, amidst the throng
 Linked by the ascending song,
 There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture soar;
 Thanks, Father! that the power
 Of joy, man's early dower,
 Thus, even midst tears, can fervently adore!
 Thanks for each gift divine!
 Eternal Praise be Thine,
 Blessing and Love, O thou that hearest Prayer!
 Let the Hymn pierce the sky,
 And let the Tombs reply!
 For seed, that waits thy Harvest-time, is there.

From the United Service Journal.

THE FRENCH AND GERMAN ARMIES AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE REVOLUTION WAR, AND AT THE PRESENT MOMENT.

At a time when every moment is likely to bring us accounts of a collision having taken place between the French and Prussian armies, it may be as well to show, that no conclusion as to the ultimate result of the contest can be safely drawn from the impressions generally entertained of the early events of the Revolution war. It is now much, far too much the fashion to think, or to say without thinking, that, because the French were successful against the Germans in the early campaigns of the late contest, they must necessarily be successful again, though a just and accurate investigation would lead to a very different conclusion. But to trace

the stream of events back to its fountain-head, in order to ascertain whether the results appealed to spring from inherent and permanent causes—certain, in case of hostilities, to produce their like again—or whether, on the contrary, such results arose from circumstances and a state of things so different from any existing at present, as to place all comparison entirely out of the question,—is an inquiry into which neither, “my pensive public,” nor those who furnish it with a daily portion of thought, are at all likely to enter, thanks to the presumption of one party, and to that impatience of labour in the search of truth, which distinguishes the present period fully as much as the age against which Thucydides originally brought the accusation. I shall attempt, therefore, to offer a few brief remarks on the subject, with a view to show that any contest which may now take place between the French and German armies must, in all probability, lead to the total discomfiture of the former—that is, always supposing that something like equal justice is done to the troops by their respective governments and commanders; for none can know better than we do in this country, that the best troops in the world may be sent and led to certain defeat.

The French Revolution war found the Prussian system of tactics firmly established in all the European armies; and in full reliance on its excellence, without considering that the mode of its application might go for something, and that the genius of its founder had given it a moral force which, in a great measure, supplied its deficiency of physical strength and consistency, the allied leaders took the field against the new republicans; and the first encounters seemed, indeed, to justify their most sanguine expectations, for Dumouriez tells us, that, shortly before the action of Valmy, 10,000 of his men fled with precipitation at the mere approach of a few Prussian hussars. In order to account for the change that followed, we must here take a brief view of the state and composition of the troops of the contending powers, as well as of the sort of spirit by which they were respectively animated.

The German armies were still composed, at the period of which we are speaking, of men raised partly by a vicious and antiquated system of conscription, which had degenerated into a mere source of corruption, and partly by recruits enlisted with, or rather kidnapped by, the aid of the money received by the captains of companies for the discharges of the best and most respectable men, and for the furloughs regularly sold to the most trustworthy of those who remained. And in armies where the regular pay of the officers was but small, and where promotion went by seniority or interest only, it was natural for those captains to make as much money by this traffic as possible, and, pro-

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vided they had the requisite number of men, they were not very scrupulous as to the quality. In all the German armies the captains of companies were, in those days, comparatively wealthy. In the Prussian service a company of infantry was worth about 800 dollars a-year, (nearly 200*l.*) an enormous sum for the time and country, and an ample proof of the value of the entire system.

The manner also in which these men were trained and treated was worthy of the manner in which they were raised. Their system of tactics we know, for we follow it even to this day; but the length and severity of their drill, (called *scheren* by the soldiers,) to obtain needless mechanical precision in the performance of movements that were absolutely ridiculous; the endless and vexatious minuteness of useless duty, (*kammaschen-Dienst*.) together with the constant repetition of corporal punishment, inflicted with inhuman severity by order even of the youngest subalterns, and emphatically called *schinden*, or flogging, by the unfortunate sufferers, was more than sufficient to crush every generous and elastic feeling of the heart, every mental and bodily energy, and to reduce the soldier to the mere worthless trigger-pulling machine of theoretical tactics. The very dress of these miserable beings was martyrdom; and as their pay was barely sufficient to keep soul and body together, while in the service, and as they were left totally destitute in their old age, the profession was naturally looked upon with dread by all who were liable to serve, and with hatred and aversion by all who were in the ranks. Measures of the utmost severity were necessarily adopted to prevent desertion. As soon as a soldier was missed, guns were fired and the bells were tolled in signal to the peasantry to search the country, and woe to the man who harboured, or even concealed any knowledge of a deserter. As mutilation was punished by many years' imprisonment, or by hard labour in chains on the fortifications, suicide became at one time so common in the Prussian army, that the eloquence of the pulpit was, by royal order, called in to check the melancholy practice. The most of the captains, and many of the subalterns of these armies, were, for their rank, old men without experience, the very worst description of officers; for they had lost the hope, spirit and buoyancy of youth, so necessary to all subordinates in the trying profession of arms, without having had the means of acquiring any useful knowledge in exchange. The field-officers, when not very old men, who still dated from the seven-years' war, were mostly persons promoted in consequence of superior influence; and, as is too often the case in our own country, with a general disregard to professional merit. The hosts so composed and

officered—for all the German armies were formed on the Prussian model—were commanded either by old generals who had served under or against Frederick II., or by young princes who, owing to a thirty years' peace, were necessarily destitute of experience, and whose knowledge was confined to what they had witnessed at the Potsdam reviews; for the military renown of Frederick was at that time so overwhelming, as completely to crush beneath its weight every military thought and idea not to be found in his book or regulations; yet that very Frederick had ruined, before the end of his reign, the national spirit which animated the army when he ascended the throne, and alone gave strength and value to the system of tactics which he adopted and followed. Events have amply shown, that none of all the individuals thus advanced by favour, were equal to the task entrusted to them; and though the Archduke Charles seems to form an exception, we shall see, when we come to the subject of modern strategy, that must follow the essay on tactics formerly published in this Journal, that his reputation, though not altogether undeserved, has still been greatly exaggerated. The present Duke of Cumberland commanded at that time a regiment of light dragoons, and it is due to a prince, on whom the base and despicable spirit of party has heaped more foul and false abuse than any other living individual, to say, that general opinion in the allied army pointed him out as one of the most gallant, promising and enterprising officers of the day; and one who, under happier auspices, might have risen to the highest distinction.

From an army so commanded and composed, which was never very numerous, and was, besides, supplied by a commissariat worse than useless, no very brilliant actions were to be expected; still the very circumstances of strife that relieved the men from the ordinary routine and suffering of peace duty, and, to a certain extent, struck off the shackles that a false system of discipline imposed on the natural bravery of the German soldier, led to the performance of actions, that, if properly followed up and improved, might have brought about the most decisive results. But the confidence of the leaders sank before the first obstacles, just as the spirit of their men was rising; and the individual courage of the soldier will effect little, when not properly backed by the mental courage and spirit of enterprise of his commander.

Let us now look on the other picture. The French, whose officers had emigrated, and whose regular army had, in a great measure, disbanded itself, had only numbers to oppose to the pipe-clayed, powdered, and well-drilled armies of Germany; but these numbers were at first inspired with the idea of fighting for liberty and the independence

of their country. The total disorganization of the army made the men naturally fall upon the mode of fighting most congenial to their character and disposition. The absence of officers left the doors of honour and preferment constantly open to merit and enterprise; whilst enthusiasm early found remedies for every deficiency. The commanders too, knowing that their lives depended on success, were neither scrupulous nor deficient in boldness, and spared not the men whom a ruthless system of conscription, backed by the guillotine, sent in thousands to the ranks. Numbers so inspired, and not unwisely aided by skill, and acuteness, were of course more than a match for the miserable system of tactics, on which the allies had alone founded their hope of success, and which, as it proved, they did not even know how to use. Inferior in cavalry and artillery, the French placed their principal reliance on infantry; and, unable to move with the regularity of their enemies, they formed large masses covered with *tirailleurs*; they wisely avoided the open country, fought only on broken ground, and in villages, where their peculiar mode of warfare and the natural intelligence of their men told to the greatest advantage; or they arose from their defeats with renewed vigour,—gained victories in their turn,—and none are more elated by success than the French. The allies, astonished at this new system, of which no mention was made in “the Book,” committed the great fault of meeting the French on their own terms; and instead of availing themselves of the advantages they might have derived from the discipline of their infantry, and the superiority of their cavalry and artillery, they fell into the *tirailleur* system of their enemies, in which the latter had, from the very circumstances that brought them to the field, the most decided advantage.—One example of the consequences of this kind of conduct will be sufficient.

The plan agreed upon for the campaign of 1794 was that the allied armies should, after the capture of Landrecy, unite in front of that town, and march directly upon Paris. This was arranged under the natural supposition, that the French armies would interpose and risk a battle for the safety of their capital: the allies expected, not without some show of reason, to conquer, by a proper application of their superior cavalry and science in a country generally flat and open. A French army that attempted to raise the siege of Landrecy was defeated, the place was taken, and everything promised fair for the prosecution of the enterprise. But the republicans, instead of uniting for the defence of Paris, divided, and, under Jourdan and Pichegru, invaded Flanders; whilst the allies, so far from following up their well-conceived plan, and marching

straight upon the capital,—which would inevitably have caused the recall of the French armies from the frontier, and would, after all, have placed the issue, as intended, on the event of a general action,—instantly broke up for the protection of Flanders, and allowed themselves to be involved in a war of parts and detail, in which they were as frequently defeated as victorious. I am not among the great admirers of the late Duke of York, and have certainly no particular reason to speak in his favour, but it is due to the memory of his Royal Highness to state, that he strongly opposed the relinquishment of the original plan of operations, and it is now more than probable, that had his advice been followed, the battle of Waterloo might have been fought some twenty years sooner. To enter into any detailed account of the events that followed would very far exceed the limits of the present paper; it is sufficient to say that the allies were constantly pressed back, more indeed by the constantly increasing number and restless activity of their foes, than by any defeats they sustained in action; for on the mere field of battle, if the scenes of a constant succession of indecisive skirmishes can be so termed, the Germans were, perhaps, more frequently victorious than defeated, but their success led to nothing, while their enemies gathered strength and confidence from advantage.

It must also be allowed, that these first republican armies were, in spirit, composition, and honourable feeling, far superior to the best of their successors; and old French officers, who served in the campaigns of 1793 and 1794, and afterwards rose to rank under Napoleon, still speak with more respect of these early soldiers of the revolution, than of the Imperial Guard itself. The name of a private soldier, De la Tour d'Auvergne, is a voucher for his comrades.

The generous enthusiasm inspired by the dreams of liberty could not be expected to out-last the delusion to which it owed its rise; and we consequently find the republican armies of the second period composed of far inferior and less respectable materials, but, owing to the experience already acquired, far superior in organization and skill, while their enemies had gradually lost confidence in themselves, their fortune and their leader; and had also greatly diminished in numbers, for Prussia and the states of northern Germany had altogether withdrawn from the contest, leaving Austria, aided only by a few feeble Italian allies, to fight the battle by land: the English confined all their exertion to the naval war. Experienced, organized and confident numbers continued to obtain over diminished, disheartened, and ill-commanded opponents, the same advantage their predecessors had gained by enthusiasm; and though the Austrian soldiers

still fought, to a certain extent, with creditable bravery, an idea, nevertheless, sprang up, and was far too prevalent in the ranks, that it was vain to contend against the French, as their revolutionary armies were intended to perform some great marvel or other, though no one could well say in what the wonder was to consist.

The vanquished thus consoled themselves with the idea of having yielded to fate; and Napoleon, parodying the great son of Ammon, actually set up as the organ of destiny, and the charm, which the roar of universal laughter should have dispelled, performed wonders: first-rate fortresses surrendered without firing a shot: armies superior in the field, and with every advantage on their side, resigned the countries they were ordered to defend, while others, exceeding even what had, till then, been deemed the utmost conceivable point of military degradation, laid down their arms in open field and within sight of their own strong holds. When Hamelen was to be surrendered, as usual, without firing a shot, the men indignantly refused to obey their officers, and it was necessary to bribe and deceive them into submission.

These events tell only against the German commanders, for in actions the soldiers always behaved well, nor were they, in the course of their numerous defeats, ever driven fairly out of the field: but there was in all ranks so complete a want of energy and confidence, that entire divisions, who had fought bravely and even successfully on one day, dispersed or laid down their arms on the next, and such was the wretched condition of the private men, that the latter practice was, at one time, actually ascribed to the superior comfort they enjoyed as prisoners of war in France.

Just as the numerous and disciplined armies of the Directory had derived strength from the generous but mistaken enthusiasm of the first warriors of the republic, even so did the fierce, ambitious, well-organized, and spoil-breathing myriads of the empire derive their boundless confidence in themselves and their leaders, from the success of their own immediate predecessors. Even their cavalry, uncongenial as that service is to the artificial and anti-equestrian character of the French, became formidable from experience, numbers, and a spirit of enterprise: for cavalry always improve in war, as the knowledge they derive from practice, is greater, in proportion, than the loss they sustain by the casualties of the field. With what success these formidable bands were hurled against intimidated foes, who, like the wounded Curiahi, came successively, and not simultaneously, into action, is fully known.

Continental Europe had almost sunk beneath their efforts, when the spell of their

invincibility was suddenly shivered against the iron ranks of British, and thousands were marched, by the folly of their leader, to perish beneath the frozen snows of that very Russia, whose soldiers they had so often and so bravely overcome. The long-forgotten spirit of patriotism then sprang up in Germany, where the overwhelming disasters of 1806 and 1809 had given rise to a better system of military organization; and it was soon seen, that, whether man to man, or mass to mass, the Germans were the better men: for the victories they gained, though still badly followed up by all but Blücher, were, on the field of battle, far more decisive than any the French had formerly obtained. The waves of the Katzbach roll over, and the turf of Waterloo now covers, the last *prestige* of the unconquerable superiority of French soldiery. Laon and Leipzig are proudly held up against Wagram and Jena; all false illusion has vanished, and the two hostile nations confront each other in fierce opposition, with equal tactics and arms, and having to seek for victory only in the superior military qualities they may be able to bring into the field. And does not history, when fairly considered, show, that from the time of Ariovistus down to the taking of Paris, the preponderance of these qualities has invariably been in favour of the Germans? In strength, stature, and athletic exercises they far surpass the French; are fond of, and skilful in the use of arms; are good horsemen, and naturally attached to a military life, having generally also great talents for war—advantages against which their enemies will have nothing to oppose, if we allow both to be equal in personal courage; a point that no one will attempt to decide against the Germans. The French, as a nation, certainly love the *éclat* of military glory, but the lower ranks of the people universally dislike the profession of arms and the toils of war; and though I readily admit that, when *forced* into the ranks, they shrink neither from fatigue nor danger, they never, by any accident, enlist of their own accord. During the most brilliant period of their military supremacy under Napoleon, a substitute to replace a conscript drawn for service could not be obtained for less than five or eight hundred pounds sterling; whilst in England the bounty to recruits never exceeded twenty guineas. And just before the present *levée de boucliers*, when peace was the order of the day, it required from 1500 to 2000 francs, (from 60*l.* to 90*l.*) to obtain such a *remplaçant*, though the general complaint from Dieppe to Paris was, that "*Le commerce ne va pas, on ne gagne point d'argent.*" In Germany, a hundred thousand prime men might be raised for a popular service,—like our own, for instance,—in the course of a month, and that for the

trifling bounty of four or five guineas a man. And, judging from the past, what is likely to be the result? The enthusiasm of the first republican armies and the boundless confidence of the imperial bands have long since disappeared, without leaving a single vestige or substitute in the ranks: and though I confess, that I lately found the French troops in much better order than I had anticipated, yet were the men small, ill-looking, badly set up, and in their movements loose and unsteady, even for Frenchmen. The cavalry in and about Paris, though probably the best, was not well mounted. I had no opportunity of seeing them move, but they were individually bad horsemen, as Frenchmen naturally are, and evidently instructed on false principles of equitation. Of the artillery I saw nothing, but understand, that, like the German artillery, it is now completely formed on the English plan—times, it seems, are changed. The French themselves term all these troops *superbe et magnifique*; but then, if we take a Frenchmen's word, what is not *superbe et magnifique* in *la belle France*?

The German troops are now raised, like the French, by a conscription, that places every man at the disposal of government; but the former have so far the advantage, that their system reduces the whole male population of the country to a well-organized reserve, constantly ready to keep up, and to reinforce the armies in the field. The consequence is, that those armies are at this moment composed of men, who in strength and stature are far superior to the French; they are also well set up, have a bold, confident and soldier-like appearance, and are, in truth, the Prussians in particular, animated with a spirit of hostility against their former foes, which, if skilfully used, may lead to tremendous results. The German cavalry are particularly fine; the horses in general are equal to the weight they have to carry, (if cuirassier horses ever can be so,) are in good condition, and rode by men who understand and enter into the full spirit of cavalry service, as was amply proved by the horsemen of the King's German Legion during the late war. Such cavalry is the most formidable arm of bold and enterprising strategy: feeble, and next to useless, under the timid and wavering generals who commanded the allied armies during the early revolutionary campaigns, it became the "ocean flood," when Blucher said "forward!" and the dauntless spirit of that one old man still hovers over the country he loved so well, again ready, in the hour of danger, to nerve the arm of thousands.

In the positive branches of military science, the rival nations may be considered as pretty nearly upon a par; but in that general knowledge and information that tends so much to efficiency of all ranks of officers,

the German officers are incomparably superior to the French: the former are mostly men of family, education, and polished manners; whereas, in the junior departments of the latter, these advantages are but rarely found, nor very frequently, indeed, in the higher stations; as an affectation of military fierceness seems throughout to be generally received as a sufficient substitute.

Unless Fortune, at whose disposal the delectable system of modern tactics has long since placed the events of war, again chooses to interfere most effectually, we may safely say, "the battle will be to the strong, as the race should be to the swift."

J. M.

From the Spectator.

PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SOME information with respect to the several portraits of SIR WALTER SCOTT will doubtless be acceptable to those who may wish to possess a good likeness of the great Genius of Scotland, and who, in contemplating the features of the man, would like to know how far they are faithfully portrayed by the limner. The first that we remember was one by RÆBURN, representing the poet sitting on a rock with his dog beside him. This was painted for the late Mr. CONSTABLE, we believe, at the time of the appearance of his first poem. An engraving from it formed a frontispiece to the quarto edition of the *Lady of the Lake*. It has also been engraved on a larger scale in mezzotint; and the head only of this portrait has been likewise engraved by RAIMBACH. There was another painted about this time, by SAXON, which was more than once engraved; but we have no recollection of having seen it. The next is a head, also by RÆBURN, taken a few years afterwards: the face is more massive, and its matured expression forms a striking contrast to the comparative crudeness of the younger countenance,—which has an ingenious and somewhat speculative look. There is in the older head, however, a cast of sadness, which is not characteristic of Sir WALTER's countenance: it is merely a manner of the painter's, who invested all his sitters more or less with this sorrowful tone. This portrait, which has been admirably well engraved by WILLIAM WALKER, has been generally considered the best and most authentic likeness of the poet. Next in chronological order, come the clever sketches by SLATER and GEDDES; which represent him in middle life. We have then the portrait by LESLIE; which we think the truest and best of all. It successfully portrays that mingled expression of shrewdness and humour which was so characteristic of

his physiognomy; and blends the simplicity of the country gentlemen with the thoughtful air of the author. This picture has only been engraved in a miniature size for one of the *Annuals* as yet; but we have no doubt that it will be engraved on a larger scale. Its merits entitle it to such a distinction. Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE about this time painted a full length portrait of Sir WALTER SCOTT, for the late King; which, by permission of his present Majesty, granted to MOON, BOYS, and GRAVES, is now being engraved. We do not remember the picture, and cannot therefore speak to the likeness. WILKIE painted an interesting picture of Sir WALTER and his family, as Scottish rustics; which was engraved for one of the *Annuals*; and also a profile portrait, with a bust-like air, which has been likewise engraved. ALLAN, too, has represented the author writing in his study; which is better as a picture than a portrait. The latest portrait, we believe, (save one, which represents him in the last stage of his existence,) is that by WATSON GORDON, engraved for the new edition of the *Waverly Novels*. It is forced in attitude, and has too fixed a look; otherwise the features and the expression of the eyes are accurate; but its want of ease and animation detracts from its value. HAYDON made a slight but vigorous sketch of Sir WALTER, the expression of which, especially of the eyes, is full of life and character: we believe it will be engraved; as, doubtless, will numerous others, which we shall notice as they appear. In the mean time, we recommend those who wish to purchase a portrait of Sir WALTER SCOTT, to wait awhile: those first in the field are seldom the best.

From the British Critic.

DOCTOR CHALMERS.

The *British Critic*, a high-church journal, at the conclusion of a Review of "*Chalmers on Endowments*," thus speaks of the author.

If there be any writer living who could, more powerfully than another, elevate our hopes, in the midst of the portentous prognostics of the present time, it is perhaps the author of these noble sentences. His whole life and strength have been devoted to the improvement of his species: and he blazes out into flame whenever he thinks or speaks of the glorious effects which may be produced upon the moral destinies of man by a right use of the instruments at our command. It was said of Whitefield by one of his hearers—oddly enough, to be sure—that he *preached like a lion*. If the same audacity of metaphor might be allowed to us, we should say of Dr. Chalmers that he often

preaches and writes like a generous horse—his neck clothed with thunder—terrible in the glory of his nostrils—rejoicing in his strength—mocking at fear—and scorning to turn back from the sword, or the spear, or the thunder of the Captains. And then, too, there is something of a gorgeous splendour about his trappings. His style—(to change one figure somewhat abruptly)—reminds us occasionally of the nuptial bravery of an Asiatic bride, who appears in successive suits of costly apparel. He often presents to us an important thought under a variety of statement and illustrations, which plainly indicates the wealth, and, if we may express it, the *luxury* of his mind. All this fire of spirit, and all this affluence of intellect, is, however, beautifully tempered by the milder elements of genuine religious principle. And hence it is, that he both reads the signs of the times with the eye of Christian simplicity and lowliness, and is prepared to meet them with the heart of Christian heroism. It is good to hold converse with such men: and we therefore heartily commend his meditations to all the enlightened lovers of their Country,—to all the friends of order, of humanity, and of truth.

From the Glasgow Magazine.

A COLLECTOR OF PROVERBS.

[From the preface to Henderson's Collection of Scottish Proverbs.]

"An intimate friend of our own, a gentleman of some eccentricity of character, was at one period of his life a very assiduous collector of proverbs. He piqued himself not a little upon his store of proverbial colloquialisms, and, in all argumentative matters, was sure to silence his opponents, by fairly pouring out to them a broadside of proverbs, great and small, light and heavy, pat or unpat, no matter which, if he only kept up a raking fire of this sort of verbal shot. At the time we speak of, it was his custom to note down every proverb which he might overhear in the course of conversation, on slips of paper, from which he transferred them to his *magnum opus* when leisure occurred. In this way, there seldom was card, letter, or scrap of paper on his person, but what was literally groaning with "*rusty sayed sawes*" and proverbial rhymes. No bee could be busier in sucking from every flower its pith and flavour, than our collector was in registering upon his sybilline leaves the fruits of every day's quest after these insulated morsels of wit and wisdom.

"On one occasion he had been invited to a large party at a friend's house, where there happened to be not a few strangers present. Our friend, fortunately we think,

as the sequel will show, had forgotten to disgorge his pockets of their multifarious contents. Well, the good things disappeared, and the wine followed, and, with every bottle, the conversation assumed a more lively character. How some misunderstanding with our collector and another gentleman at the table arose, we cannot well explain, but certainly their words waxed high, and to such a degree was their dispute carried, that an abrupt termination was put to the festivities of the evening by the man of proverbs handing over his card to the stranger. Nothing, of course, was spoken of the grave part of the company but the disagreeable quarrel, and the still more disagreeable results to which next morning's dawn must unavoidably give rise.

"Next morning came, and the gentleman began to bestir himself, as, according to the rules of honour, he must do, when there is a personal injury to be avenged. With the man of proverbs he was deeply enraged, and to refresh his memory as to name and address, he had recourse to the card put into his hands over night. He looked first at one side, then at the other, but name or place on neither could be found; but, in place of that, there was traced, in good legible characters—'NAETHING SHOULD BE DONE IN A HURRY, BUT CATCHING FLEAS.' The effect of this was irresistible. Mr. ——— fell into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and, with very altered feelings from those with which he left his couch, immediately called upon a mutual friend, where such explanations were given as to the quarrel of the evening before, that a hostile meeting was in a moment quashed. Had it not been, however, for this fortunate incident of proverb-gathering, there is no saying how matters would have ended. We, knowing all the circumstances, are entitled to say, that but for this excellent aphorism, one or two valuable lives might have been sacrificed to notions of false honour."

From Figaro in London.

BREVITIES.

DERRY DOWN.

Lord Grey said a severe thing the other night on one of Lord Londonderry's motions,—the noble earl declaring it to be "a motion of a very irregular character."

WITHOUT LEAVE.

Lord Wynford in speaking of his own conduct said, that "as to its merits he should leave the house to determine." Were he to determine to leave the house, there could be no doubt of the propriety of his behaviour.

THE HOPE OF EUR-OPE.

The *John Bull* declares that the Duke of Wellington is the *last* hope of the country. Certainly England must be without every other hope, when she looks to him for benefit.

A SHARP EPIGRAM.

Sugden is quick, they say, but Lyndhurst quicker,
A point on which I'm not disposed to bicker;
Nor at the inference am I a carper,
If Sugden's *sharp*, Lyndhurst must be a *sharper*.

TORY SHUFFLING.

The anti-reformers seldom lose sight of the *odd trick*, though in a late instance they have come off without the *honours*.

EPIGRAM.

Oh! who could dream of such a thing!
That Lyndhurst would be prone,
To keep the conscience of the king—
He could not keep his own.
To guard the royal conscience though,
The trouble's very small,
For many a modern king I know,
No conscience has at all.

ILL-HUMOURED ILLUMERS.

Since his majesty has betrayed his insincerity on the subject of reform, he has lost much of his people's love. The other night on the occasion of his birth-day being kept, the *ill-humour* of the *nation* was shown in the dulness of the *illumination*.

REASONABLE NOT TREASONABLE.

The Marquess of Londonderry in making a tirade against the speech of Mr. Larkin, declared he should always *hate treason*. Many members who heard him, being conversant with his character, understood him to say he should always *hate reason*.

TORY TACTICS.

Willington's late disgraceful conduct is not surprising. Having spent most of his time in military tactics he has at last *defiled* himself.

ON THE BISHOP OF EXETER'S PREACHING.

Oh, surely the rector is worthy of love,
And much to his sermons we owe,
For they *promise* repose in the regions above,
And *promote* it in regions below!

GETTING OVER IT.

Lord Lyndhurst has been indisposed but has completely recovered. Let him be as far gone as is possible, he may always be expected at last to *come round*.

EPIGRAM.

To satire Wayford has a strong objection:
'Tis strange his Lordship shuns the least *reflection*.

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Engraved by Wm. Keenan after Wm. Hogarth.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION

Printed and Pub. by J. J. Stoll Chancery St.

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From Hogarth Illustrated.—By John Ireland.

THE SLEEPING CONGREGATION.

"Beneath this antique roof, this hallow'd shade,
Where wearied rustics *holy Sabbath* keep,
Compos'd, as if on downy pillows laid,
The sons and daughters of the hamlet sleep." E.

The shepherd is not much more awake than his somniferous flock, whose appearance convinces us that, though there is no organ, there is much melody. The nasal music of the congregation, joined to the languid monotony of the preacher,* which sounds like the drowsy hum of a drone bee, must form such a concert as neither *Tubal Cain*, nor *Sir John Hawkins*, ever dreamed of. It appears by the book before him, that his text is perfectly applicable to his audience. "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." His parishioners have not troubled themselves much about the Greek version: good, easy men, they take these words in their literal sense, and, after the toil of six days, find the church a comfortable and convenient dormitory. By the preacher's aspect and attitude, we are convinced that he

"Would tull to soft repose"

the most lively assembly that ever congregated in the capital. How, then, must his manner operate here? As an opiate more powerful than poppies. It is as composing as are the very descriptive lines that conclude the second book of Pope's *Dunciad*; which are so perfectly an echo to the sense, that they ought to be inscribed on the front of the first temple which is dedicated to *Morpheus*. He

"In one lazy tone,

Through the long, heavy, painful page, draws on.
Soft-creeping words on words the sense compose;
At every line they stretch, they yawn, they doze,
As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow,
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe or pause by fits the air divine;
And now to this side, now to that they nod, &c."

The clerk,† infinitely more important than the divine, is kept awake by contemplating the charms of a blooming damsel, who, in

* The preacher is said to be intended for a portrait of a doctor *Desaguliers*.

† Our clerk carries every appearance of being the school-master of the hamlet. He has much of that surly, tyrannic dignity, which frequently accompanies the character. One of these gentlemen, in a village distant from the capital, having a disagreement with a neighbouring yeoman, the farmer in his wrath, called him an overbearing Turk, and an insignificant beast. Our haughty *Halsfernes* was irritated beyond description; his rage choked his utterance: he stalked home, and wrote a poetical epistle to the rustic, beginning with the lines which follow:

"God not a *beast* did make, but me a *man*;
And not a *Turk*, but a true *Christian*;
And by his grace I am a *schoolmaster*;
None of the meaner kind, I dare aver."

studying the *Service of Matrimony*, has sighed her soul to rest. The eyes of this pronouncer of *amen*, are visibly directed to her.

In the pew opposite, are five swains of the village:

"Each mouth distended, and each head reclin'd,
They soundly slept."

To render this rural scene more pastoral, they are accompanied by two women, who have once been shepherdesses, and perhaps celebrated by some neighbouring *Theocritus*, as the *Chloe* and *Daphne* of their day. Being now in the wane of their charms, poetical justice will not allow us to give them any other appellation than *old women*. They are awake. Whether the artist intended by this to show that they are actuated by the spirit of contradiction, for the preacher entreats them to go to rest, or meant it as a compliment to the softer sex, as being more attentive than men, I cannot tell; let those who have studied this variable barometer of nature more than I have, determine as seemeth best in their eyes.

In the front of the gallery are two men joining in chorus with the band below. One of them has the modesty to hide his face; but the other is evidently in full song.

The heavy architecture, and grotesque decorations, lead us to conjecture that this now venerable edifice was once the cottage of *Baucis* and *Philemon*, so exquisitely described by doctor *Swift*.

"Grown to a church by just degrees—
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The little Children in the Wood,
Now seem to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size and letter,
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe."

The *Children in the Wood* are now exalted above the Gothic windows. One of them we see transformed to an angel; which, to prove its being of an exalted species, and no longer a mere mortal, has four thighs.

"The pretty Robin Redbreasts, which
Did cover them with leaves.

have undergone a transmigration much to their advantage. It has somewhat sullied their plumage, but they have assumed a more important appearance, and the loss of beauty is compensated by an abundant increase in bulk and dignity. Exalted to the upper part of a fluted pillar, and seated in heraldic state, they seem to mortal eyes the emblems of wisdom, the symbols of *Minnerva*.‡

‡ These moping birds, being the worshippers of darkness, consecrated to dullness, closing their eyes against the light, and holding their silent, solitary reign in old buildings, which are seldom trodden by human feet, are

The Lion with a companion unicorn that is concealed by the pillar, was originally an head-piece to that excellent old ballad, beginning with

"The fierce Lyon of fair Engleonde
Dide swallowe the lillie of France."

With jaws extended wide enough to swallow a bed of lilies, he is one of the supporters to what appears the king's arms.

The pews carry evident marks of having been once a Gothic bedstead. The cumbersome load of oak with which it was canopied still supported by the large square posts, is become a gallery. The lower part retains much of its original form, and answers its original purpose; but why should I attempt to describe that which is already described by the Dean?

"A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our ancestors did use,
Is metamorphos'd into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
Of lodging folks dispos'd to sleep."

The pulpit in which our dozing divine is groaning out the gospel, was once the groaning-chair of the good wife of the cottage. The cushion on which she sat for many a winter's eve, is now ornamented with tassels. The arm still retains its original form, though somewhat more upright than when it served for a support to the old dame's elbow. Swift describes the exact manner of the metamorphosis.

with great propriety placed in this church. They are on the escutcheon of Sir Dormouse Drowzy; *sable, a chevron between three owls proper.* Sir Dormouse, for upwards of thirty years, represented this borough in parliament; for it sends up a representative though it does not contain thirty houses, and the Drowzy family have been returned for time immemorial. This gentleman was always distinguished for his love of order, and remarkable for his peaceable demeanour. He regularly attended, and as regularly slept, through every session, except at those moments when the question was called for; and then according to parliamentary usage, he, after rubbing his eyes, appeared upon his legs, and asked "what *last dropped from the noble lord in the blue riband*; lamented that, through the channel of the public prints, an honourable member he *had in his eye* had been grossly abused; thought few men could *compete with the able pilot* who directed the helm, and should therefore vote for the minister." Having eight and twenty years thus exerted himself in the service of his country, he was gathered to the dull of ancient days, and succeeded in title, fortune, and seat in the senate, by his only son, *Narcotic Drowzy*, Baronet; who, from all that has yet appeared, seems worthy of his sire; his conduct, in and out of the house, has been nearly the same; and his maiden speech was mentioned in the *Morning Chronicle*, as giving great promise that, when he had got quit of his amiable timidity and natural embarrassment, he might make some noise in the world.

The cross on an escutcheon in one of the windows, is there placed to the memory of the learned and reverend *Ebenezer Muzz*; who, his epitaph declareth, after *painful labouring in this vineyard for one and forty years*, now *sleepeth* with his fathers.

"The growning-chair began to crawl,
Like an huge snail, against the wall;
There stuck aloft, in public view,
And with small change a pulpit grew."

The crutches, which first supported dame Baucis, now support the clerk's reading-desk.

The triangle, environed by a glory, was placed in the church by old *Philemon*. In his youth he had been a very good carpenter, and, when become a divine, retained so much of his original disposition, as to suppose he could explain an awful mystery by a mechanical representation. The only misfortune which attended this curious dolineation was, that not one of his parishoners could understand it: they, however, were silent; they thought it too serious an affair to dispute or call names about. It would perhaps have been as well, if many of our learned and right grave divines had been silent upon this subject, on the same principle.

Swift says, that the jack was turned to a clock: in this circumstance he must have been mistaken, for the hour-glass, which was the constant companion of dame Baucis at her wheel, retains its old form, and is placed at the parson's left hand.* Underneath it is the following applicable inscription, from St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians: "I am afraid of you, lest I have bestowed upon you labour in vain."

The windows are evidently intended for companions, but there is a considerable difference in their proportions, panes of glass, &c. At the time this massy temple was erected, our countrymen neither studied *Vitruvius*, nor considered uniformity as in any degree requisite in architecture.

This print was published on the 26th of October, 1736; but we learn by an inscription on the sinister side of the plate, that on the 21st of April, 1762, it was re-touched and improved by the author.

There is a pirated copy, tolerably executed, but not quite so large; nor has it any price affixed beneath.

The original picture was in the collection of the late Sir Edward Walpole; the present proprietor I do not know. The face of the clerk is admirably painted: but he does not appear to be leering at the girl; he is half asleep.

* An hour-glass is still placed on some of the pulpits in the provinces. *Daniel Burgess*, of whimsical memory, never preached without one, and he frequently *saw it out* three times during one sermon. In a discourse which he once delivered at the conventicle in *Russel-court*, against drunkenness, some of his hearers began to yawn at the end of the second glass: but Daniel was not to be silenced by a yawn; he turned his time-keeper, and, altering the tone of his voice, desired they would be patient a while longer, for he had much more to say upon the sin of drunkenness: "Therefore," added he, "my brethren, we will have another glass—and then."

From the Edinburgh Review.

The Life of Sir Isaac Newton. By DAVID (now SIR DAVID) BREWSTER, LL.D., F.R.S., 12mo. London: 1831.

It is a remarkable circumstance in literary history, that more than a century should have elapsed from the death of the greatest philosopher of this or any other country, before any detailed Life of him appeared. Until the publication of Dr. Brewster's work, the most considerable biographies of Newton were the *Eloge* by Fontenelle, and the article by M. Biot, in the *Biographie Universelle*, or its translation, with some slight variations, in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*; yet, in this country, biography has been long a favourite department of literature. The absence therefore of any considerable Life of Newton, seems to furnish strong evidence of the indifference to science, which has, until lately, been general among the merely literary portion of English society. We have been proud of his fame, and peremptory in the assertion of his superiority, but we have little cared to know in what it consisted. Maclaurin's excellent account of Newton's discoveries, furnishes no exception to the truth of these remarks. Though comparatively popular, it is yet addressed to those possessed of some mathematical science, and desirous of a pretty full insight into the details of Newton's investigations.

The consequence of this neglect has been, that little research was made while information might have been obtained, and that the materials for the personal history of Newton are very scanty, and even those imperfectly known. They are principally to be found in scattered notices, in the *Biographia Britannica*, and in papers still preserved at Cambridge and other places. Even these have been imperfectly searched. The greatest mass of them is in the possession of the Portsmouth family, and has never, we believe, been carefully examined.

The literary history of Newton is better known. His discoveries are their own record, and every work devoted to the history of science necessarily comprises an account of them. They were also the occasion of much controversy at the time of their publication; and although, from Newton's reluctance to produce any thing to the public, some uncertainty still exists as to the precise date and circumstances of some of his investigations, yet the materials for this portion of his history may be considered as pretty full, and they have been carefully examined.

It was, however, undoubtedly desirable, that this portion of literary history should be presented in a collected form, and treated with relation to the discoverer himself. Some of the greatest discoveries of Newton consist of principles not difficult of popular explanation, and abounding in popular interest. The de-

tails of science are generally inaccessible or uninteresting to all but the scientific; but hardly any one is indifferent to the general outline of the system of the world, or the fundamental, yet most striking, phenomena of light and colour.

It has been Dr. Brewster's object to present an account of Newton's various discoveries, which should be interesting and intelligible to the great mass of readers; a task which was not likely to fall into hands more competent to its execution. It is perhaps to be regretted that a man of Dr. Brewster's scientific attainments should have published the first elaborate Life of Newton in a shape so nearly excluding refined scientific discussion. But taking the work as we find it, and considering it as written for the class of readers whom it principally addresses, its literary and scientific narrative deserves very high commendation. Dr. Brewster is too intimately acquainted with the sciences which owed their first development to Newton, to introduce any thing materially incorrect into any view of them which he presents; and his account of them is also distinguished by the scarcely less essential merits of great clearness in statement, a popular manner of communicating the results, and a competent notion of the processes of very refined investigations. There are perhaps two exceptions to the general completeness of this part of the work. The nature and value of Newton's chronological theory deserves a fuller and more careful discussion than it has met with. We think also, that Dr. Brewster's own continued attention to optical pursuits, has made him assign rather too great a portion of his work to the history of Newton's optical discoveries; and that the account of the *Principia* is rather meagre in comparison. The great principles, however, of the latter admit of only a short and general statement, unless followed into a good deal of mathematical detail. The experiments and phenomena of the Optics, furnish more matter of popular explanation, and the account given of them is full of interest.

The most important part of the Life of Newton is undoubtedly the account of his scientific and literary career; but this may be found elsewhere. The peculiar interest of such a biography will be found in the personal history of the man himself, in the display of his character, and the narrative of those circumstances which have varied in his case the proverbial want of incident of a literary life. The history of Newton is not deficient in these, and his personal character will repay the most attentive study. It would be difficult to find a more admirable combination of temper, simplicity, humility, benevolence, and perseverance; and high moral and religious principle gave to all these qualities their due support and direction.

The biographer of such a man would be unfit for his task, if he did not feel an enthusiasm.

sianic admiration for his subject; but enthusiasm sometimes leads to error and incorrectness, and excessive attachment to the fame of one may occasionally produce injustice to others. We cannot entirely exculpate Dr. Brewster from these charges. He has certain theories which he is evidently anxious to support; and we cannot entertain any very high opinion of the accuracy with which he examines any facts which appear to bear on them. We do not impute any intention to mislead; but circumstances, which appear to have a particular tendency, are eagerly adopted, or hastily rejected, as they aid or oppose the author's preconceived notions; and we would not give much credit to his judgment with respect to any fact which should militate against the belief of Newton's labouring under poverty and neglect for a large portion of his life, which should confirm the opinion of his temporary insanity, or which should tend to establish the honesty and fair-dealing of some of his opponents, and especially of Leibnitz. Dr. Brewster's bias on these subjects has occasioned considerable misrepresentation; and as these questions are interesting in themselves, and deserve correction in a work likely to continue for some time the standard Life of Newton, we propose to examine them in detail.

It has been the fashion lately, in certain quarters, to declaim loudly against the neglect which men of science have experienced from the government of this country. Dr. Brewster appears, at the time of the composition of his Life of Newton, to have entertained his full share of this feeling. The book is accordingly full of complaints, expressed with a violence hardly consistent in most cases with good taste, and sometimes very far exceeding all bounds of sobriety in expression. It seems to have been an object with Dr. Brewster, to show that Newton himself was no exception to this general neglect. It is true, indeed, that he received high official station and emolument, but this was due to the only English minister who ever patronised science, and was not given till after a long period of neglect and obscurity.

'He had now reached the fifty-third year of his age, and while those of his own standing at the University had been receiving high appointments in the church, or lucrative offices in the state, he still remained without any mark of the respect or gratitude of his country. All Europe, indeed, had been offering income to his name, and Englishmen themselves boasted of him as the pride of their country, and the ornament of their species; but he was left in comparative poverty, with no other income than the salary of his professorship,* eked out with the small rental of his paternal inheritance. Such disregard of the highest genius, dignified by the highest virtue, could have taken place only in England, and we should have ascribed it to the turbulence of

the age in which he lived, had we not seen, in the history of another century, that the successive governments which preside over the destinies of our country, have never been able either to feel or to recognise the true nobility of genius'—pp. 246-7.

'The sages of every nation and of every age, will pronounce with affection the name of Charles Montague, and the persecuted science of England will continue to deplore that he was the first and last English minister who honoured genius by his friendship, and rewarded it by his patronage.'—p. 250.

It is rather amusing to find the circumstance that others had received preferment in the church, used as an argument that a layman was neglected; but it is more material to observe, that for the sake of treating Newton as neglected, he is represented as in a state of privation; and that this is entirely untrue. The evidence of 'comparative poverty,' on which Dr. Brewster relies, is an order excusing Newton from making payments of one shilling a week, 'on account of his low circumstances,' as he 'represented.'—(p. 236, note.) The date of this order is January 28, 1674-5, more than twenty years before the time in question; when Newton was only thirty-two years of age, and probably was not in the receipt of the rent of his paternal property. It was after his optical theories had been made public, but they were still the subject of much doubt and controversy; and his other great discoveries, although made, were still known only to himself. Neither from age, therefore, nor from recognised distinction, was he at that time entitled to any peculiar consideration. But did his poverty continue after the period of his more established eminence? In 1688, only a year after the publication of the *Principia*, Newton was Member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge, and quitted his residence there for London. This might entail no very heavy expense upon him, but it is not the station or act of a needy man. He continued absent from Cambridge during the year 1689, but returned thither in 1690, and continued in almost uninterrupted residence there till 1696, when he quitted it.

Dr. Brewster's ingenuity has extracted from these dates proof of Newton's straitened circumstances. 'He was seldom absent from Cambridge, and must, therefore, have renounced his Parliamentary duties. During his stay in London, he had no doubt experienced the unsuitableness of his income to the new circumstances in which he was placed, and it is probable that this was the cause of the limitation of his residence to Cambridge. His income was certainly very confined, and but little suited to the generosity of his disposition.'—(p. 222.) One fact, which Dr. Brewster has unaccountably overlooked, puts an end to the whole of this argument. The Convention Parliament was dissolved in February, 1689-90, and Newton was not a member of that which succeeded.

* This is incorrect. Newton was still fellow of Trinity College, having received a dispensation from Charles II. to continue in his fellowship without taking orders.

But it is not merely that the argument suggested does not apply. There exists evidence that at this time Newton was not in want of money, for we find him refusing a lucrative situation at the Charter-House on that express ground. 'I thank you for putting me in mind of the Charter-House, but I see nothing in it worth making a bustle for: besides a coach, which I consider not, it is but £200 per annum, with a confinement to the London air, and to such a way of living as I am not in love with; neither do I think it advisable to enter into such a competition as that would be for a better place.*' According to Dr. Brewster's account, indeed, this last extract would bear date after Newton's appointment to the Wardenship of the Mint, but this is a mistake.† Montague's letter, offering him that situation, is dated on the 19th March, 1695; but that date corresponds, in the ambiguity of the commencement of the year at that time, to the year 1696, as we should now describe it. The date of Newton's appointment is so stated in the *Biographia Britannica*, and by his nephew, Mr. Conduitt; and he appears, by the records still preserved at Trinity College, Cambridge, to have resided there during the whole of the year 1695, and for more than half of 1696. Even without this confirmation, the letter as to the Charter-House seems in itself conclusive, against the notion of Newton's poverty, till his appointment to the Mint. And if the notion is erroneous, it is difficult not to attribute it to some wish to arrive at such a conclusion.

Many of the same facts are again, as it appears to us, perverted with a view to another question, on which Dr. Brewster has manifested the same eagerness to force evidence into conformity with a foregone conclusion.

It is certainly a singular circumstance, that after the lapse of nearly a hundred years from the death of Newton, a new and most important incident in his life should, for the first time, have been brought to light; and that, from the period of its discovery, evidence should have rapidly accumulated, whereby to judge of the nature and character of an affliction, till then unsuspected, but amounting, if full credit be given to the information we now possess, to a temporary derangement of the most powerful among human minds. It was natural that much enquiry should be made into the truth of so startling an assertion. Accordingly, since the first publication of the statement in M. Biot's Life of Newton in the *Biographie Universelle*, every thing which could

throw any light on the question has been diligently examined; and the whole body of evidence now collected, may probably warrant a conclusion, in some degree varying from that naturally, and almost unavoidably, adopted by that distinguished writer in a very different stage of the investigation. The earnestness, however, with which the enquiry has been pursued, has not been due merely to the intrinsic interest of the speculation. In conformity with the custom long established on such occasions, and perhaps more uniformly acted on at the present, than at any former time, the question has not been considered in, or for itself only, but with reference to the imputed objects of the publisher and the propagators of the report, and to the supposed consequences of its reception.

The simple love of truth, for its own sake, is perhaps one of the rarest affections of the mind: there certainly is none for which credit is so seldom given. Accordingly, as the first account of Newton's supposed derangement of mind appeared in the work of a French philosopher, who also ascribed the composition of Newton's theological writings to a period subsequent to this calamity, it was in the regular course to attribute the publication to one of two motives,—a desire to lower the intellectual character of the great English discoverer, or a wish to derogate from the value of an important testimony to the great truths of religion. It was not, however, while the knowledge of the new fact was nearly confined to the scientific world, that these charges were currently made. We believe that most readers then acquiesced in the truth of the statement, and were satisfied that it accounted for a circumstance, which had often been felt to be perplexing, namely, the comparative inactivity of the last thirty-five years of Newton's life.

Dr. Brewster indeed is of a different opinion, and represents anxiety as to the religious effect of the report, as arising immediately on its promulgation. In many instances this may have been the case; certainly not at all universally; and many persons, who would as much as any have regretted any evil consequences of the kind suggested, either did not fear them, or thought the evidence too strong to be disbelieved, whatever might be its effect. Little general interest, however, was excited on the question, until the statement was repeated in the Life of Newton, published in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*;—a treatise professedly little but a translation from Biot, but which, by its wide circulation, at once gave a notoriety to the report that it would have been long in gaining while it was only to be found in a foreign language, and in one of the fifty-two volumes of the *Biographie Universelle*. Then national and religious feelings were at once brought into action; and many readers would allow of no other doubt, than whether the statement proceeded principally

* Letter to Locke, dated Dec. 13th, 1691, published in Lord King's Life of Locke, p. 222. And again, in a letter dated June 23th, 1695, Newton speaks of a person of the name of Collins, 'whom I can employ for a little money, which I value not'—(Brewster, p. 223, note.)

† The same mistake of date has led Dr. Brewster into the error of considering Mr. Montague's election as president of the Royal Society, in November, 1685, as a mark of gratitude for the honours conferred upon Newton. The election really took place four months before the appointment of Newton to his office.

from enmity to England or to Christianity.* It may not be an improbable conjecture, that the circumstances of the publication added to the violence of the outcry; and that the statement might have been more impartially discussed, had it not come forth under the sanction of a society, which (how far by its own fault, we do not stay to enquire) has certainly incurred the misfortune of exciting in no ordinary degree the alarm of many very excellent, and the enmity of some very well meaning persons.

The charge of hostility or indifference to the philosophical reputation of Newton, is too absurd to deserve any refutation.† That of an intention to depreciate the value of Newton's theological researches, requires more attention. Dr. Brewster in many passages deservedly exculpates M. Biot from any design to injure religion; but a different account must be given of the conduct of a still more distinguished person. We believe it is unquestionable that La Place did attach much importance to the question; and was anxious to establish the fact that Newton's theological works were written at a late period of his life, after his intellect had received a shock, from which, in his opinion, it never recovered. It was not unnatural, that those who heard that the enquiry had been taken up in this spirit on the one side, should enter with some of the feeling of partizans into the controversy on the other. The question seemed one of considerable interest; for if the testimony of any one man could be considered as peculiarly valuable on such a subject, it was that of Newton, alike distinguished by the power of his mind, the purity of his character, and the singleness of his will.

Yet no real importance attaches to the solution of this doubt, which has been considered as so material. The notion that Newton's theological writings were composed in the decline of his life, is not new; and that period has often been represented as one of mental inaction and comparative imbecility. If the value of the works depends at all on the supposed state of the author's mind when they were written, it had been depreciated at least as much before the publication of M. Biot's Life as since. We know no passage of more unhesitating contempt for Newton's authority, than

one contained in an article on Conti, in the *Biographie Universelle*, published some years before the notion of his temporary alienation of mind had been suggested; but proceeding on the supposition that his theological works were composed during dotage.

In any case, the importance of the data assigned to Newton's theological writings is exceedingly small. Dr. Brewster has satisfactorily established the fact, that the letters 'on two notable corruptions of scripture' were written, and many at least of the opinions in the 'Observations on Prophecy' matured, before any doubt can exist as to the sanity of the author; but this is utterly immaterial to the question of his religious opinions. The value of the particular works must depend exclusively on their intrinsic merits: the argument as to the authenticity of particular texts, or a particular mode of interpreting prophecy, must be judged by itself, not by the supposed character or wisdom of the writer. As far as the personal character of Newton is concerned, all that we are interested to know is the undoubted fact, that, before the time at which his mind is said to have sunk under exertion or disappointment, he was habitually engaged in the studies of religion, and had prosecuted them to such an extent as to have already acquired the character of 'a most excellent divine,' as well as mathematician and philosopher.

In truth, however, it is but an ill compliment to religion to consider the testimony of any individual, even Newton himself, as of importance to its interests. It is not on such evidence that its reception or authority will ever depend. The practical interest of the question is rather on the side of philosophy; and it may seem of some moment to enquire at a time when accusations of infidel tendency are frequently brought against physical science, what was its effect on the opinions of its greatest professor. The enquiry assumes additional importance, from the consideration that the founder of a system is more likely to contemplate it in all its bearings and tendencies, than the most distinguished of his followers, who are chiefly engaged in perfecting its processes, and the minute elaboration of its details.

Even in this view, the importance of the question may be very easily overrated. We attribute much less influence to particular intellectual pursuits, than it is the fashion to ascribe to them. Opinions depend much more on individual character, and on the general temper and tone of feeling of the age, than upon courses of reading, or devotion to any particular pursuit. A particular work will sometimes produce a lasting effect, and determine the character either to good or evil. But we are very sceptical as to the general influence of courses of study not immediately bearing on religious or moral principle. They may indeed occupy the mind too exclusively, but the risk is common to them all. So also are their other dangers and advantages. Whatever be

* 'A Frenchman's libel on the greatest of English philosophers, in which, *inter alia*, it is insinuated that his mental faculties had lost their vigour before he thought of writing on theological subjects, has been literally translated, and published as the "Life of Newton," by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.'—*Quarterly Review*, vol. xlv. p. 57.

† It is, however, curious to see the terms in which Biot, using the words of La Place, speaks of the philosopher, whom they are both accused of maligning. 'Malgré ces défauts inévitables, l'importance et la généralité des découvertes sur ce système et sur les points les plus intéressants de la physique mathématique, un grand nombre de vues originales et profondes, qui a été le germe des plus brillantes théories des géomètres du dernier siècle, tout cela, présentée avec beaucoup d'élégance, assure, à l'ouvrage des Principes, la pré-éminence sur les autres productions de l'esprit humain.'

the subject of contemplation,—the vicissitudes of empires, or the revolutions of nature,—the internal constitution of the mind, or the mechanism of the universe,—in each the spirit of scepticism and unbelief will find topics for cavil, the spirit of piety will discover fresh matter of admiration and devotion.

Indeed the history of literature seems to furnish demonstrative evidence that this is so. Religious or irreligious tendencies are found to prevail rather in particular eras than among particular classes. The deep enthusiasm of the times which followed the Reformation in this country, and gave birth to the Commonwealth, long continued to produce its natural effect in a high and serious tone of mind. Statesmen, philosophers, lawyers, and poets, all habitually pursued the study, and spoke the language of religion, and most of those who used their pen at all consecrated some part of its action to the service of their God. Clarendon, Falkland, Boyle, Hale, and Milton, immediately occur to the memory in such a review: and even the spirit of doubt and error sounds a high toned and enthusiastic note when breathed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury. The feelings of the times were changed; after the return of Charles II. had substituted profligacy for austerity, and levity for seriousness. The habits of the court were indeed too alien from the feelings of the people to become amalgamated with the substance of their thoughts and actions; yet the influence spread wide over all classes. Theology, while it retained its form, almost parted with its spirit; and while absolute infidelity received a formidable extension, indifference to religion became fearfully common among those who had any thing else to attend to. Happily there was a strong under current: the feelings and principles of better times were not entirely overpowered; but the character of the most distinguished men of the day was changed; and literature and science talked a language, differing indeed from that of the succeeding age in France by a manifest inferiority both in malignity and wit, but resembling it in its cold and heartless style, and in the absence of that continual reference to high feelings and holy affections which had been so remarkable in the preceding age. Even during the period when the infidelity imputed to many of the most distinguished votaries of science has furnished matter of charge against science herself, the spirit of the age, rather than of the pursuit, has been in fault. Where is the justice of ascribing the infidelity of particular natural philosophers to the nature of their studies, when a similar spirit was found, about the same time, in Diderot and D'Holbach, in Hume and Gibbon?

When stripped of the adventitious importance which has been attached to it, the investigation of the state of Newton's mind at the time of his supposed insanity loses much of its interest. Yet so remarkable an incident in the history of such an understanding deserves

some curiosity for its own sake. We propose therefore to examine into the true state of a question which M. Biot had not the necessary evidence for determining, and which Dr. Brewster appears to have been predisposed to determine in one way. His own expressions are, that by reason of 'the consequences of the disclosure of Newton's illness, I felt it to be a sacred duty to the memory of that great man, to the feelings of his countrymen, and to the interests of Christianity itself, to enquire into the nature and history of that indisposition, which seems to have been so much misrepresented and misapplied.' (p. 227.) And again, after stating some arguments against the truth of the statement—'but we are fortunately not confined to this very reasonable mode of defence.' (Ibid.) We make no apology, therefore, for considering Dr. Brewster as the advocate for Newton's uninterrupted soundness of mind; and in that capacity, while he has faithfully collected all the most important evidence on the question, he has exhibited considerable dexterity in its arrangement. We will adopt a different course, and state the different circumstances which seem to bear on the discussion simply in the order of their occurrence; prefixing merely the passage in Huygens's Journal, from which the whole controversy has arisen, and an extract from the Journal of Mr. De la Pryme, a gentleman resident at Cambridge, which has been much relied on as determining it.

'On the 29th May, 1694, Mr. Colin, a Scotsman, informed me, that, eighteen months ago, the illustrious geometer, Isaac Newton, had become insane, either in consequence of his too intense application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost by fire his chemical laboratory and several manuscripts. When he came to the Archbishop of Canterbury,* he made some observations which indicated an alienation of mind. He was immediately taken care of by his friends, who confined him to his house and applied remedies, by means of which he had now so far recovered his health that he began to understand the Principia.'—(Huygens's Journal. Brewster, p. 223-4.)

'1692, February 3d.—What I heard to-day I must relate. There is one Mr. Newton, (whom I have very often seen,) Fellow of Trinity College, that is mighty famous for his learning, being a most excellent mathematician, philosopher, divine, &c. * * * * Of all the books he ever wrote there was one of colours and light, established upon thousands of experiments, which he had been twenty years of making, and which had cost him many hundreds of pounds. This book,

* The words of the original as given in M. Biot's *Life* are, *cum ad Archiepiscopum Cantuariensem venisset*, and they are accordingly translated by M. Biot, and Dr. Brewster has followed him, the Archbishop of Cambridge. The translator for the Library of Useful Knowledge has avoided this mistake by a bold conjectural emendation.—'having made observations before the Chancellor of Cambridge.' There can be no doubt, however, that the Archbishop of Canterbury was the person intended. Newton was in London when his illness was most severe.

which he valued so much, and which was so much talked of, had the ill luck to perish and be utterly lost, just when the learned author was almost at putting a conclusion to the same, after this manner: In a winter's morning, leaving it amongst his other papers, on his study table, whilst he went to chapel, the candle, which he had unfortunately left burning there too, caught hold by some means of other papers and they fired the aforesaid book, and utterly consumed it and several other valuable writings, and, which is most wonderful, did no further mischief. But when Mr. Newton came from chapel, and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad; he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after.—(*De la Pryme's Diary*. Brewster, pp. 228-9.)

We need not take up Newton's history at an earlier period than the year 1688, when he was elected Member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge. The Convention Parliament was dissolved in February 1690, and during its continuance Newton appears to have resided principally in London. He did not sit in the following Parliament; and again made Cambridge his principal abode until the year 1696, when he was appointed Warden of the Mint, and returned to London. During his attendance on Parliament however, he had become intimate with many persons of distinction; and a wish seems to have been entertained to find some appointment for him which might keep him in the metropolis. For this purpose his chief dependence appears to have been on Lord Monmouth, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, and on Charles Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, an early and constant friend, to whom he was finally indebted for his appointments in the Mint. Some of these circumstances have been already mentioned, but it is material to the understanding of part of the subsequent letters, that they should be shortly collected together.

The attempt to find Newton some appointment seems to have been continued during the whole of the year 1691. In letters to Locke, published by Lord King, which bear date September 26th, and November 14th, 1690, we meet with very warm expressions of gratitude to Lord Monmouth; and we have already made an extract from a letter of December 13th, 1691, in which he declined a situation offered to him at the Charter House. Whether his indifference to this proposal had relaxed the exertions of his friends, it would not now be easy to discover; but a period of dissatisfaction on Newton's part succeeded. On the 28th January 1691-2, he wrote from Cambridge to Locke in these terms. 'Being fully convinced that Mr. Montague, upon an old grudge which I thought had been worn out, is false to me, I have done with him, and intend to sit still, unless my Lord Monmouth be still my friend. I have now no prospect of seeing you any more, unless you be so kind as to repay that visit I made you the last year,' &c.

(*Lord King's Life of Locke*, p. 219. Brewster, p. 237.) And again, in a letter of February 16th, 1691-2, requesting Locke to prevent the publication of his papers 'on two notable corruptions of Scripture,' he says, 'I am very glad my Lord Monmouth is still my friend, but intend not to give his lordship and you any farther trouble. My inclinations are to sit still. I am to beg his lordship's pardon for pressing into his company the last time I saw him. I had not done it, but that Mr. Paulin pressed me into the room.' (Brewster, p. 274.)

We need not minutely pursue Newton through the year 1692, though Dr. Brewster has entered into much detail concerning the whole of that period. We find him in a letter to Locke, of May 3d, continuing some observations on miracles already entered upon in that of February 16th; and at a later time, discussing with much care some of Boyle's experiments. Besides these evidences, which Dr. Brewster has not noticed, of his continued attention to his usual pursuits, he was engaged in the course of the year in a mathematical correspondence with Dr. Wallis, and occupied himself in the month of June with observations upon some remarkable haloes.

We now arrive at an epoch to which particular importance has been attached. Mr. Boyle had founded a lecture 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious Infidels;' and Bentley was appointed to deliver the first course of Sermons. The latter discourses of the series were devoted to an exposition of the evidences of a Providence, from the constitution of the world, as explained in the *Principia*. The last was preached on December 5th, 1692; and after it was preached, Bentley transmitted some questions to Newton as to points on which he required farther information. Newton returned an almost immediate answer, dated on December 10th; and this was followed by other letters, on the 17th January and the 11th and 25th February, 1692-3.*

After this time we have no traces of Newton's state of mind or feeling till the month of September 1693, when he unquestionably laboured under a very serious indisposition, which, whether it amounted to temporary insanity or not, seems for the time to have produced the utmost depression of spirits, and materially interfered with the sound exercise of his understanding. No other account, as it appears to us, can be given of the following letters:—'Sir, Some time after Mr. Millington had delivered your message, he pressed me to see you the next time I went to London. I was averse; but upon his pressing consented,

* The order of the third and fourth of these celebrated letters is inverted in all the publications of them; the letter of February 11th, which purports to have been written as a final supplement, being placed, probably on that account, as the fourth. It is obvious, however, in reading the letters, that it refers only to the first and second, and that the remaining letters were written in answer to one from Bentley requesting a speedy reply, and probably received after Newton considered the correspondence at an end.

before I considered what I did, for I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind. I never designed to get any thing by your interest, nor by King James's favour, that am now sensible that I must withdraw from your acquaintance, and see neither you nor the rest of my friends any more, if I may but leave them quietly. I beg your pardon for saying I would see you again, and rest your most humble and obedient servant, Is. Newton.' (To Mr. Pepys, September 13th, 1693. Brewster, p. 232.)—Sin, Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as that when one told me you were sickly and would not live, I answered, "I 'twere better if you were dead." I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having had hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of ideas, and designed to pursue in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbiest. I beg your pardon also for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me.—I am your most humble and unfortunate servant, Is. Newton.' (To Mr. Locke, September 16th, 1693. Brewster, p. 235.)

Mr. Pepys, on the receipt of Newton's extraordinary letter, wrote to Mr. Millington, the gentleman named in it, to enquire as to the existence of any 'discomposure in head, or mind, or both.' Mr. Millington's answer, dated September 30th, furnishes some remarkable circumstances, though only part of it need be extracted.

'I was, I must confess, very much surprised at the enquiry you were pleased to make about the message that Mr. Newton made the ground of his letter to you, for I was very sure I never either received from you or delivered to him any such; and therefore I went immediately to wait upon him, with a design to discourse him about the matter, but he was out of town, and since I have not seen him, till, upon the 28th, I met him at Huntingdon, where, upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; added, that it was in a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together, which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will.' (Brewster, p. 234-5.)

It may be collected probably from this letter

that, whatever had been the character of Newton's disorder, it had by this time much subsided; and the same conclusion will follow from the letter which he addressed to Locke on October 5th,* in reply to a most kind and friendly answer to the melancholy letter of September 16th.

'Sin, The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote to you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can.—I am, your most humble servant, Is. Newton.' (Brewster, p. 240.)

From this time we may probably consider Newton's health of body and mind as re-established. The letter itself, though marked by the singular circumstance of his having forgotten those circumstances which had given him so much pain not three weeks before, has no features of querulousness or incoherence; and we soon find him restored in some measure to the prosecution of his former studies, and ready to attend to scientific research, and to answer scientific enquiries. In November, 1693, he corresponded with Pepys on a mathematical question of probability; and from September 1st, 1694, for several years, he was in communication with Flamstead, for the purpose of farther verifying his lunar theory by comparison with the observations of that great astronomer.

It is unnecessary to advert to the later occupations of Newton's life, as any notion of a permanent affliction of mind must already be completely disproved; but there is a remarkable passage in Mr. Conduitt's narrative, which deserves notice, as it shows a complete return, in appearance at least, to all his former habits. 'At the University he spent the greater part of his time in his closet, and, when he was tired with his severer studies of philosophy, his relief and amusement was going to some other study, as history, chronology, divinity, and chemistry, all which he examined and searched thoroughly, as appears by the many papers he has left on those subjects. After his coming to London, all the time he had to spare from his business, and the civilities of life, in which he was scrupulously exact and complaisant, was employed in the same way; and he was hardly ever alone without a pen in his hand, and a book before him; and in all the studies he undertook, he had a perseverance and patience equal to his sagacity and invention.'—(Turner's History of Grantham, p. 163.)

* There can be no doubt that Newton's letter was in answer to Locke's. There must however be some mistake in the date of one of them, if this be so; for they both bear date October 5th, Newton's at Cambridge, Locke's at Bates, his seat near High Laver, in Essex, about 40 miles distant from Cambridge.

We have spoken of Dr. Brewster's dexterity in marshalling his evidence. The term will not appear misapplied, when we mention that he decides the question against the insanity of Newton, on the evidence merely of Huygens's journal, and De la Pryme's diary; on certain general considerations of improbability, and the comparison of some particular dates; without even mentioning the letters to which we have referred, and especially those of September 1693. When he has arrived at his conclusion, he gives the letters in question, to show 'the real nature and extent of the indisposition to which Huygens's statement refers.' Even in the argument from dates, he attaches far too great weight to the evidence of particular writings, from an over strict and erroneous interpretation, as it appears to us, of the passages in Huygens and De la Pryme, from which he argues.

Huygens's journal speaks ambiguously of the exciting cause of Newton's supposed derangement. It is said to have arisen, either in consequence of his too intense application to his 'studies, or from excessive grief at having lost by fire, his chemical laboratory, and several 'manuscripts.' Dr. Brewster adopts the latter suggestion exclusively, and much of his argument as to the general improbability of the statement is drawn from the inadequacy of this particular cause.

'The unbroken equanimity of Newton's mind, the purity of his moral character, his temperate and abstemious life, his ardent and unaffected piety, and the weakness of his imaginative powers, all indicated a mind which was not likely to be overset by any affection to which it could be exposed. The loss of a few experimental records could never have disturbed the equilibrium of a mind like his. If they were the records of discoveries, the discoveries, themselves indestructible, would have been afterwards given to the world. If they were merely the details of experimental results, a little time could have easily reproduced them. Had these records contained the first fruits of early genius—of obscure talent, on which fame had not yet shed its rays, we might have supposed that the first blight of such early ambition would have unsettled the stability of an untried mind. But Newton was satiated with fame. His mightiest discoveries were completed, and diffused over all Europe, and he must have felt himself placed on the loftiest pinnacle of earthly ambition. The incredulity which such views could not fail to encourage, was increased by the novelty of the information. No English biographer had ever alluded to such an event. History and tradition were equally silent, and it was not easy to believe that the Lucasian professor of mathematics at Cambridge, a member of the English Parliament,* and the first philosopher in Europe, could have lost his reason, without the dreadful fact being known to his own countrymen.'—224-5.

* We have already pointed out the mistake on which this argument is founded.

It is not merely in these general reasonings that Dr. Brewster has been led into erroneous argument, by the assumption that the loss of the papers was the exciting cause of Newton's depression of mind. His reasoning as to the earlier writings on which he relies, turns entirely on the same supposition; for he fixes the commencement of the imputed insanity by the date of the fire, which he collects from De la Pryme's Diary; and the cogency of his argument from the employments of the earlier part of the year 1692, depends entirely on the correctness of this date, which does not correspond with that given by Huygens. Again, the importance of the letters to Pepys about chances depends mainly, and that of the correspondence with Flamsteed in 1694 entirely, on the assumption that Newton is represented by Huygens as only beginning to understand the *Principia* in May 1694, the date of the entry in his journal. It is plain that such an interpretation cannot be relied on. The report of Colin is evidently a vague one; but the discovery of which he spoke probably preceded his departure from England, of the date of which there is no trace; and it is not unlikely that the circumstance did not come to the knowledge of a Scotchman, as he is described, until some time after its occurrence. Dr. Brewster indeed conjectures that Colin was a Bachelor of Arts of the name of Collins, whom Newton afterwards employed in his calculations; and this would give a higher authority to the details of his report than they would otherwise seem to deserve. There is, however, no evidence whatever of the identity of the parties, except the similarity of the names; and it is, in other respects, unlikely that they were the same. In June 1695, Newton mentions Collins as a Bachelor of Arts whom he could employ for a little money. (Brewster, p. 223, note.) In May 1694, therefore, he must have been a very young man;—not very likely, since his pecuniary circumstances were such that he was to be paid for the honour of assisting the great philosopher, to be abroad at all, nor, from his youth, to be in communication with Huygens. If he were so, he would be more likely to be known as a member of the University where he had received his education, than as a Scotchman; nor is the circumstance itself, that he was a Scotchman, very probable before the union of the two kingdoms. If known indeed to Huygens as a Cambridge man, he would hardly fail to be so described on a question of Cambridge anecdote.

Omitting many of the circumstances above detailed, and which we have mentioned only to deprive them of that importance which has been attached to them, there seems to be enough of unquestionable evidence to lead us to a conclusion somewhat different from any hitherto formed. It is clear, from Newton's own letters, that in September 1693, he had suffered for a year under a disorder, which in some degree affected his mind. 'I am ex-

'tremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind;—an obscure expression, undoubtedly, but which clearly points to some mental affection. It might be only great nervous depression,—it might in some stage of its career assume a more formidable character. In the letter of October to Locke, Newton again refers the beginning of his illness to the preceding winter; but in neither letter does he allude to the loss of his papers, or refer his sufferings to any such cause. In the candour and openness of his nature, such an omission is almost conclusive. It was very easy for Colin to confuse the two stories; or to conjecture, what he does not assert, that they were connected.

According to the dates given by both these letters, the disease must have had its origin before the composition of the letters to Bentley; and perhaps there may be reason to suspect that it had rather an earlier date than Newton himself was aware of. At least, the letter to Locke, of January, 1692, shows a tendency to suspicion and dissatisfaction, very little consonant with the general calmness of Newton's temper; and apparently the more unreasonable, as attaching to the conduct of an excellent and constant friend; and the letter of the following month shows some disinclination to society, and jealousy as to the construction which might be put upon his demeanor there, which hardly correspond with his character as described by Mr. Conduitt. Though studious and retired, he was not reserved or reclusive; and these letters were written after he had removed from Cambridge, and had mixed, during his Parliamentary career, with many of the great and noble. The indications, however, which they present, would be of little moment, unless they corresponded rather closely with those afforded at a time when the disorder was at its height.

We do not, however, attach much weight to the letters of January and February, 1692. At a later part of that year, the disease must, from Newton's own statement, have been in existence; and it is clear, from the letters to Bentley, which must have been written during its progress, that it did not, during its earlier stages, impair the vigour or soundness of his reasoning powers, however it might interfere with his happiness, or irritate his temper. We cannot mark its advance; but we have Newton's own authority for considering it to have been aggravated by the intervention of some epidemic disorder in the summer of 1693; and the effect seems to have been a short paroxysm, during which neither his memory nor his reason were proof against the assault to which they were exposed. Erroneous fancies and feelings crowded upon him—a message from Pepps, which was never sent or delivered;—a notion that Locke had endeavoured to embroil him with women,—an imagination peculiarly absurd, when considered with reference to the

character of both the parties;—a wish for absolute retirement and seclusion;—a belief that there was a design to sell him an office, itself not an unremarkable reference to the events of a season, during which the first seeds of disease were perhaps sown.

Less weight is to be given to the opinions which Newton expressed about the moral tendency of Locke's great work, for they were only those very generally entertained at the time; but they are not to be left out of the account, for they seem to have differed from his more habitual judgment; and, as we have already noticed, though the subject of humble apology in September, they were forgotten early in October. At that time, indeed, Newton, whatever had been the nature of his disease, was probably convalescent; but forgetfulness of what has been said or done during a season of mental disorder, does not unfrequently accompany convalescence. That there had, before then, been a time during which his mind had so far yielded to the effects of long continued exertion, and the additional pressure of immediate bodily illness, that on his recovery he might naturally be very careful not again to expose himself to the danger of the like suffering, seems to us a conclusion hardly to be avoided.

We had rather use this result to explain the comparative inaction of Newton's latter days, than draw from that inaction an argument in support of the conclusion itself. But their connexion is too close to be altogether neglected; and the careful examination of the dates at which the foundation of Newton's different works was laid, only makes the absence of any new career of research more remarkable. Not only did his application to theological study exist before his illness, but his works connected with it were then in a state of forwardness or completeness. The *Chronology* was composed at Cambridge; probably before 1693, for he ceased to reside there in 1696. His cessation from any new course of mathematical invention or discovery has long been the subject of surprise. Yet his habits of life continued apparently unaltered. His time, indeed, was less at his own disposal; the duties of office and of society claimed a larger portion of it; but enough remained for him, who, at the early age of twenty-four, had laid the foundation of his wonderful discoveries in optics, physics, and mathematics, to open other fields of investigation, had he still ventured on that patient and laborious application of his whole mind to the gradual evolution of a theory, to which, and not to sudden conjecture or intuition, he uniformly attributed the success of his researches.* Dr. Brewster indeed says, that

* The well known story, that the fall of an apple led Newton to the discovery of the theory of gravitation, is no exception to the truth of this account. It merely turned his attention to a particular part of the subject, but patient thought worked out the principles on which it was to be explained. Dr. Brewster (p. 344, note) says, that

'Newton was satiated with fame' (p. 225); that 'the ambition of fame is a youthful passion, which is softened, if not subdued by age;' that 'Newton was invested with all the insignia of immortality; but, endowed with a native humility of mind, and animated with those hopes which teach us to form a humble estimate of human greatness, he was satisfied with the laurels he had won, and he sought only to perfect and complete his labours' (p. 245.) The love of fame is perhaps as much displayed in care for the completion and perfection of the great works already achieved as in the undertaking of new toils; and so far as it is evinced by eagerness in the assertion of his own claims to priority and originality of discovery, it appears to have been at least as strong in the latter as in the earlier part of Newton's life. The argument, however, has singularly little application to Newton, on whose career the love of distinction had unusually small influence. Fame was at all times much less tempting to him, than the contentions which might follow it were fearful. During the most active part of his life, it was with the utmost difficulty, that his friends could prevail on him to allow the publication of his discoveries; a reluctance attributable principally to his aversion to controversy; but in part, perhaps, to that singular modesty which led him, as Mr. Conduitt tells us, to compare himself to 'a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him.'

So easily, indeed, was Newton deterred from the pursuit of fame, that we find him in 1672, in consequence of the bickerings occasioned by his theory of light, declaring his intention 'to be no farther solicitous about matters of philosophy;' and in 1675, saying, that he finds it 'yet against the grain to put pen to paper any more on that subject;' and the publication of the *Optics* was delayed till 1704, lest, if it took place during Hooke's lifetime, it should become the occasion of renewed disputes. Even when he had determined on the publication of the *Principia*, he was anxious to suppress the third book, and assigned as a reason that 'Philosophy is such an impertinently litigious lady, that a man had as good be engaged in lawsuits as have to do with her. I found it so formerly, and now I can no sooner come near her again, but she gives me warning.' Yet this indifference to fame, when combined with the disquiet attendant upon it, failed to turn him aside from those studies in which he delighted for their intrinsic interest. Activity was the natural state of his mind, research its favourite occupation. No degree of vexation or disappointment prevented his con-

tinual application to the pursuits in which he was absorbed. The love of quiet could conquer the appetite for fame; but the quiet was retirement from the contests of publicity, not from the exertions of investigation. When, then, were these exertions intermitted, at a time when all his pursuits remained apparently unchanged? If we believe that he had learned from experience to fear the effect of overstrained exertion continued for a long period, a motive is at once suggested sufficient to account for an unwilling abstinence. But no less cogent reason seems adequate to explain so great and sudden a change in the real habits of a life so little altered in its apparent tenor.

We have been led into so much detail on this question, that we can allow but little space to the consideration of others. There is however one, which, from the excitement it occasioned at the time, and the feeling of partisanship which is still connected with it, requires some attention in any notice connected with the Life of Newton. We refer to the celebrated controversy about the doctrine of Fluxions and the Differential Calculus. Little doubt is now entertained as to the independent right of each claimant to the fame of his invention. The priority of Newton is beyond dispute; but there is little more question as to the complete independence of Leibnitz's discovery. But the passions which raged so fiercely, while these points were unsettled, left behind them an agitation which has not yet entirely subsided; and the personal conduct of the contending parties is still a topic of discussion, when the subject on which they disputed is at rest.

A dispassionate review of the real facts will perhaps leave neither party completely free from blame, though very little will attach to Newton. But it will vindicate each from much obloquy which has been cast on him by the supporters of the other, and show that there was very little to condemn in either, long after the epochs from which blame has been imputed. The zeal of injudicious friends, on each side, seems to have taken umbrage where no offence was intended; and the principals at length learned to construe the conduct of their respective opponents in the sense originally affixed to it by less worthy commentators.

Nothing can be more free from suspicion, than the earlier intercourse between Newton and Leibnitz. Adopting the fashion of that time, or perhaps of an age a little earlier, Newton, who was never prompt to communicate discoveries which he had not brought to that perfection in which he desired to produce them, announced to Leibnitz his possession of a new method of calculation, and the subjects to which it was peculiarly applicable, but concealed the statement of the method itself in an anagram. It has never been pretended that Leibnitz deciphered the anagram; but it has been said that the announcement of the existence of a method applicable to the subjects in question

there is no authority for the story: it is however referred to as a known fact by Mr. Conduitt.—*Turner's History of Grantham*, p. 100.

was enough to set him upon the track of the discovery. Such a belief does not appear to us well founded; if it were, the honour of the invention would hardly be worthy of so much contention as it has occasioned. But there seems to be no reason for doubting the truth of Leibnitz's answer, in which he informed Newton that he had himself already discovered a similar method, and communicated its nature most frankly and freely.

At this time, and long after, each of the two inventors might be unaware of the exact date of the discovery by the other; but neither appears to have had any suspicion that the discoveries were not perfectly independent. Newton, who had kept his method to himself for some years, and knew that at the date when he first possessed it, Leibnitz was not twenty years old, might be nearly sure that he was the first; but neither imagined that the other had received any assistance from himself. On Newton's part, this very clearly appears from the celebrated scholium in the *Principia*, which has been a good deal misrepresented or overstrained on both sides. In that great work, the immortal author seems to have been scrupulously careful to give due honour to all those who had been on the same track of discovery with himself. The manner in which he speaks of Wren, Hooke, and Halley, with reference to the law of gravitation, is well known; and the same spirit led him, when publicly announcing his discovery of Fluxions, to give his due share of credit to Leibnitz. After stating his own communication to Leibnitz, he gives this account of that philosopher's answer. 'Re-
'scripsit Vir Clarissimus se quoque in ejus-
'modi methodum incidisse, et methodum suam
'communicavit, a meâ vix abluentem, præ-
'terquam in verborum et notarum formulis, et
'ideâ generationis quantitatum.'

It seems impossible to doubt, that at this time, Newton believed Leibnitz to be an independent discoverer; and accordingly, M. Biot treats the passage as 'eternalizing the rights of Leibnitz, by recognising them in the *Principia*.' This is giving too much weight to it. The controversy as to priority and invention had not then begun: and Newton's belief as to the independence of Leibnitz's discovery, entertained at a time when he had no particular reason to doubt or investigate it, cannot be conclusive on the question; though it is undoubtedly a very important testimony in favour of his rival.

The first public suggestion of plagiarism on Leibnitz's part, proceeded many years after (in 1699) from Fatio de Duillier, who spoke in positive terms of Newton's priority, and threw out at least a suspicion that Leibnitz, 'the second inventor,' might have borrowed something from the other. Dr. Brewster, in his willingness to find Leibnitz in the wrong, says, that the remark by Fatio 'by no means amounts to a charge of plagiarism, for Leibnitz is actually designated the second inventor.' It is

not a charge certainly, for he only suggests the question as a matter for farther enquiry; but it is for enquiry into a suspicion of direct plagiarism, and cannot be tortured into any thing less, by any narrow interpretation of the word inventor. No recrimination, however, was excited by this publication. Leibnitz was contented with asserting his own rights without discussing Newton's, and referred to Newton's scholium, among other evidence, in support of them. In estimating the weight to be attributed to that scholium, it is not immaterial to observe that it was retained in the second edition of the *Principia*, which was published in 1713, long after Leibnitz had made this use of it. The only alteration was the addition of the words, 'et ideâ generationis quantitatum,' which were not in the first edition. The change proves that the passage did not pass without observation, but was deliberately retained after the use made of it was known. Indeed it is not improbable, that the alteration was made in direct reference to the next stages of the controversy, in which the two systems had been treated as very nearly identical, and the difference of principle involved in them had been apparently overlooked.

The publication of Newton's Optics in 1704, is an epoch from which an ungrateful tone of feeling prevailed. The editor of the Leipzig Acts, whom Newton believed to be Leibnitz, in reviewing the treatise on the Quadrature of Curves, published with the Optics, entered into a comparison of the method of fluxions with the differential calculus; and used some expressions which may very probably have been misinterpreted, but which occasioned a great ferment in England. Dr. Brewster (p. 202) calls it 'a sentence of some ambiguity,' and immediately proceeds to say that 'there can be no doubt' that it contains a charge of plagiarism against Newton. The passage is of sufficient importance to be extracted. It is as follows: 'Pro differentiis igitur Leibnitzianis
'D. Newtonus adhibet, semperque adhibuit,
'fluxiones, quæ sunt quam proxime ut fluenti-
'um augmenta, æqualibus temporis particulis
'quam minimis genita; usque tum in suis
'Principiis Naturæ Mathematicis, tum in aliis
'postea editis, eleganter est usus; quemadmo-
'dum et Honoratus Fabrius in sua Synopsi
'Geometrica motuum progressus Cavalierianæ
'methodo substituit.'

The whole argument for treating this as a charge of plagiarism against Newton is drawn from the fact that Fabri had decidedly pillaged Cavalieri. To us it seems very questionable whether the inference is legitimately deduced. Comparisons do not usually run on all-fours; and the writer might well mean merely to illustrate the resemblance between the two systems, without at all considering whether the circumstances under which it existed in the two cases were similar or unlike. The object was to point out the correspondence of the methods. The absence of any intention to

charge Newton with plagiarism, seems to be confirmed by a minute examination of the wording of the passage. It is in other respects complimentary in expression; and the contrast of the words 'adhibet' in the case of Newton, and 'substituît' in that of Fabri, seems rather to favour the notion that, if the writer had Fabri's plagiarism, at all in his mind, he was willing by the terms he adopted to exclude the imputation of a similar proceeding to Newton. This conjecture is much strengthened by the insertion of the words, which otherwise have very little meaning, 'adhibet, *semperque adhibuit*.*

However this may be, it was not Newton who first took umbrage at the review. Keill thought it behaved him to interfere and assert Newton's rights. In Dr. Brewster's phrase, 'as the representative of Newton's friends, he 'could not brook this base attack upon his 'countryman.' He accordingly asserted Newton's undoubted right to the invention of fluxions, and retorted the supposed charge of plagiarism on Leibnitz. 'The same calculus 'was afterwards published by Leibnitz, the 'name and the mode of notation being changed.' Keill's letter was published in the Philosophical Transactions, and Leibnitz naturally was offended, and called, although in very courteous terms, for a retraction. Keill then put forward as his justification the passage already quoted from the Leipzig Acts; and it is said that Newton, and other members of the Royal Society, agreed in understanding it to imply an accusation of plagiarism. Contemporary construction is never to be neglected in ascertaining what was really intended by a writer. In this instance, however, it is a construction formed after the question had been raised. It therefore is not the independent belief of the parties referred to, but only their assent to an interpretation suggested to them. In the result, Keill was authorized to explain and defend his

statement; and he did so by asserting, not that Leibnitz had known the details of Newton's 'method, but that he had seen letters containing 'indications of it sufficiently intelligible to an 'acute mind, from which he derived, or at least 'might derive, the principles of his calculus.'

Dr. Brewster thinks that Leibnitz ought not to have been offended with this statement; that it makes no distinct assertion that he derived his principles from the letters of Newton, or that he had them not before; that it is a mere statement of opinion as to the degree of facility with which the method might be divined from the letters; that this was an opinion which Keill or any other person was entitled to maintain; and that the dispute therefore should have been allowed to terminate here. Considering the circumstances of the publication, and the discussions which had preceded it, this seems rather singular doctrine. Dr. Brewster perhaps thinks that a literary controversy ought to be conducted after the model of those battles *ut tu pulsas ego vapulo*. And accordingly he speaks in very severe terms of Leibnitz's conduct in attempting to return the blow that he received, and is very indignant at the want of civility with which he speaks of Keill. Indeed, his indignation prevents him from discovering the true meaning of the expressions which he censures. 'He branded Keill with the odious 'appellation of an upstart, and one little acquainted with the circumstances of the case' (Brewster, p. 205.) The word upstart would certainly be an offensive expression; but the rest of the phrase is as little uncivil as any which could be adopted by a person who denied the truth of the writer's assertions. But the whole passage is mistranslated. Leibnitz describes Keill under the terms, 'homine docto, 'sed novo, et parum perito rerum ante actarum cognitare;'—a learned man (a qualification entirely omitted in Dr. Brewster's version,) but coming late into the field, and little qualified to take cognizance of matters occurring before his own time. It is very true, that *novus homo* may sometimes mean an upstart, but it is difficult to account for the utter neglect of the context displayed in so rendering it in this passage.

Another charge is better supported. Leibnitz, in a letter to Sir Hans Sloane, dated December 19th, 1711, declared, that in the review in the Leipzig Acts, 'no injustice had been 'done to any party, but every one had received 'what was his due.' Dr. Brewster, acting on his interpretation of that passage, treats this as an adoption by Leibnitz of the charge of plagiarism against Newton. If we are right in our view of that passage, it is not absolutely so; but Leibnitz must have known that the passage had been so interpreted, and, if he did not mean to adopt it in that sense, he ought to have explained the construction which he himself put upon it. He did not, and here was the first fault, as far as we can see, in his conduct;—a fault not sufficiently repaired by his subse-

* The same construction is given to the passage, and the same arguments used to support it, by Leibnitz himself, in his second letter to the Acad. Conti. The arguments will speak for themselves; but as Leibnitz's veracity and fair dealing have been called in question, it may be worth while to mention that the passage in the text was written before examining the correspondence with Conti, and from the mere inspection of the statement complained of, as extracted by Dr. Brewster. Newton was not satisfied with the explanation, which he thought inconsistent with the expressions *igitur* and *quantum ad idem*. We do not feel the force of the difficulty. At all events, Dr. Brewster, who mentions Newton's suspicion that Leibnitz wrote the review in the Leipzig Acts ought to have mentioned the construction which Leibnitz himself affixed to it. It is material evidence in any case; but if he was the author, (and the manner in which he speaks of the passage, with full knowledge that he had been accused of writing it, gives some confirmation to that notion,) he was undoubtedly entitled to the benefit of his disavowal of the obnoxious meaning which had been attributed to it. 'C'est une interpretation maligne d'un homme qui cherchoit noise; il semble que l'auteur des paroles insérées dans les Actes de Leipzig a voulu y avoir tout expès par ces mots, *adhibet semperque adhibuit*: pour insinuer que ce n'est pas après la vue de mes différences, mais d'à auparavant, qu'il s'est servi de fluxions. Et je doute qu'il y ait de donner un autre but raisonnable à ces paroles, *semperque adhibuit*.'—Horsley's Newton, vol. iv. p. 600.

quent denial of such an interpretation in his letter to Conti.

We do not propose to enter minutely into the later history of the controversy. From this time forward Leibnitz's conduct was marked with much of heat and intemperance, and parts of it would deserve yet stronger reprehension. He had perhaps some cause of complaint connected with the publication of the *Commercium Epistolicum*; but this is no justification of his own course. We find him dealing about charges of malicious falsehood against the editors of that collection; eagerly adopting and obstinately persisting in an opinion of Bernoulli's, that Newton had formed his calculus after having seen Leibnitz's; and accusing Newton himself of want of veracity, and of principles amounting to materialism, and injurious to the interests of religion. We do not suppose that these charges were made insincerely; but it is impossible not to attribute them to the wilfulness of prejudice and hostility. The last accusation is peculiarly odious, when we recollect that it was repeatedly made, and that the slander was introduced into Leibnitz's correspondence with the Princess of Wales, apparently for the purpose of injuring Newton in her estimation. It is also singularly offensive, when we remember Newton's declaration to Bentley, of which Leibnitz indeed was ignorant, 'When I wrote my treatise about our system, I had an eye upon such principles as might work with considering men for the belief of a Deity, and nothing can rejoice me more than to find it useful for that purpose.'—*Letter to Bentley*, Dec. 16th, 1692.

It is with a very different feeling that we turn to the conduct of Newton. He was naturally earnest in the assertion of his own claims; but there was scarcely any thing undignified or illiberal in his conduct. The only material exception seems to exist in the anxiety which he manifested in his letter to Conti, and his notes on Leibnitz's reply, to identify the principles of the differential calculus with those of Barrow's method of tangents. M. Biot indeed dwells much on some passages in which Newton treats the celebrated scholium in the *Principia* as intended to establish the priority of his own discovery, and not to recognise the independence of Leibnitz's invention. With the opinion we have already expressed as to the importance of that passage as a testimony, we certainly cannot but regret that Newton, in insisting on interpreting it as a claim upon his own part, should have at all disavowed its bearing in favour of his rival also. But we see no reason whatever to doubt his assertion, that his principal object was to assert his own priority. It is to be observed that this was the only question in which he was personally interested: the independence of Leibnitz's discovery could not prejudice his fame, and he accordingly treated it in general as a matter of indifference. 'Whether Mr. Leibnitz invented it after me, or had it from me, is a

question of no consequence; for second inventors have no right.*'

One step indeed taken after Leibnitz's death, may seem to require a more considerable deduction to be made from the praise due to Newton's general candour and temper; but it is not quite certain that he concurred in it. In the third edition of the *Principia*, published in 1725, under the superintendence of Dr. Pemberton, the scholium was omitted. Pemberton was in frequent communication with Newton with respect to the edition, and perhaps it is not likely that he would have ventured on such an alteration without authority. Yet we would fain believe that Newton, who appears to have prevented Coates from making any personal attack upon his rival, who retained the passage in the edition of 1713, long after the use made of it was known, and who had subsequently, in the notes on Leibnitz's letter to Conti, referred to it as containing a claim on his own belief, was not a party to its subsequent suppression. Dr. Brewster indeed sees nothing to blame in the omission. 'He was justified in withdrawing a passage which had been so erroneously interpreted, and so greatly misapplied,' p. 216. 'He was bound either to omit it altogether, or to enter into explanations which might have involved him in a new controversy,' p. 218. We cannot concur in these observations. We have already explained the manner and degree in which the passage appears to bear upon the question between the parties. Whatever was its weight, Leibnitz was entitled to the benefit of it. If misinterpreted, the error might have been exposed, or the sense which the author intended it to bear, explained. But the attempt to withdraw it seems to us both undignified and unfair; and we would readily suppose, either that Newton had no part in it, or yielded, in almost the extremity of old age, to the persuasions of those about him, equally zealous with himself for his reputation, but less scrupulous as to the means of asserting it.

Our notice of Dr. Brewster's work has consisted principally of dissent. Yet we think highly of its general value. But the merit of the book, and its probable popularity, make it important to refute any material errors which it contains. This is especially necessary wherever these errors affect the character of other distinguished votaries of science. Dr. Brewster's zeal for Newton's glory sometimes renders him unjust to others. 'This is the case, in a very remarkable degree, with respect to Lord Bacon. The opinion that Newton's mind was in any degree formed or guided by the precepts of the *Novum Organum*, is offensive to his biographer; and his attempt to disprove it has led him into a very disparaging view, both of the value and the effects of the Baconian Philosophy. His arguments are not de-

* *Notes on the Letters to Conti*, Housley's Newton, vol. iv. p. 616.

void of plausibility, and are stated with considerable force of style; but his notions are eminently unsound and illogical, and they are expressed in a tone of arrogance, and of confident assertion contrary to fact, not a little calculated to lessen our respect for his judgment, and our belief of his competency as a historian of science.

His attack on 'the pretensions of the Baconian Philosophy' opens as follows: 'The method of investigating truth by observation and experiment so successfully pursued in the *Principia*, has been ascribed by some modern writers of great celebrity to Lord Bacon; and Sir Isaac Newton is reported as having owed all his discoveries to the application of the principles of that distinguished writer. One of the greatest admirers of Lord Bacon has gone so far as to characterise him as a man who has had no rival in the times which are past, and as likely to have none in those which are to come. In a eulogy so overstrained as this, we feel that the language of panegyric has passed into that of idolatry; and we are desirous of weighing the force of arguments which tend to depose Newton from the high-priesthood of nature, and to unsettle the proud destinies of Copernicus, Galileo, and Kepler.' (p. 333.) We must pause a little to consider this beginning; for it affords a specimen of that vagueness of statement, and of that declamatory style in which the whole discussion is conducted. Who, we would ask, are the 'modern' writers here referred to; and what are those arguments of theirs which militate against the claims and the fame of either Newton, Copernicus, Galileo, or Kepler? By the term 'modern' Dr. Brewster probably means recent writers, and has more particularly in view Mr. Dugald Stewart, Professor Playfair, and Sir J. Herschel.* Any opinion regarding the history of philosophy that comes to us sanctioned by three such names, is assuredly favourably recommended; and Dr. Brewster would have done well, by mentioning those to whom he opposes himself, to enable his readers to judge what is due, in the matter of authority, to the disputants on either side. But, is the view which these eminent writers have taken of the services of Lord Bacon peculiar either to themselves or their age; or have they advanced any thing in behalf of the author of the *Novum Organum*, incompatible with the claims

of those illustrious men whom Dr. Brewster has thought himself called upon to defend? Was Maclaurin, the faithful expositor of Newton's discoveries, less ardent in his admiration of Bacon, or less ample in his acknowledgments of the utility of the Inductive Logic, than the 'modern' writers above-named? Or, to go farther back—Was Gassendi, the biographer of Copernicus, and the contemporary of Galileo and Kepler, less a champion for Bacon than those recent extollers whom Dr. Brewster represents as unsettling, by their undue admiration of him, 'the proud destinies' of greater men? No enlightened assessor of Bacon's claims, as the father of the Inductive Logic, ever insinuated any thing calculated to disparage these memorable discoveries. His admirers have only represented him as the first professed expounder and systematizer of those rules of philosophizing which were fortunately followed by some philosophers who never had made them a particular object of investigation. It detracts nothing from the peculiar merits of Bacon, that they succeeded without his express aid; and it detracts nothing from theirs to say, that his labours shed a new, a surer, and a more animating light over that path of enquiry into which the force of their inductive genius instinctively led them to enter.

Dr. Brewster's argument may be stated as consisting of two parts. He contends, in the first place, that experimental enquiry had been recommended, and successfully followed, by several philosophers preceding Bacon; and, in the second place, that among these who succeeded him there is nowhere to be found any grateful admissions of his services. There is some truth, but a much larger portion of misapprehension, error, and misstatement in these views. The subject, if fully treated, would require a long dissertation, but we must limit ourselves to a few of the observations and facts which occur to our minds.

The first argument is expressed as follows:—'The necessity of experimental research, and of advancing gradually from the study of facts to the determination of their cause, though the groundwork of Bacon's method, is a doctrine which was not only inculcated, but successfully followed, by preceding philosophers. In a letter from Tycho Brahe to Kepler, this industrious astronomer urges his pupil "to lay a solid foundation for his views by actual observation, and then, by ascending from these, to strive to reach the causes of things," and it was no doubt under the influence of this advice that Kepler submitted his wildest fancies to the test of observation, and was conducted to his most splendid discoveries. The reasonings of Copernicus, who preceded Bacon by more than a century, were all founded on the most legitimate induction. Dr. Gilbert had exhibited in his treatise on the magnet, the most perfect specimen of physical research. Leonardo da Vinci had described in the clearest manner, the proper method of

* It is very evident, though Dr. Brewster does not name the illustrious admirer that he refers to in the above statement, to the following remarkable passage of Professor Playfair's Dissertation on the Progress of Mathematical and Physical Science:—"Bacon is destined, if, indeed, any thing in the world be so destined, to remain an *instans singulorum* among men, and as he has had no rival in the times which are past, so he is likely to have none in those which are to come. Before any parallel to him can be found, not only must a man of the same talents be produced, but he must be placed in the same circumstances, the memory of his predecessor must be effaced, and the light of science, after being entirely extinguished, must be again beginning to revive. If a second Bacon is ever to arise, he must be ignorant of the first."

philosophical investigation; and the whole scientific career of Galileo was one continued example of the most sagacious application of observation and experiment to the discovery of general laws.

In what is here set forth by this new sister of the pretensions of the Baconian Philosophy, there is nothing approaching to originality. Dr. Brewster has merely followed a remark of Hume's, contained in the well-known passage where he compares Galileo and Bacon, and some similar observations of Fabroni and Biot, in their respective Lives of Galileo,* and of Venturi, in his Essay on the works of Leonardo da Vinci. We are not aware of its having been ever denied by any one, that before Bacon wrote, there were some examples of successful experimental enquiry, and some casual recommendations of that method of philosophizing. Bacon himself has said as much; he was not ignorant either of Aristotle's observations in Natural History, or of Gilbert's experiments in Magnetism; and some of his contemporaries, to whom he submitted the outline of his plan, told him, like Dr. Brewster, that in proposing the method of experiment, he proposed nothing altogether new. The remarks, and the logic of all Bacon's opponents have been very much alike. Here is their syllogism: Lord Bacon recommended enquiry by observation and experiment; but there were men before his day who practised that method of enquiry; therefore the world was in nought indebted to Lord Bacon. But have those far-seeing logicians overlooked nothing in their first proposition? Is it founded on a full induction of all that is included in Lord Bacon's performances? Is it not, on the contrary, eminently defective in this essential point! Admitting all they have urged, as to prior exemplifications of what Bacon enjoined, we may still ask, is there no distinction between the prosecution, in some few instances, of observation and experiment to a successful issue, and the deliberate and detailed exposition and enforcement of the Inductive, as the only method of legitimate inquiry?—between the occasional and general statement of a great principle, and the establishment of its paramount authority as a universal rule and condition of all sound philosophical investigation?—between transient recommendations of experiment, and the authoritative revelation of its power illimitably to extend and multiply the field and fruits of human knowledge? Who can be mentioned among the predecessors or contemporaries of Bacon, as having, like him, drawn the principles of the Inductive method from the nature of the human understanding—as having, in the most explicit manner, chalked out the steps by which we are to proceed in the discovery of truth, so as to ascend securely from the simplest laws of nature to the loftiest generalizations of her

agency—as having classed the errors and prejudices by which we are apt to be misled in our philosophical enquiries—and as having attempted to weigh and assort experiments according to their value, as helps to discovery? 'It has been attempted by some,' says a truly philosophical and excellent writer,* 'to lessen the merit of Bacon's great achievement, by showing that the Inductive method had been practised in many instances, both ancient and modern, by the mere instinct of mankind; but it is not the introduction of inductive reasoning, as a new and hitherto untried process, which characterises the Baconian Philosophy, but his keen perception, and his broad and spirit-stirring, almost enthusiastic, announcement of its importance, as the alpha and omega of science, as the grand and only chain for the linking together of physical truths, and the eventual key to every discovery and every application.' It is on this account, as the same very competent authority observes, that Bacon, 'though his own actual contributions to the stock of physical truths were small, is justly entitled to be looked upon as the great reformer of science.'

Dr. Brewster seems unable to perceive the utility of that body of rules and precepts, and that animated assertion of their fruitfulness, for which we are indebted to the *Novum Organum*. He thinks it enough to deprive Bacon of any peculiar merit—to unsettle his proud 'destiny'—that a few had struck into that avenue to science which he first laid open to the universal knowledge of mankind, then, for the most part, ignorant of its existence, and of the grand results to which it was calculated to lead. Was it, then, of no importance to the cause of truth, and the progress of genuine science, that the world should be possessed of the Method of Bacon, when its attention and admiration were so soon to be challenged for the opposite Method of Descartes? Though this great genius proclaimed with a loud voice, that facts are as nothing towards the establishment of principles, and that all perfect science must be founded on the deduction of effects from causes, we are still, it seems, to hold, that Bacon's delineation and enforcement of the contrary, as the true course of scientific procedure, was trite and valueless! If Kepler was so much indebted to the advice of Tycho, to take facts as his guides in the search after causes, as to be thereby led to his 'most splendid discoveries,' how much must not the world generally have been indebted to Bacon, who administered that advice so much more earnestly, largely, and methodically! Dr. Brewster cites the letter of Tycho for one purpose, but does not seem to have seen its value for another of far more importance. What he overlooked, did not, however, escape the sagacity of Maclaurin; for that eminent philosopher long ago noticed the letter in question, not to

* *Vite Italorum qui seculis 16 et 17 floruerunt*, tom. 1. —*Biographie Universelle*, tom. 16.

* Sir J. W. Herschel's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy, p. 114.

discredit Bacon, but to show how much such precepts as he delivered were calculated to accelerate the progress of science.

The preceding line of observation might be greatly extended; but we must stop here, in order to reserve space for some notice of the second branch of Dr. Brewster's argument, in which he assumes a still more triumphant tone, and in respect to which, also, we hope to be able to satisfy our readers of his imperfect knowledge of the ground upon which he has ventured to tread with so confident a step. 'Having shown,' says he, 'that the distinguished philosophers who flourished before Bacon were perfect masters both of the principles and practice of Inductive research, it becomes interesting to inquire whether or not the philosophers who succeeded him acknowledged any obligation to his system, or derived the slightest advantage from his precepts. If Bacon constructed a method to which modern science owes its existence, we shall find its cultivators grateful for the gift, and offering the richest incense at the shrine of a benefactor whose generous labours conducted them to immortality. No such testimonies, however, are to be found. Nearly two hundred years have gone by, teeming with the richest fruits of human genius, and no grateful disciple has appeared to vindicate the rights of the alleged legislator of science. Even Newton, who was born and educated after the publication of the *Novum Organum*, never mentions the name of Bacon or his system, and the amiable and indefatigable Boyle treated him with the same disrespectful silence.'

This is strongly and boldly said; but, unfortunately for Dr. Brewster's credit as a historian of science, his statement is pregnant with error, and inconsistent with fact. In part, we must confess ourselves unable to discover Dr. Brewster's meaning; for he says, that 'no grateful disciple has appeared to vindicate the rights of the alleged legislator of science,' almost in the same breath in which he complains of the exaggerated pretensions set up for Bacon, by some 'modern writers of great celebrity.' Does he mean, that all vindicators of recent date are to be discounted, and that we must search farther back in the history of science, if it is wished to produce any competent witnesses in the cause of Lord Bacon? What, then, will he say of Maclaurin and Pemberton, of D'Alembert and Gassendi? The first two were professed expounders of Newton's discoveries, and ranked, besides, in the list of his personal friends. Now, Maclaurin describes Bacon as, in an especial manner, 'the founder of Experimental Philosophy;' and tells us, 'that his exhortations had a good effect, and that Experimental Philosophy had been much more cultivated since his time than in any preceding period.' Pemberton's work, which was perused before its publication by Newton himself, is prefaced with a view of the *Novum*

Organum, in which Bacon is commemorated as the first promulgator of the true method of science. D'Alembert offers the richest incense at 'the shrine' of Bacon, by an elaborate panegyric, in which he styles him 'the greatest and most universal of philosophers;' and Gassendi, after largely explaining the Inductive Method, in his Treatise on Logic, characterises it as a great and heroic undertaking for the regeneration of philosophy. Had Dr. Brewster practised a little of that inductive caution, which is as necessary in the history as in the processes of science, he would have found a multitude of proofs running through the whole of the two hundred years, which he has specified as producing none, of pointed acknowledgments of Bacon's merits, and of the beneficial effects of his precepts and exhortations. We could fill many pages with such proofs; but we shall content ourselves with the mention of those furnished by three of the earliest and most eminent of that great experimental school which was embodied by the formation of the Royal Society. Hooke particularly distinguishes 'the incomparable Verulam as being the first who had any thoughts of an art for directing the mind in physical enquiries;' Dr. Wallis states, that the cultivation, in England, of 'the new philosophy,' was to be dated from Bacon's time; and Evelyn tells us, in a loftier tone, that it was Bacon 'who emancipated and set free philosophy, which had long been a miserable captive, and which ever since made conquests in the territories of nature.' Dr. Brewster has greatly deceived himself. The disciples of Bacon have not, it would appear, been quite so forgetful or ungrateful to the immortal founder of the Inductive Logic, as he so confidently and completely represents them.

But we must not forget his special and exulting reference to the 'disrespectful silence' of Newton, and of the 'amiable and indefatigable Boyle.' The first certainly does not expressly name Bacon; nor was it his habit to mention any writers but those who had in part preceded him in his discoveries, or those whom it was necessary to cite in support of a particular fact. But though Newton does not mention Bacon, it would be absurd, on that account, to doubt either his own acquaintance with the *Novum Organum*, or his obligations to those logical instructions which it had diffused throughout that school in which his mind was formed. Newton, in fact, followed the *Novum Organum* even in its misuse of terms. Thus, he applies the word *axiom*, in the sense peculiar to Bacon, to the laws of motion, and to certain fundamental principles of optical science. Mr. Stewart's observations on this point are quite decisive, and leave nothing to be added.* With respect to Boyle, we are really sorry to find a man of Dr. Brewster's name and character speaking so confidently of the 'disrespectful silence'

* *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. ii. chap. iv.

of an author, whose works seem not merely with allusions, but with the most pointed references to the writings of Bacon, and bear unquestionable proofs of their influence on his philosophical views and pursuits. We are not, indeed, acquainted with any avowal of the kind so utterly and ludicrously unfounded. In every one of the six portly quartos which contain the writings of Boyle, the name and 'proud destiny' of Bacon are frequently commemorated and honoured. Thus, to take a few examples: in his treatise on the 'Mechanical Origin of Heat and Cold,' he tells us, that Bacon was the 'first among the moderns who handled the doctrine of heat like an experimental philosopher;' in his 'Considerations touching Experimental Essays in general,' he mentions that he had made considerable collections, with the view of following up Bacon's plan of a Natural History; in his 'Experiments and Observations touching Cold,' he extols Bacon, 'as the great ornament and guide of the philosophical historians of nature;' in his 'Excellency of Theology,' he says that Bacon was 'the great restorer of physics, and had traced out a most useful way to make discoveries;' and in his essay on the 'Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy,' he states, that it was owing to the sagacity and freedom of Lord Bacon that men were then pretty well enabled both to make discoveries, and to remove the impediments that had hitherto kept physics from being useful.* So much for the 'disrespectful silence of the amiable and indefatigable Boyle!'

We have now shown, we think, that in that branch of his argument in which he has followed those who have attempted to lower Bacon's claims by citing some prior instances of inductive enquiry, Dr. Brewster has, like them, wholly overlooked the peculiar and permanent merits of the *Novum Organum*; and that, in the other branch of it, where he so loudly asserts the absence of all proofs of homage to, and acknowledgments of, its author's agency in accelerating the progress of genuine physics, his failure has been equally signal and surprising. It gives us pain to say so. We are well aware of Dr. Brewster's great merits, and esteem them highly. He does not require our commendations; but it would have been more agreeable to ourselves had we, on the present occasion, found less ground for censure, and more for praise. With one or two exceptions, he is the only man of science of any considerable name, who has laboured to detract from the glory of the great reformer of philosophy; and we must be permitted to express some doubt, whether his mind has been habituated to the course of enquiry and study best fitted to lead to a sound and adequate estimate of the nature and importance of Bacon's share in that reformation. We are, upon the whole, thankful to him for his Life of Newton; but we greatly fear that we never should be able to thank him for any life of Bacon which he could

produce. That subject, indeed, opens a wider and more varied field of enquiry than even the one irradiated by the immortal glories of the *Principia*; and it is devoutly to be wished, that the desideratum which it presents may be ultimately supplied in a manner worthy of the theme, and honourable to our literature.

From the British Critic.

MILTON AND HIS BIOGRAPHERS.*

WE have two objects in noting Mr. Mitford's edition of Milton; first, because we are desirous of saying a few words upon the political and religious character of the poet, which are naturally suggested to us by the present season of popular excitement and moral anarchy; and secondly, because we consider the life, which is prefixed to the poems, to be written in a spirit of gentle and candid searching after truth which cannot be too highly estimated, or too carefully cherished. The friends of Milton—and who would absent himself from that company?—have no reason to complain of the paucity or general intelligence of his biographers. The notices of his life by Philips and Toland have formed the text-book of subsequent writers; for Philips was the pupil and friend of the poet, and Toland was fortunate enough to obtain some communications of great interest from the poet's family. Both the memoirs breathe an air of veracity, and are distinguished by a spirit of homely interest. Next in order to these, we believe, appeared the life by the elder Richardson, the painter.

Richardson fully merits the character given him by Mr. Mitford, who calls him "an ingenious, inquisitive, and amiable man, but a singularly quaint and mannered writer." The reader may form some estimate of his style from the following description of Milton's personal appearance:—"He was," says Richardson, "rather a middle-sized than a little man, and well proportioned; latterly he was—no—not short and thick, but he would have been so, had he been something shorter and thicker than he was." Anything more ridiculous than this cannot well be conceived. Dr. Birch presents a singular contrast to Richardson. If these two biographers had lived in our days, and contributed to the periodical press, (almost every man of talent now writes either quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily,) Birch would have flung an article of gigantic proportions into the columns of the *Antiquarian Magazine*, and Richardson would have distilled his quaintness and humour into the pages of the "Tatler." Dr. Birch's Memoir very considerably increased our knowledge of Milton, and to his unwearying researches we are indebted for an account of the manuscripts of Milton preserved at Cambridge, and for spec-

* The Poetical Works of John Milton, with the Life of the Author. By the Rev. John Mitford. 3 vols. London. 1832.

dimens of the various alterations which the original text had undergone.

But the life which has excited the most discussion, is that written by Dr. Johnson. The author of the Rambler had few feelings in common with the author of the Treatise upon Prelatical Episcopacy. Mr. Mitford has placed the peculiar characters of the poet and biographer in a very proper light.

"A violent tory and a high churchman," he says, "undertook to write the life of a republican and a puritan; a man remarkable for his practicable wisdom, his strong sense, and his rational philosophy, delivered his judgments on the writings of one distinguished for his high imagination, his poetical feeling, his speculative politics, and his visionary theology. Johnson came, it must be owned, with strong prejudice and much dislike to his subject; and nothing, perhaps, saved Milton from deeper censure, but his biographer's conviction of his sincerity, his admiration of his learning, and his reverence for his piety. Had Johnson lived in the poet's day, he would have stood by the side of Salmasius in the field of controversy, and opposed Milton on every question connected with the interests of society, the existence of the monarchy, and the preservation of the Church."

The life of Milton was not the only instance in which the English moralist permitted the bitterness of political animosity to deaden the feeling of the noble and the beautiful. Thomson shared almost equally his unjust and unfounded malignity. Perhaps we have employed too expressive a word, but Johnson declared in one of his letters that he loved a good hater, and certainly his conduct towards his adversaries went some way towards upholding this confession of faith. In the memoir, he not unfrequently contradicts himself, and the opinion which is delivered in one page, with all the energy and over-bearingness of positive truth, is either forgotten or abrogated in another. We will adduce one specimen only. Dr. Johnson is speaking of Milton's alleged facility of composition at particular seasons, and he laughs at the notion entertained by some, of the imagination being in any degree dependent upon the influences of nature. "The author," he continues, "that thinks himself weather-bound, will find with a little help from hellebore, that he is only idle or exhausted." This occurs at page 192, and at page 195 we find the following strange converse of the sentiment. After quoting Richardson's account of Milton's lying awake whole nights without being able to make a verse, and of the sudden rushing of the poetical faculty upon him at other times, he observes—"Yet something of this inequality happens to every man in every mode of exertion, manual or mental; the mechanic cannot handle his hammer or his file at all times with equal dexterity, there are hours, he knows not why, when his hand is out." No man saw more clearly than Dr. Johnson into the complex machinery of the human mind.

But sometimes the eyes of his understanding were so blinded by prejudice, that he could not see. A mind so totally unideal as that of Johnson, and which was generally occupied in the severer and least imaginative studies, may easily be conceived to have been little affected by the changes of the weather. The balmy winds and purple light of May were not likely to bring any increase of power to the labouring compiler of a dictionary, or the splenetic writer of a political pamphlet. But upon more sensitive and more delicately modulated feelings, the influences of nature have been most extraordinary. Rousseau declared himself incapable of sitting down at his desk, and proceeding in the labour of composition like a professed *litterateur*. His inspiration seemed to come to him only while wandering in the quiet scenes of nature, and in the serene solemnity of her beauty. A similar anecdote is related of the illustrious Jean Paul Richter, a man certainly as unlike Rousseau in the tone of his spirit, and the peculiar powers of his mind, as the author of the *Confessions* was to the biographer of Milton.

A perusal of Hayley's Memoir, after the fiery and sarcastic invectives of Johnson, has not unfrequently produced on our mind an effect resembling that caused by one of Washington Irving's touchingly simple stories, after the wild and fevered sublimity of some of *Matutin's* novels. Our comparison may appear inapposite, but we think it will convey our meaning to the reader. Johnson is all poignant and bitter—Hayley all gentle and benevolent. Todd has gracefully and truly styled him the affectionate biographer. The great object of the memoir was to soften the severity of Johnson's criticism, and to set forth in a fairer light "the circumstances which had excited the indignation of the critic." Hayley was desirous of investigating the poetical, rather than the political character of Milton. The principal aim of his account was to exhibit a full and just idea of him as a poet and a man. The splendid edition of his works, which Hayley superintended, was expressly devoted to the decoration of his poetry. He makes the great poet as much as possible his own biographer. His manners and habits of mind accordingly appear in a new and agreeable light, from the collection and arrangement of the various little incidental sketches which the hand of Milton has itself drawn of his early passions and pursuits. In some of the Latin poems, especially, the spirit of the author breaks beautifully and mildly forth. But if Johnson was unfitted to pronounce a judgment upon Milton, by reason of his political prejudices, Hayley was equally unable to do him justice, from the want of any corresponding grandeur or majesty of thought. He was an elegant and facile versifier, but the admirer of Miss Seward could offer little homage worthy of acceptance by the blind singer of the Fall of Man. The reflections and criticisms of Hayley fell like dry

autumn leaves upon the mighty rushing stream of Milton's poetry. We must not, however, omit to acknowledge our obligations to Hayley, for his ingenious remarks upon the *Adamo* of Andreini, and other dramas of a similar character, although we are by no means prepared to agree with some of Milton's biographers, in supposing him acquainted with every obscure versifier from the beginning of the world. We are glad to find Mr. Mitford rejecting these vain hypotheses. We remember to have seen it somewhere affirmed, that Homer discovered the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in an Egyptian temple; and arguments, almost tantamount to this, have been advanced to deprive Milton of any claim to original invention.

Few of our readers are ignorant of the interesting translations made by Cowper from the Latin poems of Milton. A life of the poet from the pen of the author of the *Task* would, we think, have been a treasure. Not because we are disposed to agree with his enthusiastic friend, that "the minds of Milton and Cowper were most truly congenial," but because we are quite assured that the biography would have been written in a spirit of universal tenderness and kindness of heart, which must have rendered it especially precious. Most men address themselves to the composition of the memoir of a great individual under the influence of some favourite passion, or still more seductive and injurious prejudice or opinion; theirs is, of course, the only true and pure Catholicism either in religion or in politics, and in exact proportion as the subject of the history may dissent from this or that creed, or agree with this or that policy, he is pronounced a Christian or a heretic, a patriot or a revolutionist, an angel or an apostate. But in William Cowper these hateful and sickening animosities found no resting-place. Those whom he loved, "he did love indeed," but those whom he disliked, were rather affectionately avoided than bitterly remembered. His gentle and Christian feelings would have blunted, rather than re-edged the fiery sword, which is ever and anon flashing out in the hand of the controversial Milton. In the translation of the Latin and Italian poems, many traces of this charitableness are discovered. "The poems on the subject of the gunpowder treason," he says, "I have not translated, both because the matter of them is unpleasant, and because they are written with an asperity, which, however it might be warranted in Milton's day, would be extremely unseasonable now." And in a letter to Mr. Johnson, he expresses sentiments equally conciliatory. It was not until after much painful anxiety that Cowper could nerve his mind to the task of superintending, or rather illustrating, a new edition of Milton. And when he had formed his resolution, he set about his task with fear and much trembling, and was perhaps only tempted to the undertaking by the length of the period allotted for its completion. Hayley suggested to

his friend the expediency of converting the notes which he had collected into a few dissertations upon the poet himself, and Cowper acknowledged the propriety of the advice. But the rapidly increasing infirmities of his beloved friend Mrs. Unwin, and his own declining health, appear to have prevented the accomplishment of his design. The string of the bow was broken, and the arrows were gone from the quiver. In a letter to Hayley upon the subject of Milton, he says, "after writing and obliterating six lines, in the composition of which I spent an hour, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt." Hayley expressed his belief that Cowper had actually finished two dissertations, but concluded, after an unsuccessful search, that they had disappeared in the confusion of his papers.

Todd's *Life of Milton* is rendered valuable by the laboriously collected information which it contains. He offers the account of the poet's life, to borrow his own words, "with the utmost deference," assuring the reader, however, that the materials "are drawn from authentic sources." The memoir was undertaken, moreover, principally with a view of weaving in some new anecdotes relating to Milton's friends, his works, and the times in which he lived. So much humility is rarely, at least in our day, the companion of so much merit. Mr. Todd would, perhaps, have been more popular, had he been less bountiful in the use of his large stores of antiquarian knowledge, which tend rather to crush the delicate beauties of poetry, than to invest them with any alluring and comely ornaments. But learning does not very frequently employ taste as her scribe; and her manuscripts, which, if written in a fairer hand, would have been received into every house, are consequently not seldom confined to the solitude of the studious scholar. The elegance of Heyne has certainly gone as far towards perpetuating his reputation as his scholarship.

After Todd, we may mention Symmons, in whom Milton found a champion willing and ardent to avenge the puritan upon his enemy Johnson. It may be affirmed of Symmons, that he surpassed Johnson in the fury of his political animosities, and the intemperate spirit of his partizanship. He descants upon Milton's love of liberty with the tone and energy of a leader of the great unwashed, haranguing the ten thousand of the Birmingham democracy. In the estimation of Symmons, the *Paradise Lost* would have been a far less beautiful composition, if the author had been a tory. In the preface to the life of the worthy doctor, he glories to profess himself a *whig*, and declares that truth, religious, moral, and political, is alone what he professes to pursue, and if, he continues, he fancied this prime object of his regard to be by the side of the mufi, or the grand lama, of the wild demagogues of Athens, or the ferocious tribes of Rome, he is ready to recognize and embrace her. We believe

this is the orthodox creed of a political Quixote. Why any man should *glory* in belonging to any individual sect or party, or why he is to turn renegade merely because he *fancies* he sees truth by the side of the multi, we are willing to acknowledge our inability to assign any reason. Truth abideth in a region inaccessible to the feet of the bigoted of either party, and even in her hourly ministrations in the public streets of our cities, and in the turmoil and misery of this actual life, she is to be seen only by eyes which have been purged by a divine influence from the mist spread over them. By the genuine Christian, and the honest patriot alone, is her presence recognized in the calmness and ambrosial beauty of the atmosphere which surrounds her.

In the opinion of Symmons, the Memoir of Johnson is a biographical libel; and Hayley, for his impertinence in presuming to suppose his friend Cowper's Version of Milton's Latin Poems superior to the doctor's, is rarely mentioned in any terms save of obloquy and reproach. But not contented with setting forth Hayley's want of judgment, he hints very intelligibly at certain improvements which his (Dr. Symmons's) Translation had suggested to Hayley, and which the poet of Earham did not hesitate to communicate to the version of Cowper. Certain it is, that the doctor's Translation appeared about two years before Cowper's, with the exception of the specimens published in Hayley's Life of Milton, and if we add to this the inferiority of the author of the Task, in a poetical sense, to the author of the present Life of Milton, the solution of the question will be very easy! William Cowper was one of the most placable of God's creatures, and yet of a truth this Life of Symmons would have awakened his anger somewhat! Dr. Symmons, it has been seen, is no admirer of Dr. Johnson, but while sneering at his politics, he manifests no indisposition to take as much as possible of his style and manner. The Rambler's Iron Mace, which was so accused a weapon when employed with all the giant strength of its owner, in dealing destruction upon the head of a martyr-whig, becomes a consecrated instrument, when performing a like friendly office upon the head of a tory. But Symmons's mace is a counterfeit. He is no more like Johnson, the very construction of whose sentences he sedulously imitates, than a certain creature, more particularly mentioned in one of Æsop's fables, to the nobler animal which it sought to resemble. Dr. Symmons bears about the same proportion (mentally) to Samuel Johnson, as the traveller who sits on the nose of Jain Boromeo does to that gigantic statue.

We know not any accomplishment more difficult of attainment than a graceful and gently flowing style, and yet few things appear easier to the hasty and unphilosophical inquirer. Of course, the importance of the acquirement is far greater in some cases than in others.

The novelist may, in some measure, atone for the errors of his style by the vigour and freshness of his characters, and the poet, by the warm and beautiful colours of his fancy; for, in a novel, we do not so much regard the manner as the matter; we think rather what Corporal Trim says, than how he says it; and in the poem it is rather the thought than the expression which engages our admiration. But in a biographer the style is every thing, next to industry and honesty, it is the endowment most imperatively demanded. Ordinary writers are like ordinary women, they cannot afford to be plain and simple; as it is true beauty only in a woman which needs no adornment, so in an author it is true genius alone which permits the use of a quiet and unpretending style. These remarks are suggested to us by Dr. Symmons's Life of Milton. He imitates Johnson, and, like most of the tribe, succeeds in copying all the defects and few of the beauties: he finds the language of his master running along in a full and sometimes magnificent torrent, and concludes immediately, that nothing can be good which is not great. Accordingly, in his Life of Milton, he seems continually talking at the pitch of his voice; few things are said as they ought to be said, but the simplest and most self-obvious circumstances are announced like an eastern satrap, with a flourish of trumpets—one or two instances will suffice. The doctor wishes to say that it is uncertain at what period the idea of the *Paradise Lost* was conceived in the mind of Milton, and he expresses it thus: "It is uncertain in what happy moment he determined on assigning to the *Paradise Lost* the honour of being his chief work, and of placing this divine theme upon the summit of the Roman mount."—p. 527. And again, the hours when the poet's genius flowed with the greatest freedom, are "luminous moments," glowing "with efficacious splendour."—p. 546. And in another place we are represented as having gained, by Milton's controversial writings, "the spectacle of a magnificent mind in a new course of action, throwing its roaring fulness over a strange country," &c.

We are actuated by no motive, save that of honourable criticism in these observations: Dr. Symmons's Life of Milton is a work of considerable pretension, and characterised throughout by a most polemical spirit. To say that Dr. Symmons is a man of talent and a scholar, is only to say that these qualifications ought to have been more carefully employed. The terms in which he speaks of his son and daughter, unhappily removed from him in the spring of life, proved the author to be an amiable and affectionate parent; we wish the language which he applies to his political and literary opponents, would enable us to add to this the merit of being an able and impartial biographer.

These irregular and cursory remarks have brought us to Mr. Mitford's Memoir, of which

he informs us the works of Toland, together with those of Philipe and Wood, have formed the basis.

"After being indebted to them for the necessary facts," observes the writer, "and for occasional expressions, the remainder of the narrative has been the result of my own inquiries, and formed from the conclusions of my own judgment. To the poetry of Milton, from my earliest youth down to the commencing autumn of my life, I have ever looked with a reverence and a love not easily to be surpassed; for the sentiments adopted and avowed by him on the great and complicated questions of civil liberty and political rights, I have, as becomes my situation, and is suitable to the habits of my mind, expressed myself with that temperance of opinion, and moderation of language, which can alone expect to conciliate attention, or to demand respect."

When we read these introductory remarks, we confess we augured well of the following pages, and our augury has been accomplished. It has been frequently said, (and with how much truth!) that a great book is a great evil, but with respect to the present memoir, we are inclined to reverse the protest. If Mr. Mitford's Life of the Poet had been longer, it would have been better; although we cannot say that he has entirely omitted to notice any interesting circumstance in Milton's history, it may, nevertheless, be objected, that many things, which demanded patient investigation, are passed over in too rapid a manner. These defects evidently arise, not from the inability or negligence of the editor, but from the confined limits allotted to him.

It is neither necessary nor expedient to enter into an elaborate analysis of the Life of Milton. He was educated, it is well known, for the Church, to which his earlier feelings appear to have inclined him; Dr. Newton, on the contrary, expresses an opinion, that his prejudices against the doctrines of the Church were very early formed. To us it seems idle to inquire whether his objections arose from a dislike to the Church and her discipline, or the aversion he afterwards manifested so strongly to the dominion of the Episcopacy. His own obscure and enigmatical explanation of the circumstance would support the hypothesis both of Newton and Johnson.

"By the intention," he says, "of my parents and friends, I was destined, of a child to the service of the Church, and in mine own resolutions. Till, coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded the Church, that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that he would relish, he must either straight perjure or split his faith; I thought better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and began with servitude and forswearing."

In this passage, he evidently alludes to the subscription to the Articles, as well as to canonical obedience; we see cause of rejoicing,

rather than of regret, in the determination of Milton not to enter the ministry. The Church already possessed a noble company. The recondite and logical learning of Bishop Hall required no assistance, even from the powerful and affluent mind of Milton. If he had entered the Church, it may not be asserting too much to say, that he would never have been the immortal Poet of England. The enthusiasm of his spirit, which was continually lifting him up above the tumults of politics and party into the golden empyrean of the imagination, would have burst forth in fiery indignation against the beleaguers of the Holy Temple, and the scorers of God's Anointed. But the fact was, and it deserves to be carefully noted, that Milton, at no period, entertained any decided or firmly grounded religious opinion. In his boyhood, a lover of the reformed religion for which his father had sacrificed his patrimony; at one time a puritan, at another a Calvinist; now insisting upon the excellence of Arminius, now disavowing Protestantism altogether; at one season a favourer of the Anabaptists, at another of the Independents. He began by belonging to every sect, as a French writer has cleverly said, and ended by belonging to none. Dr. Newton believes him to have been a quietist with the interior of religion, although paying so little regard to the exterior. That he grew old without any visible worship, is unfortunately true. His own opinion of prayer in the *Iconoclastes* is very singular, and furnishes a commentary upon his own life. "I believe," he says, "that God is no more moved with a prayer elaborately penned, than men truly charitable are moved with the penned speech of a beggar." This was, of course, a blow aimed at the solemn ordinances of the Episcopal Church. Dr. Johnson has beautifully remarked, in his Life of Milton, that "to be of no Church is dangerous." A life like Milton's, in which a portion of every day was passed in the contemplation of intellectual beauty, and the study of the Scriptures, might well be called a "perpetual prayer;" from his lips the offerings of gratitude and praise ascended to the Throne of Thrones; from his lodging in St. Bride's Court, with as much fervour and holiness as in the solemn and majestic gloom of a Cathedral. Pure religion and piety, we are well aware, are dependent upon no place or circumstance. Every patch of grass by the road-side, every green field, and every wild and solitary dingle, is consecrated to the worship of the Almighty. Wherever the wandering foot of man may penetrate, on the mountain top or in the forest glen, where no sound is heard save the bee bustling among the lily-bells by the hedge-rows, and the linnet making the thickly-woven leaves to rustle with its dancing feet,—there, even there, the pilgrim may bend his knee and lift his eyes to heaven, with a certain belief, that He, who neither dreameth nor slumbereth, will accept his supplication—all this has been,

and will be again! But all men are not endowed with the spirit which dwelt in Milton. If every Church through the land had been destroyed, he would still have continued to pour out the song of praise from the sanctuary of his own heart. If the Bible itself had become a sealed book, he would have preserved a transcript in his memory.

To Milton, therefore, the want of any particular form of worship was probably not injurious, but so far as his example has been instanced as an authority for others, to condemn the ordinary solemnities of religion as an unnecessary pageant, his conduct is to be regretted. Religion, it has been finely said by our greatest moralist, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind, unless it be invigorated and reimpresed by external ordinary stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

The memory is tenacious least of all of the pure truths of Christianity. The first thing which the child forgets in the afternoon, is the chapter he has read in the morning. We speak generally, of course, and not individually. Our intercourse with the world naturally tends to deprive our hearts of their primitive purity. We need not, indeed, become gamblers or libertines, or wanton despisers of any sacred commandments, but by gradations almost imperceptible, the beauty of our feelings will be worn away.

If we carry a garland of flowers, gathered only an hour before, and still wet with the dew of the morning, along the crowded street of a city, we shall soon discover that the silver dew has been dried up, and the bloom rubbed from the leaf. Religion, whose rewards are so dimly descried by the mortal eye, has to contest the superiority with temporal aggrandisement and present glory, whose treasures are distinctly visible, and whose rewards are immediate and magnificent. Even the long-watching and stedfast eye of the Christian pilgrim will sometimes involuntarily turn away from the contemplation of the crystal towers of the New Jerusalem, beheld gleaming with a faint and uncertain lustre over the distant horizon, and rest in momentary admiration upon the golden cities which the Tempter has spread around. Never, then, let us plead the example of Milton in excuse of our non-attendance upon the duties of the Sabbath. Let the evening of the Saturday find us lying down like tired wanderers at the gate of the Holy Temple. For our own part, we may affirm, with all humility, that we never entered a place of worship without feeling a quiet and delightful serenity diffused over our senses, like a traveller who suddenly turns away from the burning and dusty road, into the cool and refreshing shadows of the forest. The animosities of our heart, and the evil-prompting of our passions, (and who shall say that from these temptations he is exempted?) rapidly die away,

and we walk out into the business and turmoil of life with our heart invigorated, and our love of piety renewed and strengthened. God is of a truth, as Jeremy Taylor has nobly said, included in no place, not bound with cords, not divided into parts, not changeable into several shapes, filling heaven and earth with his present power and his never absent nature. We may, indeed, imagine Him to be as the air and the sea, and "we all enclosed in his circle, wrapped up in the lap of his infinite nature." Let us, therefore, pray by the bank-side, and in the fragrant grass, standing and walking, and sitting down, for the voice of thanksgiving ought to be as a lyre, whose music is never silent; but let us remember, in the words of that glorious Divine from whom we have quoted, that though "God will go out of his way to meet his saints,"—yet that God's "usual way is to be present in those places where his servants are appointed *ordinarily* to meet."

Let us return to Milton. The celebrated Treatise of Theology, discovered in the State Paper Office in the year 1823, has furnished some interesting evidence of the state of Milton's mind towards the conclusion of his life. Bishop Sumner has pointed out in his preface to the treatise, the passage in the *Paradise Lost* where the language of Milton respecting the Trinity may be seen.* We would refer the reader to the chapter on the *Son of God*, in the treatise on Christian doctrine for a curious commentary upon these passages. That the Treatise on Christian Doctrine is genuine, we have, notwithstanding the dissentient opinion of the learned Bishop of Salisbury, a very fair right to conclude. That a treatise of Divinity was composed by the poet, is attested by Toland, and we learn from Aubrey that the manuscript remained in the hands of Mr. Skinner. It was afterwards delivered by Daniel Skinner, the fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, together with Milton's State Letters, into the hands of Elzevir, with a view to their publication at Amsterdam. Elzevir, who was naturally alarmed at the tenets inculcated by the poet's writings, declined printing them; and a message which Skinner received from Dr. Barrow, then Master of Trinity College, forbidding him, on pain of losing his fellowship, to publish any MS. injurious to the Church or State, effectually precluded any further efforts on his part. When he returned to England, he had an interview with the Secretary of State, Sir Joseph Williamson, and upon this circumstance is founded the supposition of his having then relinquished the manuscripts. It will be remembered, that when this Treatise was discovered, in 1823, the name of Milton was found affixed to it.

"Of this treatise," says Mr. Mitford, "it is by all acknowledged, that it is written with a calm and conscientious desire for truth, like that of a

* *Paradise Lost*, lib. iii. v. 64, 128, 140, 305, 350, 384, 415, 607, 608, 719, 720; lib. vi. v. 676, 884; lib. x. v. 63, 67, 225.

man who had forgotten or dismissed the favourite animosities of his youth, and who had retired within himself, in the dignity of age, to employ the unimpaired energies of his intellect on the most important and awful subject of inquiry. The thoughtfulness of his temper, the fierceness of his scorn, the defiance of his manner, his severe and stoical pride, are no longer seen. He approaches the book of God with an humble and reverential feeling; and with such a disposition of piety united to so powerful an intellect, and such immense stores of learning, who would not have expected to have seen the 'star-bright form of truth' appear from out the cloud; but wherever we look, the pride of man's heart is lowered, and the weakness of humanity displayed. With all his great qualifications for the removal of error and the discovery of truth, he failed. His views appear too exalted, and his creed too abstract and imaginative for general use. The religion which he sought, was one that was not to be attached to any particular church, to be grounded on any settled articles of belief, to be adorned with any external ceremonies, or to be illustrated by any stated forms of prayer. It was to dwell alone in its holy meditations, cloistered from the public gaze, and secluded within the humbler sanctuary of the adoring heart. If the believer felt it to be his duty to attach himself to any particular church, that church was to be unconnected with the state. The ministers, if such were necessary, were to be unexpended, perhaps unpaid by their congregations. The sacraments were to be administered, and the rites of burial and baptism performed by private and laical hands. Instead of receiving instruction from the preacher, each individual, even the weakest, according to the measure of his gifts, might instruct and exhort his brethren. The opinions advanced in this work differ, not only widely from those of the Church of England, but from all the sectarian churches that exist. With regard to his theological tenets, the most remarkable are those which he avows on what is called the anthropopathy of God; attributing to God a spirit of human passions, and a human form. If (he says) God habitually assigns to himself the members and form of a man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself?

The way in which he seeks to illustrate his singular attribution of human passion and a human form to God, is quite extraordinary. "We do not say that God is in fashion like unto man in all his parts and members, but that as far as we are concerned to know, he is of that form which he attributes to himself in the sacred writings." A human form must be composed of members, and it is no longer human than when so composed. Neither does the Deity attribute to himself any certain form in the sacred writings. "The Lord came down upon Sinai in thunder and in fire, and the mountains bowed beneath him;" but in what form or fashion did he come? Job heard the rushing of a mighty whirlwind, and a voice speaking in the midst—but unto what may we liken him who spoke in the whirlwind? When any expressions are used in the Scriptures in-

dicative of a particular form assumed by the Deity, they are of course employed to make the revelations of the divine will intelligible to our understanding. They speak "to us through analogy."

The pride of reason, though disclaimed by Milton, it has been well remarked by Dr. Channing, formed a principal ingredient in his character.* He had erected an image of intellectual excellence, as he supposed, and he worshipped it. How far his theological opinions might have been modified by the learning and argument of Bull and Waterland, or his political theories by the calmer and more practicable systems of Somers and Locke, we do not profess to determine. Our own hopes are not very sanguine on this point, although we know that a different opinion has been entertained by many learned men. Milton delighted to apparel his mind in the panoply of his own wisdom. While he expected every one to listen to him, he manifested very little courtesy towards the wishes or inclinations of others.

Milton was thirty-six years old when he published his *Tractate on Education*, and the *Areopagitica*, or speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing. We shall begin with the *Tractate on Education*.

That he who had already proved himself a visionary in religion and politics, should carry the same dreaming enthusiasm into a system of education, is perfectly natural. Accordingly, his scheme of education is a beautiful and fleeting dream, as impalpable to the plastic fingers of the politician as the earlier and equally splendid visionings of Plato. His idea of the object of learning is sublime. He considers the end of learning to consist "in the repairing the ruin of our first parents by regaining to know God aright, and cut of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him, as we may the nearest by possessing our souls of true virtue, which being united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection." If Plato had lived in the days of Milton, and under the same dispensation, he would have written thus.

The system which Milton proposed was "the likeliest he could find by reading to those ancient and famous schools of Pythagoras, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, and such others," out of which so many illustrious poets and princes and historians proceeded. We know not if the circumstance has been noticed, but it is rather singular that Milton, whose hatred of individual power (except in his own person) was so bitter, should have invested the government of the one hundred and fifty students and servants, of whom his establishment was to be composed, in the person of one. As in the ancient Palaestra, the education of the body was insisted on equally with that of the mind. A

* See in Museum, vols. XIII. and XVI. pp. 341, and 363, Observations on the Literary Character of Dr. Channing, and Reviews of his Sermons, Essays on Milton, Napoleon, &c.

knowledge of the exact use of the weapon, "to guard, to strike safely with edge or point," is scarcely of inferior importance to the comprehension of the politics of Aristotle and the philosophy of Lucretius; and an acquaintance with the various "locks and grips of wrestling," is a necessary adjunct to the study of Virgil and Socrates.

Well, indeed, may the originator of such a system describe it as tedious at the first ascent, even while declaring it to be "so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus could not be more charming." But perhaps the most romantic idea was the introduction of solemn music between the out-of-door amusements (the gripings and cuttings already mentioned) and the season appointed for refreshment. Not the "Ayrie-Burgomasters" of that Plato whom he so desired to unsphere, could have imagined any thing more unearthly than this. Even the rewards and ordinary recreations were to partake of the stately Attic character, and to be fashioned as much as possible after the Model of the Grecian masters. In his school, as in his republic, Milton legislated only for persons like himself.

The existence of a class of beings, differing from him in character and sentiment, seems never to have been remembered, or remembered only to be despised. The course of education is not adapted to the varieties of talent and capability, but every boy is to be a Socrates or a Tully in spite of nature. Milton, nevertheless, was so convinced of the practicability of his scheme, that if he had possessed the power, it would have been instantly and generally carried into execution. By degrees what a change would have been worked in our habits and customs. Instead of the "royal Hamlet" and the gentle lady "married to the Moor," we should have listened to the complainings of the chained Prometheus, and have had our eyes delighted with the choral solemnities of the *Œdipus* and the *Antigone*. We should not have required a royal academy for our painters, for their works would have been exhibited like those of Apelles and his illustrious contemporaries before the assembled multitudes, and a modern Athens would speedily have arisen upon the banks of the Thames.

Cowley's proposition for the advancement of experimental philosophy, partakes largely of the visionary nature of Milton. The objects which were particularly to engage the attention of the professors, were among the most interesting and obscure that could be selected. The ingenious poet enumerates them with singular felicity of language.

"1. To weigh, examine, and prove all things of nature delivered to us by former ages; to detect, explode, and strike a censure through all false monies with which the world has been paid and cheated so long, and to set the mark of the Coll. upon all true coins, that they may pass hereafter without any further trial. 2. To reco-

ver the lost inventions, and, as it were, draw lands of the ancients. 3. To improve all the arts which we now have. And lastly, to discover those which we have not."

This would be excellent, if we did not know it to be impossible. We must look to humble individuals and less imaginative minds for the improvement of our schools. From John Milton and Abraham Cowley we shall obtain nothing but dreams.

Our space declines unfortunately much faster than our subject, and we hasten to offer a few brief observations upon Milton's political character. It has been the fate of Milton, in common with many other illustrious men, to have his name and principles used to sanction crime and rebellion. The republicanism of Milton was the republicanism of a poet. His political life was a pilgrimage to a purer and more ennobled state of being, to which the phantom light of a warm and enthusiastic temperament led him on. The liberty he worshipped was the liberty of the soul. In the *Areopagitica* he affirms boldly, that "when complaints are freely heard, deeply considered, and speedily reformed, the utmost of civil liberty is attained that wise men look for." He would have scorned the noisome atmosphere of a mob-government. Milton was too conversant with the history of the world not to recollect that the most terrible tyranny is that of the multitude. His beloved Greece would have furnished him with an example. With Pericles departed the spirit of Athenian freedom, and a wild and hot-blooded democracy, generated by the pestilential passions of a dissolute democracy, arose in its place. Cicero traced the decline of ancient Greece to the licentious character of her political assemblies, *concionum immoderata libertate concidisse*. Liberty, that golden emanation of the soul of man, so beautiful yet so evanescent in its colours, was dispersed like a vapour before the whirlwind of popular tumult. The death of Pericles was a signal to all the daring and reckless revolutionists of the time. Then sprang up a ferocious desire of change in the legislative body, and a hatred of established institutions among the people. They esteemed the contempt of the laws—liberty, and an universal equality the only national happiness. Eloquence became a prostitute in the hands of Cleon, that *gratissimus adulator* of the people, and men to whom the Athenians would have hesitated to intrust their private property, were promoted to the first offices of the state, and invested with the government and disposal of the revenues.

If the author of *Paradise Lost* had been temporarily seduced into an acknowledgment of the superior excellence of a purely popular government, the habits of his own thought would have soon convinced him of his error. But the liberty which Milton adored was perpetually united to right reason, and from her "had no dividual being." Dr. Symonds

an excellent passage on this subject, which it gives us much pleasure to quote.

"With Milton the idea of liberty was associated with that of the perfection of his species. Against tyranny, or the abuse of power, wherever it occurred, and by whatever party it was attempted in the church or state, by the prelate or the presbyter, he felt himself summoned to contend. But sanguine, or if it must be so, rash and blind as was his affection for liberty, he was not prepared to receive it from the government of the multitude, or to believe that what he considered the offspring only of wisdom and virtue could be generated by the ferment of an uneducated and unenlightened rabble. From his prose writings and his poems, passages might be adduced to show, that drawing the just line between liberty and licentiousness, he regarded the latter as the ignorant and destructive demand of the many, while to love and cultivate the former, is the privilege of the favoured and gifted few. Coinciding with the sentiment of Sir William Jones, that the race of man, to advance whose manly happiness is our duty, and ought to be our endeavour, cannot long be happy without virtue, or actively virtuous without freedom, or securely free without rational knowledge."—*Life of Milton*, p. 589.

And be it remembered that these are the words of the poet's Whig-biographer. Then let us hear no more of the countenance and support conferred by Milton upon the radicalism and revolutionism (if we may coin the word) of the day. Let us no more behold his sacred name uplifted like a banner before the intoxicated processions of dissolute idlers and false patriots. Let us hear no more the *Defensio Populi* brought forward in support of the vote by ballot and annual elections. If Milton erred in his opinions, (and in many instances we may be pardoned for thinking that he did err,) it was the error of judgment, not of intention. He loved truth, for as he himself finely said, "Truth is strong next the Almighty!" If he was blind in his prejudices, yet at least he was honest; if he eulogised Cromwell when he thought him deserving of honour, he did not hesitate to remonstrate vehemently and fearlessly when he considered that arch-usurper's conduct altered. Perhaps a nearer analogy than is commonly imagined, subsists between the age of Milton and our own. He lived, as his latest biographer, Mr. Mitford, eloquently observes, at a period when "men were busy pulling down and building up; a fermentation was spreading over the surface, and dissolving the materials of society." Milton draws a faithful picture of the state of society at that day in the *Areopagitica*. "Behold (he says) this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with its protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present,

as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation." And who will deny the applicability of this description to the present season? During the last eighteen months, has not a deadly blight been resting on all the works of literature and art; upon the poet and the sculptor, the historian, and the philosopher. Throughout that period, have not the elements of society, and all the pure charities of life, been gradually dissolving? A change has come over the spirit of the dream, and men behold with other eyes the deeds and works of their ancestors. When were men more busy than now in pulling down and building up, in leveling the stately structures of ancient days with the dust, and erecting their own habitations out of the sacred ruins? When, we would inquire, if not now, was the old faith become a forgotten thing, and old institutions crumbling away? When had the demon of lustful appetite and licentious envy more ardent worshippers, or when were his chariot-wheels surrounded with a more countless multitude of blind and infatuated followers? Fresh thousands are continually hastening to join in the *Io Pæan!* which is ever ringing up into the heavens before the march of that giant intellect, which is to subject the world to its domination. Milton grasped at perfection, but not at power; he longed to pass into the Canaan which his ardent fancy assured him was to be found in a well-regulated commonwealth, but he thought not of the rivers of milk and honey which flowed along it, so that the beautiful temple which he anxiously prayed to build for the spirit of liberty had been completed. He would not have repined, even though he had been compelled to sit a blind and desolate beggar at the portal.

It was our intention to have examined rather minutely the peculiar style and character of Milton's prose works, but we have neither time nor space for such an inquiry at present. The majority of our readers are, we trust, too well acquainted with those treasures to need either information or criticism respecting them. Although principally of a polemical nature, and confessedly written with "the left hand" of the author's genius, they contain passages of splendor and majesty, which it would be difficult to parallel in the whole range of our literature. Sometimes, indeed, the controversialist speaks with a tongue of fire, and scatters forth his invectives like burning coals upon the heads of his opponents; but far more frequently the rich harmonies of the poet's lyre swell upon the ear. The tempest of his anger and indignation would be black and terrible, if along the deep gloom the delicately coloured bow of his fancy were not continually appearing. The *Areopagitica* is one of the noblest efforts in the language. We know nothing in any book of ancient or modern days, more exquisite than the following:

"Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them, to be as active
No. 129.—Q

as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragons' teeth, and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. * * * A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

We cannot trust ourselves longer with the prose works of Milton. Perhaps at a more convenient season we may return to them. Meanwhile let us take a hasty glance at his poetical character.

We do not by any means join in the regret expressed by many, that Milton failed to effect his early intention of making the history of Britain the subject of a lofty epic. The singer of the "loves of Angelica, and the exploits of Arthur," might have been a mighty and illustrious poet, but he would not have been the boast of his country. From his childhood the mind of Milton seems to have been undergoing a course of tuition the most proper to fit him for the sacred office he was to occupy. He makes an interesting allusion to this circumstance in the introduction to the *Treatise on Christian Doctrine*.

"I entered upon a course of assiduous study in my youth, beginning with the books of the Old and New Testament, and going diligently through a few of the shorter systems of divines, in imitation of whom I was in the habit of classing under certain heads whatever passages of Scripture occurred for extraction, to be made use of hereafter, as occasion might require."

This was an earnest of the *Paradise Lost*. We question much if a poet so deeply imbued with the spirit of the Hebrew world will ever again arise among us. Milton may be said, without profanity, to connect the age of the prophets with the present. He seems to have sojourned, during the long period in which his divine poem was being created in the Holy Land, and to have imbibed that patriarchal atmosphere. The very colours of the East live in his verse.

It is impossible to cast our eyes over a page of Milton's poetry, crowded with parallel passages from Greek, Latin, and Italian writers, without perceiving the assistance he derived from the works of others. Not a few of his most delightful images and felicitous phrases are literal translations. The *Paradise Lost* has been quaintly, but not inaptly, styled a temple constructed to his immortal fame of the cedar of Lebanon, the gold of Ophir, and the marble of Paros. His imagination was continually haunted by the beautiful and enchanting forms of the antique mythology. One of the most interesting features of the present edition of the poems of Milton is the number of original notes contributed by the editor. In these days of hack writing, we should have said rather *compilation*, it is absolutely refreshing to meet with an author who evidently renders us

the fruits of patient and careful study. Mr. Mitford has collected many of his notes from books frequently scarce and very rarely consulted by the general reader. It appears, however, to be the opinion of poetical editors, that of the treasures of their note-books nothing is to be lost, and accordingly they frequently spill whole pages of miscalled parallel passages over a single line. Mr. Mitford has not entirely avoided the seductive error of his predecessors, and we cannot but consider several of his quotations as evidences of the editor's ingenuity and research, rather than illustrations of the text of the poet. We have been so sincere in our praise of Mr. Mitford's book, that we feel the less reluctance in pointing out an example of what appears to us irrelevant and unnecessary commentary.

Milton says, *Par. Lost*, lib. i. v. 742, describing the fall of the angel from heaven,—

"and how he fell

From heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jem
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements."

Now we should have supposed *battlements* sufficiently plain and intelligible; but Mr. Mitford thinks otherwise, and, by way of glossing, presents us with the following verse from Beaumont's *Psyche*:—

"Much higher than the proudest battlements of
the old heavens;"

and concludes by referring us to Don Quixote for further information. Sancho Panza illustrating *Paradise Lost*!

We could add to this, but we will not. We would recommend to any future editor of Milton to direct his investigation particularly to the stores of rabbinical learning with which the author of the *Paradise Lost* was so intimately familiar. This is an unexplored field of research, for we are not aware that Mr. Todd, or any other editor, has drawn anything from it. Before we dismiss the notes, we ought to mention that for "a few" Mr. Mitford acknowledges himself indebted to the Reverend Alexander Dyce, the able editor of Peele, and other excellent, though neglected, dramatists.

Here, then, we bid farewell to Milton and his biographers. Of the poetry of the noble bard, we have said little where our heart inclined us to say much. Some of the most beautiful remembrances of our youth are connected with his divine poetry, when we dwell, as under the influence of enchantment, within the flowery walks of his undecaying *Paradise*, and the shadows of those trees "which wear odorous gums and balm" slept upon our eyes, and the amber streams rolled over the Elysian flowers at our feet! Then, indeed, we might almost say with the enthusiast Cowper, that the perusal of his *L'Allegro* or *Comus* made us "dance with joy." Years have only deepened our love into veneration. He possesses sublimity enough to command our fear, and gentleness enough to awaken our affection. He unites the fancy of Spenser to the majesty

of Eschylus, and the delicate finish and grace of Canova to the bold and sweeping outlines of Michael Angelo. Hazlit said eloquently of Dante, that he stood unappalled upon that dark shore which separates the ancient from the modern world, and beheld the glories of antiquity dawning through the abyss of time. The observation may be applied with equal propriety to Milton. He did indeed, so to speak, throw a bridge over that vast gulf which the river of time has worn between the past and the present. He was at once a Hebrew and a Greek, an Italian, and a Briton. He gathered his treasures from every region of the earth. On every shore the tide of ages had left something worthy of preservation. Compared with Shakspeare, he was not naturally learned. But whatever he touched, be it before never so worthless, started into life beneath the potency of his Promethean pencil. The corruptible might then be said to put on incorruption, and the mortal immortality. A block of marble from Pentelicus became a prize worthy of contention by princes after it had been fashioned into beauty by the chisel of Praxiteles, and the humblest thought, subjected to the alchemy of Milton's genius, became transmuted into something precious and costly. He was an enchanter who changed all the earthen edifices of the imagination into pure gold.

We thank Mr. Mitford heartily for his delightful volumes, which have been the instruments of "lapping our souls in Elysium," for so short a period.

LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(Continued from page 144.)

Speaking of Lasswade, Mr. Stoddart says—"The circumstance which particularly endears this spot to me, is the residence of my friend Mr. Walter Scott, whose poetical talents are too well known to receive any accession of praise from me." (This must, of course, chiefly refer to a manuscript fame.) "I shall have a future occasion to speak of the pleasure and instruction which I derived from the society of such a companion in a subsequent part of my tour; yet I cannot withhold the immediate expression of my feelings; they oblige me to say something, and the fear of doing them injustice prevents my saying much. Though we cannot pay the debts of friendship in public, we should not be ashamed to acknowledge them; this false shame of our best feelings has, indeed become almost fashionable; but it is a fashion ominous to general morals and destructive of individual happiness. I cannot believe but that a reader of taste would be delighted with even a slight copy of that domestic picture which I contemplated with so much pleasure during my short visit to my friend—a man of native kind-

ness and cultivated talent, passing the intervals of a learned profession amidst scenes highly favourable to his poetic inspirations, not in a churlish and rustic solitude, but in the daily exercise of the most precious sympathies, as a husband, a father, and a friend. To such an inhabitant, the simple, unostentatious elegance of the cottage at Lasswade is well suited; and its image will never recur to my memory, without a throng of those pleasing associations, whose outline I have faintly sketched."—vol. i. p. 126.

Mr. Stoddart, at a subsequent part of his work, describes a tour of the south of Scotland, including Liddesdale, in which he was accompanied by Mr. Scott. His narrative is here evidently enriched, in no slight degree, with the local knowledge of his companion, and especially with his numerous traditional anecdotes of the former inhabitants of the Border. "In return," we are informed by Sir Walter himself, "he (Mr. Stoddart) made me better acquainted than I had hitherto been with the poetic effusions which have since made the Lakes of Westmoreland, and the authors by whom they have been sung, so famous wherever the English tongue is spoken." Upon these writers he partly formed the style of his Lay of the Last Minstrel.

MINSTRELSY OF THE BORDER.

For some years before the end of the century, Sir Walter had been in the habit of making, periodically, what he called "raids" into Liddesdale, for the purpose of collecting the ballad poetry of that romantic and most primitive district. The term *raids* was highly appropriate to those journeys, for the country was still in nearly the same secluded state as in the old riding times; and although ballads were a different ware from bullocks, the expedition was invested with much of the same adventurous character which must have belonged to a predatory incursion of the fifteenth century. Liddesdale, which forms the western extremity of the Scottish Border, is a wild, pastoral vale, which in former times was almost exclusively occupied by the Elliots and Armstrongs, noted for their lawless character, and even now was possessed by a race of store-farmers of a remarkably unsophisticated description. The inhabitants of this vale cut off, in a great measure, from all communion with the rest of the country, retained a strong impress of primeval manners, and were at least perfectly acquainted with the traditional character of their ancestors, if they did not choose to imitate it. Sir Walter travelled thither, from the more civilized part of Roxburghshire, in an old gig, which also contained his early friend and local guide, Mr. Robert Shortreed of Jedburg, Sheriff-substitute of the county. Introduced by this gentleman, Sir Walter paid visits to many of the farmers and small proprietors, among whom, or among their retainers, he picked up several capital specimens of the pop-

ular poetry of the district, descriptive of adventures of renown which took place in the days of yore, besides impressing his mind with that perception of the character of the people, which he afterwards embodied in his *Dandie Dinmont*. Mr. Shortreed, who was a most intelligent person, used to relate an amusing anecdote, illustrative of the shy manners of this sequestered race. On visiting a particular person, whose name and place of residence are sufficiently indicated by his usual designation of "Willie o' Milburn," the honest farmer was from home, but returned while Sir Walter was tying up his horse in the stable. On being told by Mr. Shortreed that an Edinburgh advocate was come to see him, he expressed great alarm, and even terror, as to the character of his visitor, the old fear of the law being still so very rife in Liddesdale as even to extend to the simple person of any of its administrators. What idea Willie had formed of an Edinburgh barrister, cannot exactly be defined; but, having gone out to reconnoitre, he soon after came back with a countenance of so mirthful a cast as eminently bespoke a relieved mind. "Is you the advocate?" he inquired of Mr. Shortreed. "Yes, Willie," answered that gentleman. "Deil o' me's feared for them, then," cried the farmer; "you's just a chield like oursells!"

It was not alone necessary on this occasion to write down old ballads from recitation; but the intending editor also thought proper to store up the materials of notes by which the ballads themselves might be illustrated. On this account he visited many scenes alluded to in the metrical narratives, and opened his ear to all the local anecdotes and legends which were handed down by the peasantry. He had a most peculiar, and, it may even be said, mysterious mode of committing these to memory. According to Mr. Shortreed's distinct recollection, he used neither pencil nor pen, but, seizing upon any twig or piece of wood which he could find, marked it by means of a clasp-knife, with various notches, which his companion believed to represent particular ideas in his own mind; and these Mr. Shortreed afterwards found strung up before him in his study at home, like the *nick-sticks* over a baker's desk, or the string alphabet of a blind man. He seemed to have invented this algebraic system of memorandum-making for his own use, and, to an appearance, was as conversant with its mysteries as he could be with the more common accomplishment of writing. When his own pockets were inconveniently stuffed with notes, he would request Mr. Shortreed to take charge of a few; and often that gentleman has discharged as much timber from his various integuments, as, to use his own phrase, quoted from Burns, might have mended a mill.

The truth is, Sir Walter was blessed with a memory of extraordinary power, so that a very slight notation was necessary to bring to his recollection any thing he had ever heard. Of

this proof may be adduced from the recently published *Memoirs of Mr. James Hogg*, who thus speaks with reference to the part of Sir Walter's life now under notice:—

"He, and Skene of Rubislaw, and I, were out one night, about midnight, leistering *kip-pers** in the Tweed; and on going to kindle a light at the Elibank March, we found, to our inexpressible grief, that our coal had gone out. To think of giving up our sport was out of the question; so we had no other shift save to send Robert Fletcher home, all the way through the darkness, the distance of two miles, for another fiery peat.

"While Fletcher was absent, we three sat down on a piece of beautiful greensward, on the brink of the river, and Scott desired me to sing him my ballad of *Gilmanscleuch*. Now, be it remembered that this ballad had never been either printed or penned. I had merely composed it by rote, and, on finishing it, three years before, I had sung it once over to Sir Walter. I began it at his request; but in the eighth or ninth verse, I stuck in it, and could not get on with another line; on which he began it a second time and recited it every word, from beginning to end. It being a very long ballad, consisting of eighty-eight stanzas, I testified my astonishment. He said that he had been out on a pleasure party on the Forth, and that to amuse the company, he had recited that ballad and one of Southey's (the Abbot of Aberbrothock,) but of which ballads he had only heard once from their respective authors, and he believed he had recited them both without missing a word."†

His collections in Liddesdale, joined to various contributions from reciters in other parts of the country, among whom the poet just quoted was one, formed his first publication of any note, the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. This work was issued in 1802, from the printing press of his early friend Mr. James Ballantyne of Kelso; and the elegance of its typography was not its least remarkable feature. It displayed a vast quantity of curious and

* *Spearing salmon.*

† The following is a still more remarkable anecdote:—
"We have heard a gentleman who was one of the party at Dunvegan during the visit of Sir Walter Scott, describe in enthusiastic terms the extent, variety, and richness of the conversational powers of the illustrious novelist. In one of their evening parties, a young lady who was present made some involuntary exclamation respecting Sir Walter's wonderful memory, when, as an instance he said, of what his memory once was, he related the following remarkable circumstance:—His friend, Mr. Thomas Campbell, called upon him one evening to show him the manuscript of a poem he had written—the *Pleasures of Hope*. Sir Walter happened to have some fine old whiskey in his house, and his friend sat down and had a tumbler or two of punch. Mr. Campbell left him, but Sir Walter thought he would dip into the manuscript before going to bed. He opened it, read, and read again—charmed with the classical grace, purity, and stateliness of that finest of all our modern didactic poems. Next morning Mr. Campbell again called, when, to his inexpressible surprise, his friend on returning the manuscript to its owner, said he should guard well against piracy, for that he himself could repeat the poem from beginning to end! The poet dared him to the task, when Sir Walter Scott began and actually repeated the whole, consisting of more than two thousand lines, with the omission of only a few couplets.—*Interessa Curiosa*

obtruse learning; and, in particular, a most intimate acquaintance with a district of Scotland which had hitherto received hardly any attention either from the historian or the antiquary. At first it consisted of only two volumes; but a third was added on the reprinting of the work next year; by which means the editor was enabled to present a new department of his subject—imitations by himself and others, of the ancient ballad. The work was, upon the whole, a pleasing melange of history, poetry, and tradition; and it gained the author a considerable reputation, although certainly not that of an original poet in any great degree.

APPOINTMENT AS SHERIFF.

Previous to this period—in December, 1799—he had been favoured through the interest of his friends already alluded to, with the Crown appointment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, to which was attached a salary of 300*l.* a-year. This office, while it demanded no oppressive duties, rendered it necessary that he should reside a certain part of the year in Selkirkshire; and he therefore engaged the house of Ashesteil, on the banks of the Tweed, which continued to be his country residence till he removed to Abbotsford. The nomination was to him a peculiarly happy one, as he had many valued connexions in Selkirkshire, and the immediately adjacent counties, while the office itself conferred both a general and local respectability, such as was highly suited to his taste.

ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTREM.

It is here to be mentioned, that, in 1804, Mr. Scott increased his reputation as a literary antiquary, by publishing the ancient minstrel tale of “*Sir Tristrem*,” which he shewed, in a learned disquisition, to have been composed by Thomas of Ercildoune, commonly called Thomas the Rhymer, a personage well known in Scottish tradition, and who flourished in the thirteenth century. By this publication, it was established that the earliest existing poem in the English language was written by a native of the Lowlands of Scotland. The manuscript was derived from the Auchinleck Library.

ABANDONMENT OF PROFESSIONAL LIFE.

For the ensuing circumstances of the poet's life, it will be best to resort to his own narrative, introductory to a late edition of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

“At this time,” says he, alluding to the era of 1803, “I stood personally in a different position from that which I occupied when I first dipped my desperate pen in ink, for other purposes than those of my profession. I had been for some time married—was the father of a rising family, and though fully enabled to meet the consequent demands upon me, it was my duty and my desire to place myself in a situation which would enable me to make honourable provision against the various contingencies of life. It may be readily supposed that the attempts which I had made in literature had been unfavourable to my success at the bar.

The goddess Themis is, at Edinburgh, and I suppose everywhere else, of a peculiarly jealous disposition. She will not readily consent to share her authority, and sternly demands from her votaries, not only that real duty be carefully attended to and discharged, but that a certain air of business shall be observed even in the midst of total idleness. It is prudent, if not absolutely necessary, in a young barrister, to appear completely engrossed by his profession; however destitute of employment he may be, he ought to preserve, if possible, the appearance of full occupation. He should at least seem perpetually engaged in his law papers, dusting them, as it were; and, as Ovid advises of the fair,*

“*Si nullus erit pulvis, tamen excute nullum.*”

Perhaps such extremity of attention is more especially required, considering the great number of counsellors who are called to the bar, and how very small a number of them are finally disposed or find encouragement, to follow the law as a profession. Hence the number of deserters is so great, that the least lingering look behind occasions a young novice to be set down as one of the intending fugitives. Certain it is, that the Scottish Themis was at this time peculiarly jealous of any flirtation with the Muses, on the part of those who had ranged themselves under her banner. * * *

“The reader will not wonder that my open interference with matters of literature diminished my employment in the weightier matters of the law. Nor did the solicitors, upon whose choice the counsel takes rank in his profession, do me less than justice by regarding others among my contemporaries as fitter to discharge the duty due to their clients, than a young man who was taken up with running after ballads, whether Teutonic or national. My profession and I, therefore, came to stand nearly upon the footing on which honest Slender consoled himself with having established with Mrs. Anne Page. ‘There was no great love between us at the beginning, and it pleased Heaven to decrease it on farther acquaintance!’ I became sensible that the time was come when I must either buckle myself resolutely to ‘the toil by day, the lamp by night,’ renouncing all the Dalilahs of my imagination, or bid adieu to the profession of the law, and hold another course.

“I confess my own inclination revolted from the more severe choice, which might have been deemed by many the wiser alternative. As my transgressions had been numerous, my repentance must have been signalized by unusual sacrifices. I ought to have mentioned that, since my fourteenth or fifteenth year, my health, originally delicate, had been extremely robust. From infancy I had laboured under the infirmity of a severe lameness, but, as I believe is usually the case with men of spirit who suffer under personal inconveniences of this nature, I

* There is a slight mistake:—It is to the admirers of the fair the classic poet gives this ingenious counsel.

had, since the improvement of my health, in defiance of this incapacitating circumstance, distinguished myself by the endurance of toil on foot or horseback, having often walked thirty miles a-day, and rode upwards of a hundred without stopping. In this manner I made many pleasant journeys through parts of the country then not very accessible, gaining more amusement and instruction than I have been able to acquire since I have travelled in a more commodious manner. I practised most sylvan sports also with some success and with great delight. But these pleasures must have been all resigned, or used with great moderation, had I determined to regain my station at the bar. It was even doubtful, whether I could, with perfect character as a juriconsult, retain a situation in a volunteer corps of cavalry which I then held. The threats of invasion were at this time instant and menacing; the call by Britain on her children was universal, and was answered by many who, like myself, consulted rather their will than their ability to bear arms. My services however, were found useful in assisting to maintain the discipline of the corps, being the point on which their constitution rendered them most amenable to military criticism. In other respects the squadron was a fine one, consisting of handsome men, well mounted and armed at their own expense. My attention to the corps took up a good deal of time; and while it occupied many of the happiest hours of my life, it furnished an additional reason for my reluctance again to encounter the severe course of study indispensable to success in the juridical profession.

"On the other hand, my father, whose feelings might have been hurt by my quitting the bar, had been for two or three years dead, so that I had no control to thwart my own inclination; and my income being equal to all the comforts, and some of the elegancies of life, I was not pressed to an irksome employment by necessity, that most powerful of motives; consequently I was the more easily seduced to choose the employment which was most agreeable. This was yet the easier, that, in 1800, I had obtained the preferment of Sheriff of Selkirkshire, about 300*l.* a-year in value, and which was the more agreeable to me, as in that country I had several friends and relations. But I did not abandon the profession to which I had been educated without certain prudential resolutions, which, at the risk of egotism, I will here mention,—not without the hope that they may be useful to young persons who may stand in circumstances similar to those in which I then stood.

"In the first place, upon considering the lives and fortunes of persons who had given themselves up to literature, or to the task of pleasing the public, it seemed to me that the circumstances which chiefly affected their happiness and character, were those from which Horace has bestowed upon authors the epithet of the Irritable Race. It requires no

depth of philosophical reflection to perceive that the petty warfare of Pope with the ducees of his period, could not have been carried on without his suffering the most acute tortures, such as a man must endure from mosquitoes, by whose stings he suffers agony, although he can crush them in his grasp by myriads. Nor is it necessary to call to memory the many humiliating instances in which men of the greatest genius have, to avenge some pitiful quarrel, made themselves ridiculous during their lives, to become the still more degraded objects of pity to future times.

"Upon the whole, as I had no pretension to the genius of the distinguished persons who had fallen into such errors, I concluded there could be no occasion for imitating them in my mistakes, or what I considered as such; and, in adopting literary pursuits as the principal occupation of my future life, I resolved, if possible, to avoid those weaknesses of temper which seemed to have most easily beset my more celebrated predecessors.

"With this view, it was my first resolution to keep as far as was in my power abreast of society, continuing to maintain my place in general company without yielding to the very natural temptation of narrowing myself to what is called literary society. By doing so, I imagined I should escape the besetting sin of listening to language which from one motive or other ascribes a very undue degree of consequence to literary pursuits, as if they were indeed the business rather than the amusement of life. The opposite course can only be compared to the injudicious conduct of one who pampers himself with cordial and luscious draughts until he is unable to endure wholesome bitters. Like Gil Blas, therefore, I resolved to stick by the society of my *commis*, instead of seeking that of a more literary cast, and to maintain my general interest in what was going on around me, reserving the man of letters for the desk and the library.

"My second resolution was a corollary from my first. I determined that, without shutting my ears to the voice of true criticism, I would pay no regard to that which assumes the form of satire. I therefore resolved to arm myself with the triple brass of Horace against all the roving warfare of satire, parody, and sarcasm; to laugh at the jest was a good one; or, if otherwise, to let it hum and buzz itself to sleep.

"It is to the observance of these rules, (according to my best belief,) that, after a life of thirty years engaged in literary labours of various kinds, I attribute my never having been entangled in any literary quarrel or controversy; and, which is a more pleasing result, that I have been distinguished by the personal friendship of my most approved contemporaries of all parties."

"I adopted at the same time another resolution, on which it may doubtless be remarked, that it was well for me that I had it in my power to do so, and that, therefore, it is a line

of conduct which can be less generally applicable in other cases. Yet I fail not to record this part of my plan, convinced that though it may not be in every one's power to adopt exactly the same resolution, he may, nevertheless, by his own exertions, in some shape or other, attain the object on which it was founded, namely, to secure the means of subsistence, without relying exclusively on literary talents. In this respect I determined that literature should be my staff, but not my crutch, and that the profits of my labour, however convenient otherwise, should not become necessary to my ordinary expenses. With this purpose, I resolved, if the interest of my friends could so far favour me, to retire upon any of the respectable offices of the law, in which persons of that profession are glad to take refuge, when they feel themselves, or are judged by others, incompetent to aspire to its higher offices and honours. Upon such an office an author might hope to retreat, without very susceptible alteration of circumstances, whenever the time should arrive that the public grew weary of his endeavours to please, or he himself should tire of the occupation of authorship. At this period of my life I possessed so many friends capable of assisting me in this object of ambition, that I could hardly overrate my own prospects of obtaining the moderate preferment to which I limited my wishes; and in fact, I obtained in no long period the reversion of a situation which completely met them.

"Thus far all was well, and the author had been guilty, perhaps, of no great imprudence, when he relinquished his forensic practice, with the hope of making some figure in the field of literature. But an established character with the public in my new capacity, still remained to be acquired. I have noticed that the translations from Burger had been unsuccessful; nor had the original poetry which appeared under the auspices of Mr. Lewis, in the 'Tales of Wonder,' in any great degree raised my reputation. It is true, I had private friends disposed to second me in my efforts to obtain popularity. But I was sportsman enough to know, that if the greyhound does not run well, the halloos of his patrons will not obtain the prize for him."

The author then details his resolution to write a poem of considerable length in the ballad style, varied by the octo-syllabic measure; and the following is his account of the accident which dictated a subject:—

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

"The lovely young Countess of Dalkeith, afterwards Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, had come to the land of her husband, with the desire of making herself acquainted with its traditions and customs. All who remember this lady will agree, that the intellectual character of her extreme beauty, the amenity and courtesy of her manners, the soundness of her understanding, and her unbounded benevolence,

gave more the idea of an angelic visitant than of a being belonging to this nether world; and such a thought was but too consistent with the short space she was permitted to tarry amongst us. Of course, where all made it a pride and pleasure to gratify her wishes, she soon heard enough of Border lore; among others, an aged gentleman of property,* near Langholm, communicated to her ladyship the story of Gilpin Horner, a tradition in which the narrator, and many more of that county were firm believers. The young Countess, much delighted with the legend, and the gravity and full confidence with which it was told, enjoined it on me as a task to compose a ballad on the subject. Of course, to hear was to obey;† and thus the goblin story, objected to by several critics as an excrescence upon the poem, was, in fact, the occasion of its being written. . . .

"It was, to the best of my recollection, more than a year after Mr. Stoddart's visit, that, by way of experiment, I composed the first two or three stanzas of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' I was shortly afterwards visited by two intimate friends, one of whom still survives. They were men whose talents might have raised them to the highest station in literature, had they not preferred exerting them in their own profession of the law, in which they attained equal preferment. I was in the habit of consulting them on my attempts at composition, having equal confidence in their sound taste and friendly sincerity. In this specimen I had, in the phrase of the Highland servant, packed all that was my own, at least, for I had also included a line of invocation, a little softened, from Coleridge,—

'Mary, mother, shield us well.'

As neither of my friends said much to me on the subject of the stanzas I showed them before their departure, I had no doubt that their disgust had been greater than their good nature chose to express. Looking upon them, therefore, as a failure, I threw the manuscript into the fire, and thought as little more as I could of the matter. Some time afterwards, I met one of my two counsellors, who inquired, with considerable appearance of interest, about the progress of the romance I had commenced, and was greatly surprised at learning its fate. He confessed that neither he nor our mutual friend, had been at first able to give a precise opinion on a poem so much out of the common road; but that as they walked home together to the city they had talked much on the subject, and the result was an earnest desire that I would proceed with the composition.

* * * *

"The poem, being once licensed by the critics as fit for the market, was soon finished,

* Mr. Beattie of Mickledale, a man then considerably upwards of eighty.

† In a letter to Miss Seward, the poet has acknowledged that, if requested by the Countess of Dalkeith, he would have written a poem upon a broomstick.—*Seward's Letters*, vol. vi. 1811.

proceeding at about the rate of a canto per week. There was, indeed, little occasion for pause or hesitation, when a troublesome rhyme might be accommodated by an alteration of the stanza, or where an incorrect measure might be remedied by a variation of the rhyme.

"It was finally published in 1805, and may be regarded as the first work in which the writer, who has been since so voluminous, laid his claim to be considered as an original author." The work produced to the author the sum of £600.

APPOINTED A PRINCIPAL CLERK OF SESSION.

In the preceding extracts, Sir Walter has alluded to his obtaining the reversion of a situation which completely met his moderate wishes as to preferment. This was the honourable and easy office of a Principal Clerk in the Court of Session, the prospects of which opened upon him in 1805. One of the officiating clerks, Mr. George Home, who had served upwards of thirty years, and of whom it may be mentioned in passing, that he was one of the literary fraternity concerned in "The Mirror," found it about this time agreeable to his advanced age to retire, more especially as he had just succeeded to his paternal estate of Wedderburn, in consequence of the death of his brother. As hopes had been held out to Sir Walter from an influential quarter, that he would be provided for in a manner suitable to his wishes; and as Mr. Pitt had himself expressed a wish to be of service to the author of the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, he was induced to apply for the reversion of this office, upon an arrangement that Mr. Home should continue during life to draw the emoluments, while Sir Walter should perform the duty. His desires were readily acceded to, and Geo. III. is reported to have said, when he signed the commission, "that he was happy he had it in his power to reward a man of genius, and a person of such distinguished merit. This document lay in the office, subscribed by his Majesty, and Sir Walter was in London with Mr. Home's resignation in his pocket, and nothing required for the completion of the affair but his paying the proper fees, when Mr. Pitt's death, on the 25th of January, 1806, made way for the appointment of a new and opposite ministry. It is a very general impression that Sir Walter was indebted ultimately for his place to the grace and favour of an administration differing from himself in politics; but the real fact speaks less equivocally for the nominee, though quite as honourably for Mr. Fox. That great statesman, who had previously been heard to express his admiration of Mr. Scott's talents, no sooner learned the difficulty which had occurred respecting his appointment, than he gave directions for accelerating it, and that it should be conferred as a favour, coming directly from his administration. The expectant, however, had previously applied, through Lord Stafford and Lord So-

merville, to Earl Spencer, for the indulgence usual on a change of ministry, of passing such grants as are already in a certain state of progress, unless an impropriety can be challenged. His lordship at once acceded to the request as a matter of justice, but with the handsome declaration that he would have been glad if it could have been done as one of favour. The warrant was therefore in Mr. Scott's possession, when the words of Mr. Fox were repeated to him. He never had any thing else to say on this subject, than that he would have been proud to owe an obligation to a man of Mr. Fox's brilliant qualifications, if it had been his fortune to be so distinguished, and provided that he could have done so without any dereliction of his own political opinions.

The appointment of Mr. Walter Scott, a zealous Tory, to the situation of Principal Clerk of Session, was announced in the same Gazette, (March 8, 1806,) which contained the nomination of Messrs. Erskine and Clerk to the offices of Lord Advocate and Solicitor-general, just vacated, according to custom, by the late Tory holders, Sir James Montgomery and Mr. Robert Blair. It is also remarkable, that, at this period, Lord Melville, who had been the first to hold out hopes of this preferment, was now under impeachment of the House of Commons, for supposed high crimes and misdemeanours.

Sir Walter continued for five or six years to perform the duties of his office without alibi, when at length an alteration of the law respecting the mode of providing for superannuated officers, permitted his colleague to retire upon an annuity, and he was left to enjoy the profits, as he also executed the labours, of the situation. These profits were never stationary, but seldom much below 1200*l.* a-year, which, with the 300*l.* which he enjoyed as Sheriff, might be said to make up a very respectable income, without regard to the result of his literary labours.

BALLADS AND LYRICAL PIECES.

During the year 1806, Sir Walter collected his original compositions in the ballad style into a small volume, which he published under the title of "Ballads and Lyrical Pieces." The volume contained several compositions, which he had contributed to Mr. M. G. Lewis's "Tales of Wonder," published in 1801. In the same year, encouraged by the rising fame of his productions, the booksellers issued an elegant fine paper edition of his "Poetical Works," in five volumes.

MARMION.

In 1808, Sir Walter published his second poem of magnitude, "Marmion," in which we are informed by himself, he took great pains, and was disposed to take still more, if the distresses of a friend had not "rendered it convenient at least, if not necessary, to hasten its publication. The publishers," he con-

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times,* "of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' emboldened by the success of that poem, willingly offered a thousand pounds for 'Marmion.' The transaction being no secret,† afforded Lord Byron, who was then at general war with all who blacked paper, an opportunity to include me in his satire, entitled 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' I never could conceive how an arrangement between an author and his publishers, if satisfactory to the persons concerned, could afford matter of censure to any third party. I had taken no unusual or ungenerous means of enhancing the value of my merchandise; I had never higgled a moment about the bargain, but accepted at once of what I considered the very handsome offer of my publishers.‡ These gentlemen, at least, were not of opinion that they had been taken advantage of in the transaction, which was indeed of their own framing; on the contrary, the sale of the poem was so far beyond their own expectation, as to induce them to supply the Author's cellars with what is always an acceptable present to a young Scotch house-keeper, namely, a hogshead of excellent claret."

While "Marmion" was not exempt from some faults which the critics did not fail to point out, it brought an immense increase of reputation to the Author. Its more stately chivalric pictures, its stronger alliance to national history, and the broader scale on which it painted feudal manners, produced greater admiration than what had been excited by "The Lay." "By good fortune," says Sir Walter, "the novelty of the subject, and, if I may say so, some force and vivacity of description, were allowed to atone for many imperfections. Thus, the second experiment on the public patience, generally the most perilous—for the public are then most apt to judge with rigour, what in the first instance they had received, perhaps, with imprudent generosity—was, in my case, decidedly successful. I had the good fortune to pass this ordeal favourably, and the return of the sales before me† makes the copies amount to thirty-six thousand, printed between 1808 and 1825, besides a considerable sale since that period."

Sir Walter considered this as not only the crisis of his poetical reputation, but the climacteric of his poetical character. He has been heard to say, that he never had been in danger of becoming *vain* till the extraordinary success of "Marmion" had nearly made him so. He resisted the temptation, and it fled from him for ever. Previously to this period, he had gene-

rally felt a little anxious to see what the periodical critics said of his works; but now this anxiety ceased, and he rarely heeded either the voice of praise or censure.

"Marmion" consisted of six cantos, and each was graced with a prefatory address or epistle to some friend of the poet, the principal object of which, probably, was to serve as interludes or breathing spaces during the progress of the story. In the first of these pieces, addressed to Mr. W. Stewart Rose, the poet breathed an affectionate requiem over the tomb of Pitt, and took occasion from the well-known juxtaposition of that sepulchre to the grave of Fox, in Westminster Abbey, to introduce some highly graceful acknowledgments of the talents of the Whig Statesman.

"Nor yet repress the generous sigh,
Because his rival slumbers nigh;
Nor be thy *requiescat* dumb,
Lest it be said o'er Fox's tomb.
For talents mourn, untimely lost,
{ When best employ'd and wanted most.* }
{ Mourn genius high and lore profound. }
And wit that loved to play, not wound;
And all the reasoning powers divine,
To penetrate, resolve, combine;
And feelings keen, and fancy's glow
They sleep with him who sleeps below:
And if thou mourn'st they could not save
From error him who owns this grave;
Be every harsher thought suppress'd,
And sacred be his last long rest."

EDITION OF DRYDEN.

Marmion had been published at the very commencement of the year 1808; within a few weeks thereafter, appeared "The Works of John Dryden, now first collected, in eighteen volumes. Illustrated with Notes, Historical, Critical, and Explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Walter Scott, Esq." This publication manifested, in a striking manner, the great *erudition* of the poet of Marmion. In composing the Life of Dryden, he frankly confessed, that the research of Malone, and the critical acumen of Johnson, had left him little to do in these different departments. "But something," he conceived, "remained for him who should consider these literary productions in their succession, as actuated by, and operating upon, the taste of an age, where they had so predominating an influence, and who might, at the same time, connect the Life of Dryden with the history of his publications." Accordingly, the most original and interesting part of his work consists in the view which it exhibits of the general literary character of Dryden's age, and of the one immediately preceding. Although this, to use the phrase of the trade, was a remarkably heavy book, it

* Introduction to late edition of "Marmion."

† The circumstance of a modern poem fetching a thousand pounds, was alluded to, in terms of audible wonderment, in a contemporary letter of Miss Seward.

‡ It was a peculiarity of Sir Walter Scott's literary conduct, that he always required to have an offer made to him by the bookseller. Till the offer was made, he was like a ghost uninvoked, and would hardly say any thing upon the subject; but when it was made, he was almost sure to accept it without demur.

{ Writing in April, 1836.

* To explain the seeming inconsistent mystery of this expression, it may be mentioned, that the whole couplet was written by the late Marquis of Abercorn, (the patron and employer of Sir Walter's father), and inserted, at his express request, while the sheet was in proof.

† Price 9l 9s.

met eventually with so much success, as to demand a reprint at the end of a few years.

SADLER'S STATE PAPERS.—SOMERS'S TRACTS.

In 1809, Sir Walter assisted in editing "The State-Papers and Letters of Sir Ralph Sadler," which appeared in two expensive volumes, in quarto. Sadler was the negotiator, in behalf of Henry VIII., respecting the proposed marriage between Prince Edward and the infant Mary, Queen of Scots; and his state-papers throw much light, not only upon that political transaction, but upon the domestic circumstances of Scotland, in the early half of the sixteenth century. The Life of Sir Ralph, and a great variety of historical notes, were supplied by the subject of this memoir. In the same year, Sir Walter contributed like assistance to a new edition of Lord Somers's invaluable collection of tracts, which appeared in twelve volumes quarto.

EDINBURGH ANNUAL REGISTER.

Some of the late efforts of Sir Walter had shewed he was not disposed to confine himself to poetry, but had also the inclination to prepare more ordinary and familiar matter for the public taste. This arose, in some measure, from his connection with Mr. John Ballantyne, a youthful friend and companion, who had now entered into business at Edinburgh as a bookseller and publisher on a large scale. It was perhaps as much owing to the adventurous disposition of Mr. Ballantyne as to the taste of the poet, that the latter had become concerned in the prose publications above-mentioned. At the request of the same individual, Mr. Scott now became a contributor to an annual Register, on a more ambitious principle than any hitherto attempted, of which Mr. Southey was at first the editor. The first volume, referring to the year 1803, appeared early in 1810, in two parts; but, although public approbation was loud in favour of the historical chapters, the work, after being conducted in a spirited manner for a few years, was eventually dropped for want of support;—this being evidently a field in which the talent of the writers could not tell in the manner it did elsewhere. The first volume contained a remarkably able and pleasing paper "On the Living Poets of Great Britain," which internal evidence would lead us to set down to Mr. Scott, notwithstanding the awkwardness which he must, in that case, have felt, in ranking as one of the three first-rate poets of the day, and in extending to himself that degree of praise which must have been necessary alike for justice, and to preserve his *incognito*. It must be allowed, however, that while the praise is managed with some delicacy, this criticism contains a much severer view of his own faults than the delirious approbation of the public would permit any critic of its own body to exercise.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

It is necessary to have recourse to the poet's

own narrative,* for an account of the circumstances which directed his choice in his next poetical attempt:

"The ancient manners, the habits and customs of the aboriginal race by whom the Highlands of Scotland were inhabited, had always appeared to me peculiarly adapted to poetry. The change in their manners, too, had taken place almost within my own time, or at least I had learned many particulars concerning the ancient state of the Highlands, from the old men of the last generation. I had always thought the old Scottish Gael highly adapted for poetical composition. The feuds and political dissensions, which, half a century earlier, would have rendered the richer and wealthier part of the kingdom indisposed to countenance a poem, the scene of which was laid in the Highlands, were now sunk in the generous compassion which the English, more than any other nation, feel for the misfortunes of an honourable foe. The Poems of Ossian had, by their popularity, sufficiently shewn, that if writings on Highland subjects were qualified to interest the reader, mere national prejudices were, in the present day, very unlikely to interfere with their success.

"I had also read a great deal, and heard more, concerning that romantic country, where I was in the habit of spending some time every autumn; and the scenery of Loch Katrine was connected with the recollection of many a dear friend and merry expedition of former days. This poem, the action of which lay among scenes so beautiful, and so deeply imprinted on my recollections, was a labour of love, and it was no less so to recall the manners and incidents introduced. The frequent custom of James IV., and particularly of James V., to walk through their kingdom in disguise, afforded me the hint of an incident, which never fails to be interesting, if managed with the slightest address or dexterity.

"I may now confess, however, that the employment, though attended with great pleasure, was not without its doubts and anxieties. A lady, to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived, during her whole life, on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me at the time when the work was in progress, and used to ask me, what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning, (that happening to be the most convenient time to me for composition.) At last I told her the subject of my meditations; and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. 'Do not be so rash,' she said, 'my dear cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I, or other partial friends, can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high—do not really attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity.'

* Introduction to late edition of the *Lady of the Lake*.

I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose:—

‘He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.’

“If I fail,” I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, “it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life: you shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed,

‘Up with the bonnie blue bonnet,
The dirk, and the feather, and a’!’

“Afterwards I shewed my affectionate and anxious critic the first canto of the poem, which reconciled her to my imprudence. Nevertheless, although I answered thus confidently, with the obstinacy often said to be proper to those who bear my surname, I acknowledge that my confidence was considerably shaken by the warning of her excellent taste and unbiassed friendship. Nor was I much comforted by her retraction of the unfavourable judgment, when I recollected how likely a natural partiality was to effect that change of opinion. In such cases, affection rises like a light on the canvass, improves any favourable tints which it formerly exhibited, and throws its defects into the shade. * *

“I took uncommon pains to verify the accuracy of the local circumstances of this story. I recollect, in particular, that, to ascertain whether I was telling a probable tale, I went into Perthshire to see whether King James could actually have ridden from the banks of Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle within the time supposed in the poem, and had the pleasure to satisfy myself that it was quite practicable.

“After a considerable delay, ‘The Lady of the Lake’ appeared in June 1810; and its success was certainly so extraordinary, as to induce me for the moment to conclude, that I had at last fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune, whose stability in behalf of an individual, who had so boldly courted her favours for three successive times, had not as yet been shaken.”

ROKEBY—LORD OF THE ISLES—SMALLER POEMS.

In the “Lady of the Lake,” Sir Walter Scott appeared to have produced the finest specimen of which his genius was capable. His earlier efforts were less matured and refined; and the later are all, in various degrees, less spirited and effective. In 1811, appeared “Don Roderick,” a dreamy vaticination of modern Spanish history; in 1813 he published “Rokeby,” in which he attempted, but without success, to invest English scenery and a tale of the Civil War, with the charm which he had already thrown over the Scottish Highlands and Borders, and their romantic inhabitants. Rokeby met with a decidedly unfavourable reception; and it cannot be denied the public

enjoyed to a greater extent a burlesque, which appeared upon it, under the title of “Jokeby.” The evil success of this poem induced him to make a desperate adventure to retrieve his laurels; and in 1814 he published “The Lord of the Isles.” Even the name of Bruce, however, could not compensate the want of what had been the most captivating charm of his earlier productions—the development of new powers and styles of poetry. The public was now acquainted with his whole “fence,” and could, therefore, take no longer the same interest in his exhibitions. It is said that his friend, the proprietor of the scene of “Rokeby,” said to him jocularly, about this time, that evidently his works only found a tolerable sale, in consequence of having his name upon the title-page. To this Sir Walter is said to have answered rather testily, that he would put the assertion to the proof by publishing his next poetry anonymously. He, therefore, produced two smaller poems in succession, named “The Bridal of Triermain,” and “Harold the Dauntless;” but to verify what his friend had said, they made a very slight impression upon the public. Yet it may be asserted, that an individual, without national or other prepossessions, beginning to read the author’s poetical works for the first time, would not find nearly so much difference between the early and late productions, as was found by the contemporary public. So much was the greater appreciation of the former owing to novelty.

WAVERLEY.

It now became evident to Sir Walter, without the use of any monitor like him employed by the Archbishop of Toledo, that his day as a poet was well nigh past. He saw that he must “change his hand” if he wished his lyre any longer to awaken sympathetic chords in the bosom of the public. About the close of the last century, he had commenced a tale of chivalry in prose, founded upon the legendary story of Thomas the Rhymer; but it never went beyond the first chapter. Subsequently, he resolved upon a prose romance relating to an age much nearer our own time. “My early recollections of the Highland scenery and customs made so favourable an impression in the poem called the Lady of the Lake, that I was induced to think of attempting something of the same kind in prose. I had been a good deal in the Highlands at a time when they were much less accessible, and much less visited, than they had been of late years, and was acquainted with many of the old warriors of 1745, who were, like most veterans, easily induced to fight their battles over again, for the benefit of a willing listener like myself. It naturally occurred to me that the ancient traditions and high spirit of a people, who, living in a civilized age and country, retained so strong a tincture of manners belonging to an early period of society, must afford a subject favourable for romance, if it should not prove a curious tale marred in the telling.

"It was with some idea of this kind, that, about the year 1805, I threw together about one-third part of the first volume of *Waverley*.* It was advertised to be published by the late Mr. John Ballantyne, bookseller in Edinburgh, under the name of "*Waverley*," or, "*'Tis Fifty Years since*"—a title afterwards altered to, "*'Tis Sixty Years since*," that the actual date of publication might be made to correspond with the period in which the scene was laid.† Having proceeded as far, I think, as the Seventh Chapter, I shewed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable; and having some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance. * * * This portion of the manuscript was laid aside in the drawers of an old writing desk, which, on my first coming to reside at Abbotsford in 1811, was placed in a lumber garret, and entirely forgotten. Thus, though I sometimes, among other literary avocations, turned my thoughts to the continuation of the romance which I had commenced, yet as I could not find what I had already written, after searching such repositories as were within my reach, and was too indolent to attempt to write it anew from memory, I as often laid aside all thoughts of that nature."

The Author then adverts to two circumstances which particularly fixed in his mind the wish to continue this work to a close—namely, the success of Miss Edgeworth's delineations of Irish life, and his happening to be employed, in 1808, in finishing the romance of Queen Hoo-Hall, left imperfect by Mr. Strutt. "Accident," he continues, "at length threw the lost sheets in my way."

"I happened to want some fishing tackle for the use of a guest, when it occurred to me to search the old writing-desk already mentioned, in which I used to keep articles of that nature. I got access to it with some difficulty; and in looking for lines and flies, the long-lost manuscript presented itself. I immediately set to work to complete it, according to my original purpose. * * * Among other unfounded reports, it has been said, that the copyright was, during the book's progress through the press, offered for sale to various booksellers in London at a very inconsiderable price. This was not the case. Messrs. Constable and Cadell, who published the work, were the only

persons acquainted with the contents of the publication, and they offered a large sum for it, while in the course of printing, which, however, was declined, the Author not choosing to part with the copyright.

"*Waverley* was published in 1814, and as the title-page was without the name of the Author, the work was left to win its way in the world without any of the usual recommendations. Its progress was for some time slow; but, after the first two or three months, its popularity increased in a degree which must have satisfied the expectations of the Author, had these been far more sanguine than he ever entertained.

"Great anxiety was expressed to learn the name of the Author, but on this no authentic information could be attained. My original motive for publishing the work anonymously, was the consciousness that it was an experiment on the public taste, which might very probably fail, and therefore there was no occasion to take on myself the personal risk of discomfiture. For this purpose, considerable precautions were used to preserve secrecy. My old friend and school-fellow, Mr. James Ballantyne, who printed these novels, had the exclusive task of corresponding with the Author, who thus had not only the advantage of his professional talents, but of his critical abilities. The original manuscript, or, as it is technically called, *copy*, was transcribed, under Mr. Ballantyne's eye, by confidential persons; nor was there an instance of treachery during the many years in which these precautions were resorted to, although various individuals were employed at different times. Double proof-sheets were regularly printed off. One was forwarded to the Author by Mr. Ballantyne, and the alterations which it received were, by his own hand, copied upon the other proof-sheet for the use of the printers, so that even the corrected proofs of the Author were never seen in the printing-office; and thus the curiosity of such eager inquirers as made the most minute investigation was entirely at fault."

To this account of the publication of *Waverley*, it is only to be added, that the popularity of the work became decided rather more quickly, and was, when decided, much higher, than the Author has given to be understood. It was read and admired universally, both in Scotland and England, so that, in a very short time, about twelve thousand copies were disposed of.

MIDDLE LIFE.

At this period we are called upon to turn awhile from the literary to the domestic history of the poet. To continue our quotations from his own delightful narrative—

* The carelessness of Sir Walter Scott, in all his compositions, found a most fortunate correction in the taste and good sense of this gentleman, who had the fortune to be his printer from nearly the commencement of his literary career, as if fate had united the two in their respective capacities by an unalterable decree.

† Introduction to the late edition of *Rokeby*.

* Sir Walter here seems partly to attribute to an event which happened in 1810, (his publication of the *Lady of the Lake*), a result which took place in 1805. It is evident that he only intended to imply that the success of the poem induced him to renew his prose attempt after it had been several years cast aside. See Sequel.

† We have here another curious anachronism. Sir Walter overlooks that the era of 1745 was in reality, sixty years antecedent to that of 1805, and that if any alteration was required to be made for the date of publication, (1814) it ought to have been to "*seventy years since*." What makes this the more strange, is, that in the introduction to the *Novel* as published, where he persuades himself to be writing in 1805, as seems to have really been the case, he gives the space of time rightly enough, namely, "*Sixty years since*."

"I shall not, I believe, be accused of ever having attempted to usurp a superiority over many men of genius, my contemporaries; but, in point of popularity, not of actual talent, the caprice of the public has certainly given me such a temporary superiority over men, of whom, in regard to poetical fancy and feeling, I scarcely thought myself worthy to loose the shoe-latch. On the other hand, it would be absurd affectation in me to deny, that I conceived myself to understand more perfectly than many of my contemporaries, the manner most likely to interest the great mass of mankind. Yet, even with this belief, I must truly and fairly say, that I always considered myself rather as one who held the bets, in time to be paid over to the winner, than as having any pretence to keep them in my own right.

"In the meantime, years crept on, and not without their usual depredations on the passing generation. My sons had arrived at the age when the paternal home was no longer their best abode, as both were destined to active life. The field sports, to which I was peculiarly attached, had now less interest, and were replaced by other amusements of a more quiet character; and the means and opportunity of pursuing these were to be sought for. I had, indeed, for some years attended to farming, a knowledge of which is, or at least, was then, indispensable to the comforts of a family residing in a solitary country house; but although this was the favourite amusement of many of my friends, I have never been able to consider it as a source of pleasure. I never could think it a matter of passing importance, that my cattle, or my crops, were better or more plentiful than those of my neighbours, and nevertheless I began to feel the necessity of some more quiet out-door occupation than I had hitherto pursued. I purchased a small farm of about 100 acres, with the purpose of planting and improving it, to which property circumstances afterwards enabled me to make considerable additions; and thus an era took place in my life, almost equal to the important one mentioned by the Vicar of Wakefield, when he removed from the blue room to the brown. In point of neighbourhood, at least, the change of residence made little more difference. Abbotsford, to which we removed, was only six or seven miles down the Tweed, and lay on the same beautiful stream. It did not possess the romantic character of Ashiesteil, my former residence; but it had a stretch of meadow land along the river, and possessed, in the phrase of the landscape gardener, considerable capabilities. Above all, the land was my own, like uncle Toby's howling-green, to do what I would with. It had been, though the gratification was long postponed, an early wish of mine, to connect myself with my mother-earth, and prosecute those experiments by which a species of creative power is exercised over the face of nature. I can trace, even to childhood, a pleasure derived from Dodsley's account of

Shenstone's Leasowes, and envied the poet, much more for the pleasure of accomplishing the objects detailed in his friend's sketch of his grounds, than for the possession of pipe, crook, flock, and Phillis to the boot of all. My memory, also, tenacious of quaint expressions, still retained a phrase which it had gathered from an old almanack of Charles the Second's time (when every thing down to almanacks affected to be smart,) in which the reader, in the month of June, is advised, for the sake of his health, to take a walk of a mile or two before breakfast, and, if he can possibly so manage, to let his exercise be taken upon his own land.

"With the satisfaction of having attained the fulfilment of an early and long-cherished hope, I commenced my improvements, as delightful in their progress as those of the child who first makes a dress for a new doll. The nakedness of the land was in time hidden by woodlands of considerable extent—the smallest possible of cottages was progressively expanded into a sort of dream of a mansion-house, whimsical in the exterior, but convenient within. Nor did I forget what was the natural pleasure of every man who has been a reader, I mean the filling the shelves of a tolerably large library. All these objects I kept in view to be executed as convenience should serve; and although I knew many years should elapse before they could be attained, I was of a disposition to comfort myself with the Spanish proverb, 'Time and I against any two.'

"The difficult and indispensable point, of finding a permanent subject of occupation, was now at length attained; but there was annexed to it the necessity of becoming again a candidate for public favour: for as I was turned improver on the earth of the every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated."

Although the author has designed this to serve as an introduction to *Rokeby*, which appeared in 1813, it applies more extensively and properly to the early range of what have been called the *Waverley Novels*. Sir Walter soon found that the cultivation of poetry was not likely to encourage the cultivation, or at least the extension, of his estate; and he therefore resolved to try what could be done with prose. In the preceding passages, he has perhaps understated the intensity of his desire of becoming a land proprietor. The writer of these pages is convinced that this was a passion which glowed more warmly in his bosom than any appetite which he ever entertained for literary fame. The whole cast of his mind, from the very beginning, was essentially aristocratic; and it is probable that he looked with more reverence upon an old title to a good estate, than upon the most ennobled title-page in the whole catalogue of contemporary genius. Thus it was a matter of astonishment to many, that, while totally insensible to flattery on the

score of his works, and perfectly destitute of all the airs of a professed or practised author, he could not so well conceal his pride in the possession of a small patch of territory, or his sense of importance as a local dispenser of justice. As seen through the medium of his works, he rather appears like an old baron or chivalrous knight, displaying his own character and feelings, and surrounded by the ideal creatures which such an individual would have mixed with in actual life, than as an author of the modern world, writing partly for fame, and partly for subsistence, and glad to work at that which he thinks he can best execute. It was unquestionably owing to the same principle of his mind, that he kept the Waverley secret with such pertinacious closeness—being unwilling to be considered as an author writing for fortune, which he must have thought somewhat degrading to the Baronet of Abbotsford. It was now the principal spring of his actions to add as much as possible to the little realm of Abbotsford, in order that he might take his place—not among the great literary names which posterity is to revere, but among the country gentlemen of Roxburghshire! The nucleus of his property was a small farm, called by the plain name of Cartley-Hole, which he purchased from the late Dr. Douglas, minister of the neighbouring parish of Galashiels, and upon which he conferred the more elegant title of Abbotsford, adopted with reference to a ford in the Tweed, just opposite the spot, coupled with the adjacent Abbey of Melrose. The situation was generally considered unfortunate, as it lay on a northern slope towards the river, and was bounded close at hand by a public road. The neighbouring land was also of such a kind* as to promise the poet, when he should purchase it, rather more amusement in bringing it up, than is generally wished even by the most enthusiastic improvers.

EARLIER CLASS OF NOVELS.

It was chiefly, nevertheless, to his desire of forming an estate on this spot, which he might hand down to his descendants, that the world is indebted for a series of the most delightful fictions that ever appeared. It is not necessary here to say much regarding these works, as they are so generally known; it may be enough to subjoin little more than a list of them, with their respective dates of publication. To Waverley succeeded, in 1815, Guy Mannering; in 1816, the Antiquary, and the First Series of the Tales of my Landlord,

containing the Black Dwarf and Old Mortality; in 1818, Rob Roy, and the Second Series of the Tales of my Landlord, containing the Heart of Mid-Lothian; and in 1819, the Third Series of Tales of my Landlord, containing the Bride of Lammermoor and A Legend of Montrose.

Sir Walter, having early been instructed in the disposition of the public to tire of the repeated appearances of even a favourite author, had, in the Tales of my Landlord, assumed a new incognito, which, however, was easily seen through. It was impossible, without utterly abandoning the gifts he possessed, to assume a style sufficiently discrepant to impose upon the public. The same great magnificence was seen to be at work in both series, and the artifice had therefore only the effect of giving a slight fillip to public curiosity.

It was not the least remarkable feature of these works that, while there was so much to delight, there was hardly a passage that jured with any existing prejudices, or could be interpreted into offence by any class of men. The author, in only one instance, permitted his own prepossessions to wound the feelings of his countrymen. This was in the tale of Old Mortality, where he was thought to have given a somewhat too favourable picture of the Cavaliers, and a far more unjust delineation of their opponents. The Scottish people, who inevitably have paid a far worse compliment to the Presbyterians of those days by deserting all their standards of faith, yet entertain a very laudable feeling of reverence for those men who considered it their duty, in a tyrannical reign, to lay down their lives in the cause of popular rights. They therefore expressed a very general sense of the injustice of the Author of Waverley towards those martyrs; and it soon received shape from the pen of Dr. McCrie, who wrote a very acrimonious pamphlet upon the subject, published at first in the Christian Instructor. As Sir Walter was unquestionably led into this error by one of the fundamental tendencies of his imaginative character—a disposition to favour the aristocratic against the plebeian—it was not perhaps worth while to have issued such a wild declamation against it. It may be allowed, however, that he has himself given the clamour its most proper answer in a passage in the ensuing series of the Tales of my Landlord—an answer of which the reader will observe the force, if he keeps in mind what has been here related concerning the author's own ancestors of the seventeenth century:—

"It has been demanded of me, Jedediah Cleishbotham, by what right I am entitled to constitute myself an impartial judge of their discrepancies of opinion, seeing (as it is stated) that I must necessarily have been descended from one or other of the contending parties, and be, of course, wedded, for better or worse, according to the reasonable practice of Scotland, to its dogmata or opinions, and bound,

* Most of the Abbotsford property is very bad land. Part of it was formerly subject to what is called a *servitude of feal and deot* in favour of the villagers of Darnick and Melrose; and thus, as if a vegetable surface was periodically pared off, it at length came to lose almost all natural pith, and was reduced to what in Scripture is termed a field of stones. For this land his anxiety to possess, and his ability to pay, caused him to give much more than its value. The whole rental of what he must have bought at something approaching half a plum, is not above seven hundred a year; so that his descendants, without some additional fortune, will not be able to live upon it in the style of even moderate country gentlemen.

it were, by the tie matrimonial, or, to speak without metaphor, *ex jure sanguinis*, to maintain them in preference to all others.

But, nothing denying the rationality of the rule, which calls on all now living to rule their political and religious opinions by those of their great-grandfathers, and inevitable as seems the one or other horn of the dilemma betwixt which my adversaries conceive they have pinned me to the wall, I yet spy some means of refuge, and claim a privilege to write and speak of both parties with impartiality. For O ye Powers of Logic! when the Prelatists and Presbyterians of old times went together by the ears in this unlucky country, my ancestor (venerated be his memory!) was one of the people called Quakers, and suffered severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse, and incarceration of his person."

LATER CLASS OF NOVELS.

Having now drawn upon public curiosity to the extent of twelve volumes in each of his two incognitos, he seems to have thought it necessary to adopt a third; and accordingly he intended *Ivanhoe*, which appeared in the beginning of 1820, to come forth as the first work of a new candidate for public favour—namely, Lawrence Templeton. From this design he was diverted by a circumstance of trivial importance, the publication of a novel at London, pretending to be a fourth series of the *Tales of my Landlord*. It was therefore judged necessary that *Ivanhoe* should appear as a veritable production of the Author of *Waverley*. To it succeeded, in the course of the same year, the *Monastery* and the *Abbot*, which were judged as the least meritorious of all his prose tales. In the beginning of the year 1821, appeared *Kenilworth*, making twelve volumes, if not written, at least published, in as many months. In 1822 he produced the *Pirate* and the *Fortunes of Nigel*; in 1823, *Peveril of the Peak** and *Quentin Durward*; in 1824, *St. Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet*; in 1825, *Tales of the Crusaders*†; in 1826, *Woodstock*; in 1827, *Chronicles of the Canongate, first series*‡; in 1828, *Chronicles of the Canongate, second series*; in 1829, *Anne of Geierstein*; and in 1831, a fourth series of *Tales of my Landlord*, in four volumes, containing two tales, respectively entitled *Count Robert of Paris*, and *Castle Dangerous*. The whole of these novels, except where otherwise specified, consisted of three volumes, and, with those formerly enumerated, make up the amount of his fictitious prose compositions to the enormous sum of seventy-four volumes.

MINOR AND FUGITIVE WORKS.

Throughout the whole of his career, both as a poet and novelist, Sir Walter was in the habit of turning aside occasionally to less important avocations of a literary character. He was a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* dur-

ing the first few years of its existence, though, for the last twenty years, perhaps, he had not so much as opened the work. To the *Quarterly Review* he was a considerable contributor, especially for the last five or six years of his life, during which, that excellent periodical was conducted by his son-in-law, Mr. Lockhart. To the *Supplement of the Sixth Edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica*, he contributed the articles "Chivalry," "Romance," and the "Drama." In 1818, he wrote one or two small prose articles for a periodical, after the manner of the *Spectator*, which was started by his friend Mr. John Ballantyne, under the title of "The Sale Room," and was soon after dropped for want of encouragement. In 1814, he edited "The Works of Swift," in 19 volumes, with a *Life of the Author*; a heavy work, but which, nevertheless, required a reprint some years afterwards. In 1814, Sir Walter gave his name and an elaborate introductory essay to a work entitled "Border Antiquities," (two volumes 4to,) which consisted of engravings of the principal antique objects on both sides of the Border, accompanied by descriptive letter-press. In 1815, he made a tour through France and Belgium, visiting the scene of the recent victory over Napoleon. The result was a lively traveller's volume, under the title of "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," and a poem styled "The Field of Waterloo." In the same year he joined with Mr. Robert Jameson and Mr. Henry Weber, in composing a quarto on *Icelandic Antiquities*. In 1819, he published "An Account of the Regalia of Scotland," and undertook to furnish the letter-press to a second collection of engravings, under the title of "Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland," one of the most elegant books which has ever been published respecting the native country of the editor.

POLITICAL APPEARANCES.

In the year 1820, the agitated state of the country was much regretted by Sir Walter Scott; and he endeavoured to prove the absurdity of the popular excitement in favour of a more extended kind of parliamentary representation, by three papers which he inserted in the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal* newspaper, under the title of "The Visionary." However well intended, these were not by any means happy specimens of political disquisition. The truth is, Sir Walter, with all his high literary gifts, did not possess the art of concocting a short essay, either on politics or on any moral or general topic. He appears, moreover, to have been in a great measure ignorant of the arguments and strength of his political opponents. He treats them as if they were in the mass a set of simple and uninformed people, led away by a few raving demagogues; and his attempt, accordingly, appears nearly as ridiculous, as it might be to address grown men with the arguments which prevail only with children. Some months afterwards, it was deem-

* Four Volumes. † Four Volumes. ‡ Two Volumes.

ed necessary by a few of the Tory gentlemen and lawyers, to establish a newspaper in which the more violent of the radical prints should be met upon their own grounds, and reprisals made for a long course of insults which had hitherto been endured with patience. To this association, Sir Walter subscribed; and, by means partly furnished upon his credit, a weekly journal was commenced under the title of "The Beacon." As the scurrilities of this print inflicted much pain in very respectable quarters, and finally led to the death of one of the writers in a duel, it sunk, after an existence of a few months, amidst the general execrations of the community. Sir Walter Scott, though he probably never contemplated, and perhaps was hardly aware of the guilt of the Beacon, was loudly blamed for his connexion with it. It must be allowed, in extenuation of his offence, that the whole affair was only an experiment, to try the effect of violent argument on the Tory side, and that, if it did not exceed the warmth of the radical prints, there was nothing abstractedly unfair in the attempt. On the other hand, a party who stand in the light of governors, and who, in general, are placed in comfortable circumstances, assume violence with a much worse grace than the multitudinous plebeians, who are confessedly in a situation from which complaint and irritation are almost inseparable.

MINOR POETICAL WORKS.

In 1822, Sir Walter published "Trivial Poems and Triolets, by P. Carey, with a Preface;" and, in 1822, appeared his dramatic poem of "Halidon Hill." In the succeeding year, he contributed a smaller dramatic poem, under the title of "Macduff's Cross," to a collection of Miss Joanna Baillie. The sum of his remaining poetical works may here be made up, by adding "The Doom of Devorgoil," and "The Auchindrane Tragedy," which appeared in one volume in 1830. It cannot be said of any of these compositions, that they have made the least impression upon the public.

PRIVATE LIFE—BARONETCY—KING'S VISIT TO SCOTLAND.

The great success of the earlier novels of Sir Walter Scott had encouraged his publishers, Messrs. Archibald Constable and Company, to give large sums for those works; and, previous to 1824, it was understood that the author had spent from fifty to a hundred thousand pounds, thus acquired, upon his house and estate of Abbotsford. During the months which his official duties permitted him to spend in the country—that is, the whole of the more genial part of the year, from March till November, excepting the months of May and June—he kept state, like a wealthy country gentleman, at this delightful seat, where he was visited by many distinguished persons from England, and from the Continent. As he scarcely ever spent any other hours than those between seven and eleven, A. M., in composition, he was able to devote the greater part of

the morning to country exercise, and the superintendence of his planting and agricultural operations; while the evenings were, in a great measure, devoted to his guests. Almost every day, he used to ride a considerable distance—sometimes not less than twenty miles—on horseback. He also walked a great deal; and, lame as he was, would sometimes tire the stoutest of his companions.

Among the eminent persons to whom he had been recommended by his genius, and his productions, the late King George IV. was one, and not the least warm in his admiration. The poet of Marmion had been honoured with many interviews by his sovereign, when Prince of Wales and Prince Regent; and his Majesty was pleased, in March, 1820, to create him a baronet of the United Kingdom, being the first to whom he had extended that honour after his accession to the crown.*

In 1822, when his Majesty visited Scotland, Sir Walter found the duty imposed upon him, as in some measure the most prominent man in the country, of acting as a kind of Master of Ceremonies, as well as a sort of dragoman, or mediator, between the Sovereign and his people. It was an occasion for the revival of all kinds of historical and family reminiscences; and Sir Walter's acquaintance with national antiquities, not less than his universally honoured character, caused him to be resorted to by innumerable individuals, and many respectable public bodies, for information and advice. On the evening of the 14th of August, when his Majesty cast anchor in Leith Roads, Sir Walter went out in a boat, commissioned by the LADIES OF SCOTLAND, to welcome the King, and to present his Majesty with an elegant jewelled cross of St. Andrew, to be worn on his breast as a national emblem. When the King was informed of Sir Walter's approach, he exclaimed, "What! Sir Walter Scott? The man in Scotland I most wish to see! Let him come up." Sir Walter accordingly ascended the ship, and was presented to the King on the quarter-deck, where he met with a most gracious reception. After an appropriate speech, Sir Walter presented his gift, and then knelt and kissed the King's hand. He had afterwards the honour of dining with his Majesty, being placed on his right hand.

In the arrangements for his Majesty's residence at Dalkeith, Sir Walter bore a conspicuous part; and in the whole of these difficult and delicate transactions, although the novelty of the circumstances might well have occasioned mistakes, he performed his part with faultless address and propriety; showing that he was not only superior to all existing men in imaginative powers, but also qualified above most of them in the mere ordinary arts of management. The whole affair of the royal

*A friend once stated to him a report that he was to be made a Knight. "Am I?" was his characteristic response. "More than I know. No, no, I like not the grinning honour which Sir Walter had."

it seemed to take its character from Sir Walter Scott; or, at least, it must be allowed that, but for the taste which his works had awakened for ancient national recollections, and the cast which his own interposition gave to almost every scene, the King's visit would have had a very different external appearance, and one not nearly so well calculated to please either the visitor or the visited.

Immediately after this grand national jubilee, Sir Walter had the honour to be appointed one of the deputy-lieutenants of the county of Roxburgh, in which his house of Abbotsford is situate.

FAMILY.

By his wife, Lady Scott, Sir Walter had four children—two sons,

“—imps, hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain child.”*

and two daughters. The elder daughter, Sophia Charlotte, was married, April 28, 1820, to Mr. J. G. Lockhart, advocate. The elder son, Walter, who entered the army, and is now a major in the 15th regiment of hussars, was married, some years ago, to Miss Jobson, a young lady of considerable fortune. The younger son, Charles, who is attached to the Legation of the King of the Two Sicilies, and the younger daughter, Anne, are both unmarried. We may here close Sir Walter's family history, by intimating that Lady Scott died May 15, 1826.

PECUNIARY MISFORTUNES.

In 1825, Mr. Constable having projected a cheap series of original and selected works, engaged Sir Walter to compose a “Life of Buonaparte.” This work was in progress, when, in January, 1826, Messrs. Constable and Company became bankrupt. For many years before, Sir Walter had been in the habit of drawing bills, at long dates, upon his publishers, as payment of the copy rights of his works; and, as he occasionally was obliged with their acceptances in reference to works not yet written, he was in some measure compelled, by a sense of gratitude, to give his name to other obligations, which were incurred by the house, for the purpose of returning the original engagements. Thus, although Sir Walter appeared to receive payment for his literary labours, in a very prompt manner, he was pledging away his name all the while, for sums perhaps not much inferior in amount to those which he realised; so that, in the long run, he stood engaged to certain banks, in behalf of Messrs. Constable and Company, for, it is said, about 60,000*l.*; in other words, a great portion of the earnings of his literary life. To put the case into plain language, he was obliged to write nearly as much again as he had formerly written, in order to render the rewards of those former labours finally his own.

The blow was endured with a magnanimity worthy of the greatest writer of the age. On

the very day after the calamity had been made known to him, a friend accosted him as he was issuing from his house, and presented the condolences proper to such a melancholy occasion.

“It is very hard,” said he, in his usual deliberate and thoughtful voice, “thus to lose all the labours of a lifetime, and be made a poor man at last, when I ought to have been otherwise. But if God grant me health and strength for a few years longer, I have no doubt that I shall redeem it all.”

In the marriage contract of Sir Walter's eldest son, the estate of Abbotsford had been settled upon the young pair, and it was therefore beyond the reach of his creditors. By this legal arrangement, indeed, Sir Walter was placed in such a situation, as to have hardly any property to present against the immense amount of his debts. There was one asset, however, which greatly surpassed the worldly goods of most debtors—his head. “Gentlemen,” said he, to the claimants, using the Spanish proverb, which has already been quoted from one of his writings, “time and I against any two. Let me take this good ally into company, and I believe I shall be able to pay you every farthing.” He further proposed, in their behalf, to insure the sum of 22,000*l.* upon his life. A trust deed was accordingly executed, in which he was considered as a member of the printing firm of James Ballantyne and Company; and it appeared that the whole debts, including what must have been contracted commercially, amounted to 102,000*l.*, of which, however, the author of Waverley considered himself as personally responsible for by far the greater part. The commercial world, in general, receives great honour from the forbearance manifested on this occasion, by a few of its members, who are even said to have proposed a scheme of settlement more advantageous to their debtor than what his sense of honour would admit of.

MALAGROWTHER'S LETTERS.

The commercial distresses of the country were at this period very great, and in the case of Scotland they were threatened to be much increased by the Parliamentary regulations then in progress, for reducing the monetary system to an equality with that of England. There was, perhaps, abstract justice in the proposal of the government; but, yet, to have suddenly altered a system so interwoven with the commercial existence of the country, as that of the small bank notes, was generally felt by men of sense, without the least regard to national feeling, as calculated to produce something little short of total ruin. There can be little doubt, however, that the clamours of the people themselves would have had no effect in staying the hand of Parliament, interpreted as they were sure to be into a selfish regard to personal interest, if his country's genius, Sir Walter Scott, had not stepped forward, and undertaken to show the fallacy upon which men in power were proceeding. On the 22d of

* His own description of them in *Marmion*.

February, he published a letter in the Weekly Journal newspaper, under the signature of Malachi Malagrowther, in which he delineated the absurdity of the Parliamentary scheme in language so rich in argument, humour, and pathos, as to produce a most extraordinary sensation. His feelings on this occasion were roused to an unusual pitch, and perhaps his own recent calamity contributed to give them force and pungency. Two days after the letter had appeared, he was in the printing-house, with his friend Mr. Ballantyne, when the latter remarked, that he had been more solicitous and careful about the *proof* of this little composition, than he had ever observed him to be respecting any of his productions. "Yes," said he, in a tone that electrified even this familiar friend, who had heard him speak before under all varieties of circumstances, "my former works were for myself, but this—*this is for my country!*" Two other letters in the same strain followed, and notwithstanding an answer to them, written by no less powerful a pen than that of Mr. J. W. Croker, they had the happy effect of procuring an exemption for Scotland from the contemplated enactments.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.

He then sat down, at fifty-five years of age, to the task of redeeming a debt exceeding a hundred thousand pounds. In the first place, he sold his furniture and house in Edinburgh, and retreated into a humble lodging in a second-rate street.* During the vacations, when residing at Abbotsford, he almost entirely gave up seeing company, a resolution the more easily carried into effect as Lady Scott was now dead. His expenses were thus much reduced; and yet, we are told, he never lived more agreeably in the days of his brightest splendour, than he now did in the company of his younger daughter alone, with a task before him which might have appalled many younger hearts. He was at this time labouring at his *Life of Napoleon*, which expanded under his hands to a bulk much beyond what was originally contemplated. In the autumn of 1826, he paid a visit to Paris, in company with Miss Scott, in order to acquaint himself with several local and historical details necessary for his work. On this occasion he was received in the kindest manner by the reigning monarch, the unfortunate Charles X. "The *Life of Napoleon Buonaparte*" appeared in the summer of 1827, in nine vols. 8vo. and produced to him, it is understood, the sum of 12,000*l.*, being at the rate of about 33*l.* a-day for the time he had been engaged on it. This, with other earnings and accessory resources, enabled him to pay the first dividend of his debts, amounting to six shillings and eight pence in the pound.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE WAVERLEY SECRET.

Till the failure of Messrs. Constable and Company, the *Waverley* secret was kept inviolate, though entrusted, as he has himself ac-

knowledgeed, to a considerable number of persons. The inquiries which took place into the affairs of the house, rendered it no longer possible to conceal the nature of its connection with Sir Walter Scott; and he now accordingly stood fully detected as the author of *Waverley*, though he did not himself think proper to make any overt claim to the honour. It may be mentioned, that, at the time of the failure, Sir Walter was in possession of bills for the novel of *Woodstock*, of which but a small part had as yet been written. A demand was made by the creditors of Messrs. Constable and Company upon the creditors of Sir Walter Scott, for the benefits of this work, when it should be made public. But the author, not reckoning this either just or legal, was resolved not to comply. The bills, he said, were a mere promise to pay; since, then, he had only promised to write, and they to pay, he would simply not write, and then the transaction would fall to the ground. On the claim being further pressed, he said, "The work is in my head, and there it shall remain." The question, however, was eventually submitted to arbitration, and decided in favour of the creditors of the author, for whose behoof the work was then after published.

The fact of the authorship continued to waver between secrecy and divulgement till the 24th of February, 1827, when Sir Walter presided at the first annual dinner of the Edinburgh Theatrical Fund Association, in the Assembly Rooms. There Lord Meadowbank,* in proposing the health of the chairman, used language to the following effect: "It was no longer possible, consistently with the respect due to one's auditors, to use upon this subject terms either of mystification, or of obscure or indirect allusion. The clouds have been dispelled—the darkness visible has been cleared away—and the Great Unknown—the Minister of our native land—the mighty Magician who has rolled back the current of time, and coaxed up before our living senses the men and manners of days which have long passed away, stands revealed to the hearts and the eyes of his affectionate and admiring countrymen." Sir Walter, though somewhat taken by surprise, immediately resolved to throw off the mantle, which, as he afterwards remarked to the writer of these notices, was getting somewhat tattered. "He did not think," he said, "that, in coming here to-day, he would have the task of acknowledging before three hundred gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than twenty people, had been remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before Lord Meadowbank as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring it a verdict of *Not Proven*. He did not now think it necessary to enter into the reasons of his long silence.

* St. David Street, where David Hume had formerly lived.

* A Judge of the Scottish Courts of Session and Justiciary.

Perhaps caprice had a great share in it. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself." [Here the audience broke into an absolute shout of surprise and delight.] "He was afraid to think on what he had done. 'Look on't again I dare not.' He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, then, seriously to state, that when he said he was the author, he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word written that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken, and the rod buried. His audience would allow him farther to say, with Prospero, 'Your breath has filled my sails.'"

He soon after followed up this confession with one more at large, in his Preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

NEW EDITION OF THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

About the same time, the copyright of all his past novels was brought to the hammer, as part of the bankrupt stock of Messrs. Constable and Company. It was bought by Mr. Robert Cadell, of the late firm of Archibald Constable and Company, at £4,000, for the purpose of republishing the whole of these delightful works in a cheap uniform series of volumes, illustrated by notes and prefaces, and amended in many parts by the finishing touches of the author. Sir Walter or his creditors were to have half the profits, in consideration of his literary aid.

This was a most fortunate design. The new edition began to appear in June 1829; and such was its adaptation to the public convenience, and the eagerness of all ranks of people to contribute in a way convenient to themselves, towards the reconstruction of the author's fortunes, that the sale soon reached an average of twenty-three thousand copies. To give the reader an idea of the magnitude of this concern—speaking commercially—it may be stated that, in the mere production of the work, not to speak of its sale, about a thousand persons, or nearly a hundredth part of the population of Edinburgh, were supported. The author was now chiefly employed in preparing these narratives for the new impression; but he nevertheless found time occasionally to produce original works. In November, 1828, he published the first part of a juvenile History of Scotland, under the title of "*Tales of a Grandfather*," being addressed to his grandchild, John Hugh Lockhart, whom he typified under the appellation of Hugh Littlejohn, Esq. In 1829, appeared the second, and in 1830, the third and concluding series of this charming book, which fairly fulfilled a half-sportive expression that had escaped him many years before, in the company of his children—that "he would yet make the History of Scotland as familiar in the nurseries of England, as lullaby rhymes." In 1830, he also contributed a *graver History of Scotland*, in two volumes, to the periodical

work called "*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia*." In the same year, appeared his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, as a volume of Mr. Murray's "*Family Library*."

The profits of these various publications, but especially his share of the profits of the new edition of his novels, enabled him, towards the end of the year 1830, to pay a dividend of three shillings in the pound, which, but for the accumulation of interest, would have reduced his debts to nearly one half. Of 54,000*l.* which had now been paid, all except six or seven thousand had been produced by his own literary labours: a fact which fixes the revenue of his intellect for the last four or five years at nearly 10,000*l.* a-year. Besides this sum Sir Walter had also paid up the premium of the policy upon his life, which, as already mentioned, secured a *post obit* interest of 22,000*l.* to his creditors.* On this occasion, it was suggested by one of these gentlemen (Sir James Gibson Craig,) and immediately assented to, that they should present to Sir Walter personally the library, manuscripts, curiosities, and plate, which had once been his own, as an acknowledgment of the sense they entertained of his honourable conduct.

RETIREMENT FROM OFFICE.

About the same time—that is, in November, 1830—Sir Walter retired from his office as a Principal Clerk of the Court of Session, retaining a large share of the salary appropriated to that office. It is much to the honour of the government of the day, that, without regard to the opposite principles of this illustrious public servant, they offered him a pension sufficient to make up the full amount of his usual salary, which, however, he respectfully, but firmly, declined.

His health, from his sixteenth year, had been very good, except during the years 1818 and 1819, when he suffered under an illness of such severity as to turn his hair quite grey, and send him out again to the world apparently ten years older than before. It may be mentioned, however, that this illness, though accompanied by very severe pain, did not materially interrupt or retard his intellectual labours. He was only reduced to the necessity of employing an amanuensis, to whom he dictated from his bed. The humorous character, Dugald Dalgetty, in the third Series of the *Tales of my Landlord*, and the splendid scene of the siege of Torquilston in *Ivanhoe*, were created under these circumstances. Mr. William Laidlaw, his factor, who at one time performed the task of amanuensis, has described how he would sometimes be stopped in the midst of some of the most amusing or most elevated scenes, by an attack of pain—which, being past, he would recommence in the same

* The aggregate dividends, at the period of his decease, amounted to exactly eleven shillings and eightpence in the pound: to which must be added the large sums due by the insurance offices.

tone at the point where he had left off, and so on for day after day, till the novel was finished.

It happened very unfortunately, that the severe task which he imposed upon himself, for the purpose of discharging his obligations, came at a period of life when he was least able to accomplish it. It will hardly be believed that, even when so far occupied with his official duties in town, he seldom permitted a day to pass over his head without writing as much as to fill a sheet of print, or sixteen pages; and this, whether it was of a historical nature, with of course the duty of consulting documents, or of fictitious matter spun from the loom of his fancy. Although this labour was alleviated in the country by considerable exercise, it nevertheless must have pressed severely upon the powers of a man nearly sixty by years, and full seventy by constitution. The reader may judge how strong must have been that principle of integrity, which could command such a degree of exertion and self-denial, not so much to pay debts contracted by himself, as to discharge obligations in which he was involved by others. He can only be likened, indeed, to the generous elephant, which, being set to a task above its powers, performed it at the expense of life, and then fell dead at the feet of its master.

His retirement from official duty might have been expected to relieve in some measure the pains of intense mental application. It was now too late, however, to redeem the health that had fled. During the succeeding winter, symptoms of gradual paralysis, a disease hereditary in his family, began to be manifested. His contracted limb became gradually weaker and more painful, and his tongue less readily obeyed the impulse of the will.

REFORM QUESTION.

As a high monarchist in principle, and attached personally to the royal family of France, Sir Walter contemplated the Revolution of July, 1830, with a different feeling from what was generally manifested upon the occasion by his countrymen. He feared that the new monarchy of Louis Philippe was only the commencement of a new series of ruinous changes, similar to those which followed the revolution of 1789. Sir Walter also beheld with alarm the impulse given by the popular triumphs in France to innovatory principles in Britain, and could not conceal that he believed the Reform Bill, consequently introduced into the House of Commons, to be the first step towards the ruin of this mighty empire. In the eyes of the majority of readers, this interpretation of their favourite measure will perhaps be held as indicating great political blindness, or else an interest in the continuance of those abuses which the Reform Bill was designed to abolish. But political leanings are oftener a matter of temperament than of reason, and to suppose that conservative principles arise invariably either from an interest in a bad system, or a deliberate preference of the bad to the good,

only argues blindness in those who maintain such doctrines. It is to be hoped, though it might be convenient in the fervour of the question to throw these imputations upon the Tories, as it was convenient for William III. in his manifesto to stigmatise the son of James II. as an impostor, the triumphant party will eventually allow that many well-meaning and even liberal thinkers opposed the measure only from a fear for the consequences of so sudden and so great a change. That Sir Walter Scott had no objections but of this sort, must be clear to every person who is in the least acquainted with his circumstances and personal character.

In March, 1831, the freeholders of Renburghshire (which, in reference to the county, may be styled a decidedly Tory county,) held a meeting at Jedburgh, in order to express their opinion of the Reform Bills, recently introduced by Lord John Russell. Sir Walter Scott, notwithstanding his declining health, felt it to be his duty to attend this meeting, in order to enter his protest against the contemplated measure. A gentleman who saw him on this occasion, describes his face as "shrunken, ill-coloured, and unhealthy, his voice hollow and tremulous, and his entire frame shaken, feeble, and diminished. But," continued this informant, "the leaven of Lion-heart was still strong within him." He sat in evident disquiet during the speeches of the ministerialists, till nearly the end of the meeting. He then rose with much of his wonted dignity, when addressing an assembly, (for you know his manner then is eminently noble and graceful) and told the meeting that he had come there that day with great reluctance, and at much personal inconvenience, as he had been for some time contending with severe indisposition.—"But, gentlemen," said he, clenching his iron fist, and giving it an energetic downward motion, "had I known that I should shed my blood on these boards, I would have spent my last breath in opposing this measure." He proceeded farther to argue the inexpediency of following French political fashions, and ended by saying, "I must take leave of you, gentlemen; and I shall do it in the well-known adage of the gladiator to the Emperor—*Mortuus vos Salutat*.*" In the course of this speech, he was hissed by a few individuals who were present only as auditors—of which he took no notice; but in replying to the gentleman who rose next, when the sound was repeated, he turned quick upon those who were expressing their disapprobation, and said that he cared no more for their hissing than for the braying of the beasts of the field. His feelings, nevertheless, are known to have been so much hurt by this great reverse—for to him it

* The full effect of this very touching expression can only be obtained by general readers through the medium of a note. In the bloody games of ancient Rome, when swordsmen or gladiators who intended to combat till slain were no longer any survivors on at least one side, were accustomed to pass first in review before the Emperor, and, in anticipation of their probable death, said, *Mortuus vos Salutat*, "We dying men now bid you farewell."

might be so considered—that, on his way home, he was observed to be in tears. There can be no doubt that the Jedburgh meeting, and the continued excitement upon the Reform question, did much to sadden the last days of this illustrious man, and perhaps also to accelerate his decline.

LAST ILLNESS.

During the summer of 1831, the symptoms of his disorder became gradually more violent; and to add to the distress of those around him, his temper, formerly so benevolent, so imperious, became peevish and testy, inasmuch that his most familiar relations could hardly venture, on some occasions, to address him. At this period, in writing to a friend, he thus expressed himself:—"Although it is said in the newspapers I am actually far from well, and instead of being exercising (*sic*), on a brother novelist, Chateaubriand, my influence to decide him to raise an insurrection in France, which is the very probable employment allotted to me by some of the papers, I am keeping my head as cool as I can, and speaking with some difficulty.

"I have owed you a letter longer than I intended, but write with pain, and in general use the hand of a friend. I sign with my initials, as enough to express the poor half of me that is left. But I am still much yours,

"W. S."

Since the early part of the year, he had, in a great measure, abandoned the pen for the purposes of authorship. This, however, he did with some difficulty, and it is to be feared that he resumed it more frequently than he ought to have done. "Dr. Abercrombie," says he, in a letter dated March 7, "threatens me with death if I write so much; and die, I suppose, I must, if I give it up suddenly. I must assist Lockhart a little, for you are aware of our connexion, and he has always showed me the duties of a son; but, except that, and my own necessary work at the edition of the Waverley Novels, as they call them, I can hardly pretend to put pen to paper; for after all this same dying is a ceremony one would put off as long as they could."

VISIT TO THE CONTINENT.

In the autumn, his physicians recommended a residence in Italy, as a means of delaying the approaches of his illness. To this scheme he felt the strongest repugnance, as he feared he should die on a foreign soil, far from the mountain-land which was so endeared to himself, and which he had done so much to endear to others; but by the intervention of some friends, whose advice he had been accustomed to respect from his earliest years, he was prevailed upon to comply. By the kind offices of Captain Basil Hall, liberty was obtained for him to sail in his Majesty's ship the *Barham*, which was then fitting out for Malta.

The illustrious invalid, on quitting the country, appended the following touching note to

his Fourth Series of the *Tales of my Landlord*—the last words he was destined ever to address to his countrymen:—

"The gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last *Tales* which it will be the lot of the author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master, to carry the Author of *Waverley* to climates in which he may readily obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole, an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportion of shadows and storms. They have affected him, at least, in no more painful manner, than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relations to him in the ranks of life, might have insured their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of *Waverley* has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from his body; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark, that—

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'

He set sail in the *Barham* from Portsmouth on the 27th of October, and, after a pleasant voyage, during which his health seemed considerably improved, he arrived at Malta. From this place, after a short residence, he proceeded to Naples, where he landed on the 27th of December.

In April he proceeded to Rome, which he entered on the 21st, and here also he was received with every mark of attention and respect. He inspected the remains of Roman grandeur with great interest, and paid a visit to Tivoli, Albani, and Frascati. If any thing could have been effectual in re-illuminating that lamp which was now beginning to pale its mighty lustrous, it might have been expected that *this* would have been the ground on which the miracle was to take place. But he was himself conscious, even amidst the flatteries of his friends, that all hopes of this kind were at

an end. Feeling that his strength was rapidly decaying, he determined upon returning with all possible speed to his native country, in order that his bones might not be laid (to use the language of his own favourite minstrelsy) "far from the Tweed." His journey was performed too rapidly for his strength. For six days he travelled seventeen hours a-day. The consequence was, that, in passing down the Rhine he experienced a severe attack of his malady, which produced complete insensibility, and would have inevitably carried him off, but for the presence of mind of his servant, who bled him profusely. On his arrival in London, he was conveyed to the St. James's Hotel, Jermyn Street, and immediately attended by Sir Henry Hallford and Dr. Holland, as well as by his son-in-law and daughter. All help was now, however, useless. The disease had reached nearly its most virulent stage, producing a total insensibility to the presence of even his most beloved relatives—

"Membrorum damno major, dementia, quæ nec
Nomina servorum, nec vultum agnoscit amici."

It is painful to think, that the unhappy condition to which he was now reduced, had long been contemplated by him, as what would, in all human probability, be his ultimate fate. He recollected the circumstances preceding the death of his father,* and the premonitory symptoms were in himself the same. Under the feelings which this reflection inspired, he penned, in 1827, a description of the last days of his parent, which he inserted, with some disguising circumstances, into his novel, called "Chronicles of the Canongate."

"The easy chair fitted with cushions, the extended limbs swathed in flannel, the wide wrapping-gown and night-cap, showed illness; but the dimmed eye, once so replete with living fire—the blabber lip, whose dilation and compression used to give such character to his animated countenance—the stammering tongue, that once poured forth such floods of masculine eloquence, and had often swayed the opinion of the sages whom he addressed—all these sad symptoms evinced, that my friend was in the melancholy condition of those in whom the principle of animal life has unfortunately survived that of mental intelligence. He gazed a moment at me, but then seemed insensible of my presence, and went on—he, once the most courteous and well-bred—to babble unintelligible but violent reproaches against his niece and servant, because he himself had dropped a tea-cup in attempting to place it on a table at his elbow. His eye caught a momentary fire from his irritation; but he struggled in vain for words to express himself adequately, as, looking from his servant to his niece, and then to the table, he laboured to explain that they had placed it (though it touched his chair) at too great a distance from him."

* Mr. Walter Scott, W. S. lived to an age more advanced than his son. He died April 11th, 1790, aged 70.

After perusing this picture, the reader will be ready to catch up the language used by the physician of this fictitious patient, and turn it into a reference to the illustrious author himself.

"I have heard our poor friend, in one of the most eloquent of his pleadings, give a description of this very disease, which he compared to the tortures inflicted by Mezentius, when he chained the dead to the living. The soul, he said, is imprisoned in its dungeon of flesh, and though retaining its natural and unalienable properties, can no more exert itself than the captive enclosed within a prison-house can act as a free-agent. Alas! to see him, who could so well describe what this malady was in others, a prey himself to its infirmities!"

After residing for some weeks in London, in the receipt of every attention which filial piety and medical skill could bestow, the expiring poet desired that, if possible, he might be removed to his native land—to his own home. As the case was reckoned quite desperate, it was resolved to gratify him in his dying wish, even at the hazard of accelerating his dissolution by the voyage. He accordingly left London on the 7th of July, and, arriving at Newhaven on the evening of the 9th, was conveyed, with all possible care, to a hotel in his native city. After spending two nights and a day in Edinburgh, he was removed, on the morning of the 11th, to Abbotsford.*

DEATH AND FUNERAL.

That intense love of home and of country, which had urged his return from the Continent, here seemed to dispel for a moment the clouds of the mental atmosphere. In descending the vale of Gala, at the bottom of which the view of Abbotsford first opens, it was found difficult to keep him quiet in his carriage, so anxious was he to rear himself up, in order to catch an early glimpse of the beloved scene. On arriving at his house, he hardly recognised any body or any thing. He looked vacantly on all the objects that met his gaze, except the well-remembered visage of his friend Laidlaw, whose hand he affectionately pressed, murmuring, "that now he knew he was at Abbotsford." He was here attended by most of the members of his family, including Mr. Lockhart, while the general superintendence of his death-bed (now too certainly such) was committed to Dr. Clarkson of Melrose. For two months he lingered in a state of almost total insensibility and mental deprivation, sometimes raving frantically, as if he supposed himself to be exercising the functions of a judge, but in general quite low and subdued. On one occasion he slept the uncommonly long period of twenty-seven

* August 6th, a bill was brought into the House of Commons by the Lord Advocate Jeffrey, to enable his Majesty to authorize a person to act as Sheriff of Scotland. In place of Sir Walter Scott, who was now unfit for his office by severe illness. The bill, though of an unusual kind, was immediately passed through all its stages. To give an idea of the duties which thus called so urgently for attention, it may be mentioned that, in five years, Sir Walter had decided forty one civil cases!

hours; and it was hoped that, on awakening, there might be some change for the better. But in this hope his anxious friends were disappointed. He was now arrived at that melancholy state, when the friends of the patient can form no more affectionate wish than that Death may step in to claim his own. Yet day after day did the remnants of a robust constitution continue to hold out against the gloomy foe of life; until, notwithstanding every effort to the contrary, mortification commenced at several parts of the body. This was about twelve days before his demise, which at length took place on the 21st of September, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon; the principles of life having been by that time so thoroughly worn out, that nothing remained by which pain could be either experienced or expressed.

The remains of this illustrious person were immediately consigned to a leaden coffin,* which had been prepared as soon as the symptoms of mortification appeared. His funeral was appointed to take place on Wednesday the 28th; and, preparatory to that melancholy ceremony, about three hundred gentlemen were invited by Major Sir Walter Scott, the eldest son of the deceased—the heir of one of the greatest names that ever was pronounced in Scotland. Among the persons thus called upon, were many individuals whose acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott was simply of a local character. On an occasion like this, when the most honoured head in the country was to be laid in the grave, it might have been expected that many individuals would have come of their own accord, especially from the neighbouring capital, to form part in a procession, which, however melancholy, was altogether of a historical character. But great events sometimes make less impression at the time than they do many years after: and such was the apathy towards this extraordinary solemnity, that only ten or twelve persons, among whom were the publishers of these sheets, had come from Edinburgh. It is also a very remarkable circumstance, that, as in ordinary funerals, not nearly the whole of those who had been invited, found it convenient to attend.

After a refection in the style usually observed on such occasions, the funeral train set forward to Dryburgh, where the family of the deceased possess a small piece of sepulchral ground,†

* The exterior coffin was observed at the funeral to be covered with black cloth, and gilt ornaments. Upon a tablet over the breast, were inscribed the words, "Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart. &c. ATAT 62."

† It originally belonged to the Halyburtons of Merton, an ancient and respectable baronial family, of which Sir Walter's paternal grandmother was a member. It is composed simply of the area comprehended by four pillars, one of the aisles of the ruined building. On a side wall is the following inscription:—"Sub hoc tumulo jacet Joannes Halyburtonus, Barro de Mertoun, vir religione et virtute clarus, qui obiit 17 die Augusti, 1640;" below which there is a coat of arms. On the back wall, the latter history of the spot is expressed on a small tablet, as follows:—"Hunc locum sepulture D. Seneschallus, Buchananus comes, Guallero, Thomæ, et Roberto Scott, nepotum Halyburtoni, concessit, 1791."—That is to say, the Earl of Buchan (late proprietor of the ruins and adjacent ground) granted this place of sepulture, in 1791, to Walter,

amidst the ruins of the Abbey. The procession consisted of about sixty vehicles of different kinds, and a few horsemen. It was melancholy at the very first to see the deceased carried out of a house which bore so many marks of his taste, and of which every point, and almost every article of furniture, was so identified with himself. But it was doubly touching to see him carried insensible and inurned through the beautiful scenery, which he has in different ways rendered from its most majestic to its minutest features, a matter of interest unto all time. There lay the grey and august ruin,* whose broken arches he has rebuilt in fancy, and whose deserted aisles he has re-peopled with all their former tenants—as lovely in its decay as ever; while he who had given it all its charm, was passing by, unconscious of its existence, and never more to behold it. At every successive turn of the way, appeared some object which he had either loved because it was the subject of former song, or rendered delightful by his own—from the Eildon Hills, renowned in the legendary history of Michael Scott—to

"Drygrange, with the milk-white yowes,
"Twixt Tweed and Leander standing;"†

to Cowdenknows, where once spear and helm

"Glanced gaily through the broom:‡

and so on to the heights above Gladwood, where Smailholme Castle appeared in sight—the scene of his childhood, being thus brought, after all the transactions of a mighty and glorious life, into the same prospect with his grave. During the time of the funeral all business was suspended at the burgh of Selkirk, and the villages of Darnick and Melrose; and in the former of these hamlets, several of the signs of the traders were covered with black cloth, while a flag of crape was mounted on the old fortalice, which rears itself in the midst of the inferior buildings. At every side avenue and opening, stood a group of villagers at gaze—few of them bearing the external signs of mourning, but all apparently impressed with a proper sense of the occasion. The village matrons and children clustered in windows or in lanes, displayed a mingled feeling of sorrow for the loss, and curiosity and wonder for the show. The husbandmen suspended their labour, and leant pensively over the enclosures. Old infirm people sat out of doors, where some of them, perhaps, were little accustomed to sit, surveying the passing caval-

Thomas, and Robert Scott, descendants of the Laird of Halyburton. The persons indicated were the father and uncles of Sir Walter Scott; but, though all are dead, no other member of the family lies there, besides his uncle Robert and his deceased lady. From the limited dimensions of the place, the body of the author of Waverley has been placed in a direction north and south, instead of the usual fashion; and thus, in death at least, he has resembled the Cameronians, of whose character he was supposed to have given such an unfavourable picture in one of his tales.

* Melrose Abbey.

† Old Song.

‡ Ballad of Thomas the Rhymer, in the Border Minstrelsy.

cade. And though the feelings of the gazers had, perhaps, as much reference to the local judge—"the *Skirra*"—as to the poet of the world, and of time, the whole had a striking effect. Those forming the procession, so far as they could abstract themselves from the feeling of the occasion, were also impressed with the extraordinary appearance which it bore, as it dragged its enormous length through the long reaches of the road—the hearse sometimes appearing on a far height, while the rear vehicles were stealing their way through a profound valley or chasm. The sky was appropriately hung, during the whole time of the ceremony, with a thick mass of clouds, which canopied the vale from one end to the other like a pall.

Towards nightfall the procession arrived within the umbrageous precincts of Dryburgh;* and the coffin, being taken from the hearse, was borne along in slow and solemn wise through the shady walks, the mourners following, to the amount of about three hundred. Before leaving Abbotsford, homage had been done to the religious customs of the country by the pronouncement of a prayer by Dr. Baird; the funeral service of the Episcopal Church (to which the deceased belonged) was now read in the usual manner by the Rev. John Williams,† whose distinction in literature and in scholarship eminently entitled him to this honour. The scene was at this time worthy of the occasion. In a small green space, surrounded by the broken but picturesque ruins of a Gothic Abbey, and overshadowed by wild foliage, just tinged with the melancholy hues of autumn, with mouldering statuary, and broken monuments meeting the eye wherever it attempted to pierce, stood the uncovered group of mourners, amongst whom could be detected but one feeling—a consciousness that the greatest man their country ever produced was here receiving from them the last attentions that man can pay to his brother man—which, however, in this case, reflected honour, not from the living to the dead, but (and to such a degree!) from the dead to the living. In this scene, where the efforts of man seemed struck with desolation, and those of nature crowned with beauty and triumph, the voice of prayer sounded with peculiar effect; for it is rare that the words of Holy Writ are pronounced in such a scene; and it must be confessed that they can seldom be pronounced over such a "departed brother." The grave was worthy of a poet—was worthy of Scott:—And so there he lies, amidst his own loved scenes, awaiting throughout the duration of time the visits of yearly thousands, after which the awakening of eternity, when alone can he be reduced to a level with other men.

* Dryburgh Abbey was founded in 1150 by David I., for monks of the kind called Premonstrates.—Hall's Annals, i.

† Of Balliol College, Oxford—Rector of the Edinburgh Academy, and Vicar of Lampeter.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

In stature, Sir Walter Scott was upwards of six feet, bulky in the upper part of the body, but never inclining in the least to what is called corpulency. His right limb was shorn from an early period of boyhood, and required to be supported by a staff, which he carried close to the toes, the heel turning a little inwards. The other limb was perfectly sound, but the foot was too long to bring it within the description of handsome. The chest, arms, and shoulders, were those of a strong man; but the frame, in its general movements, must have been much enfeebled by his lameness, which was such as to give an ungainly, though not inactive appearance to the figure. The most remarkable part of Sir Walter's person was his head, which was so very tall and cylindrical, as to be quite unique. The measurement of the part below the eyes, was full an inch and a half less than that above, which, both upon the old and new systems of phrenology, must be held as a striking mark of the intellectuality of his character. In early life, the hair was of a sandy pale colour; but it was changed by his illness in 1819 to a light grey, and latterly had become rather thin. The eye-brows, of the same hue, were so shaggy and prominent, that when he was reading or writing at a table, they completely shadowed the eyes beneath. The eyes were grey, and somewhat small, surrounded by numerous diverging lines, and possessing the extraordinary property of shutting as much from below as from above, when their possessor was excited by a ludicrous idea. The nose was the least elegant feature, though its effect in a front view was by no means displeasing. The cheeks were firm and close; and the chin small and undistinguished. The mouth was straight in its general shape, and the lips rather thin. Between the nose and mouth was a considerable space, intersected by a hollow, which gave an air of firmness to the visage. When walking alone, Sir Walter generally kept his eyes bent upon the ground, and had a somewhat abstracted and even repulsive aspect. But when animated by conversation, his countenance became full of pleasant expression. He may be said to have had three principal kinds of aspects: *First*, when totally unexcited, the face was heavy, with sometimes an appearance of vacancy, arising from a habit of drawing the under-lip far into his mouth, as if to facilitate breathing. *Second*, when stirred with some lively thought, the face broke into an agreeable smile, and the eyes twinkled with a peculiarly droll expression, the result of that elevation of the lower eye-lids, which has been just noticed. In no portrait is this aspect caught so happily, as in that painted near the close of his life, by Mr. Watson Gordon, (and of which a remarkably good engraving, by Horsburgh of Edinburgh, is prefixed to the revised edition of his novels,) no other painter, apparently, having detected the extraordinary

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muscular movement which occasions the expression. The *third* aspect of Sir Walter Scott was one of a solemn kind, always assumed when he talked of any thing which he respected, or for which his good sense informed him that a solemn expression was appropriate. For example, if he had occasion to recite but a single verse of romantic ballad poetry, or if he were informed of any unfortunate occurrence, in the least degree concerning the individual addressing him, his visage altered in a moment to an expression of deep veneration, or of grave sympathy.* The general tone of his mind, however, being decidedly cheerful, the humorous aspect was that in which he most frequently appeared. It remains only to be mentioned, in an account of his personal peculiarities, that his voice was slightly affected by the indistinctness which is so general in the county of Northumberland, in pronouncing the letter *r*, and that this was more observable when he spoke in a solemn manner, than on other occasions.

INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER.

Sir Walter Scott possessed in an eminent degree, the power of imagination with the gift of memory. If to this be added his strong tendency to venerate past things, we at once have the most obvious features of his intellectual character. A desultory course of reading had brought him into acquaintance with almost all the most fictitious literature that existed before his own day, as well as the minutest points of British, and more particularly Scottish history. His easy and familiar habits had also introduced him to an extensive observation of the varieties of human character. His immense memory retained the ideas thus acquired, and his splendid imagination gave them new shape and colour. Thus, his literary character rests almost exclusively upon his power of combining and embellishing past events, and his skill in delineating natural character. In early life, accident threw his exertions into the shape of verse—in later life, into prose; but, in whatever form they appear, the powers are not much different. The same magician is still at work, re-awaking the figures and events of history, or sketching the characters which we every day see around us, and investing the whole with the light of a most extraordinary fancy. His versified writings, though replete with good feeling, display neither the high imaginings nor the profound sympathies which are expected in poetry; their charm lies almost entirely in the re-creation of beings long since passed away, or the conception of others who might be supposed to have once existed. As some of the material elements of poetry were thus wanting, it was fortunate that he at last preferred prose as a vehicle for his ideas,—a medium of communication in which no more was expected than

what he was able or inclined to give, while it afforded a scope for the delineation of familiar character, which was nearly denied in poetry. As the discoverer and successful cultivator of this kind of fictitious writing, Sir Walter Scott must rank among the very highest names in British literature,—Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, being the only others who can be said to stand on the same level.

Among the minor powers of his mind, humour was one of the most prominent. Both in his prose writings, and in private conversation, he was perpetually making droll application of some ancient adage, of some snatch of popular literature, or some whimsical anecdote of real life, which he happened to think appropriate to the occasion. He was characterised to a degree uncommon in men of much less genius, by his worldly sagacity and common sense; the whole tone of his conversation was eminently rational—replete, no doubt, with benevolence, with humour, and with lively illustration, but never for a moment forsaking the walk of sound reflection and wisdom.

It is also to be remarked, as a still stronger proof of his possessing this enviable faculty, that, throughout his whole life, even when engaged most deeply in abstracting studies and pursuits, he maintained his credit as a prudent man of the world. A strong feeling of nationality was another of the features of his character, though perhaps it ought, in some measure, to be identified with his tendency to admire whatever belonged to the past. He loved Scotland and Scotchmen, but, it may be remarked, fully as much with a view to what they were, and what they did long ago, as to their later or present condition. Of the common people, when they came individually before him, it cannot be said that he was a despiser: to them, as to all who came in his way, he was invariably kind and affable. Nevertheless, from the highly aristocratic tone of his mind, he had no affection for the people as a body. He seems to have never conceived the idea of a manly and independent character in middle or humble life; and in his novels, where an individual of these classes is introduced, he is never invested with any virtue, unless obedience, or even servility to superiors, be of the number. Among the features of his character, it would be improper to omit noticing his passion for field sports, and for all the machinery by which they are carried on. He was so fond of a good horse, that the present writer has seen him turn the most serious conversation, in order to remark the strength and speed of one of these animals which he saw passing. He has also recorded his attachment to dogs, by being frequently drawn with one by his side. Considered simply as a writer of the English language, he does not rank high. His sentences are not only deformed to a great degree by the errors called *Scotticisms*, but are often constructed in a slovenly and defective manner. It is also obvious, that, in his at-

* His more rapt and enthusiastic aspect has been conveyed to marble by Mr. Joseph, formerly of Edinburgh, now of London.

tempts to compose history, he neither takes the pains necessary for insuring correctness, nor can prevent his imagination from giving too much aid to the picture. It was not, perhaps, altogether without grounds, that General Gourgaud spoke of his *Life of Napoleon*, as the last romance by the Author of *Waverley*.

PERSONAL CHARACTER.

It is by far the greatest glory of Sir Walter Scott, that he shone equally as a good and virtuous man, as he did in his capacity of the first fictitious writer of the age. His behaviour through life was marked by undeviating integrity and purity, insomuch that no scandalous whisper was ever yet circulated against him. The traditional recollection of his early life is burdened with no stain of any sort. His character as a husband and a father is altogether irreproachable. Indeed, in no single relation of life does it appear, that he ever incurred the least blame. His good sense, and good feeling united, appear to have guided him aright through all the difficulties and temptations of life; and, even as a politician, though blamed by many for his exclusive sympathy in the cause of established rule, he was always acknowledged to be too benevolent and too unobtrusive to call for severe censure. Along with the most perfect uprightness of conduct, he was characterised by extraordinary simplicity of manners. He was invariably gracious and kind, and it was impossible ever to detect in his conversation a symptom of his grounding the slightest title to consideration upon his literary fame, or of his even being conscious of it. Of all men living, the most modest, as likewise the greatest and most virtuous, was Sir Walter Scott.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.*

It is almost hard upon us to hold such a man as Gouverneur Morris in the light of a foreigner. In race at least he was British: his youth was spent in allegiance to Britain, the great examples he proposed to himself for imitation were Britons, the very spirit with which he resisted the authority of England, his energy, coolness and perseverance, were all stamped with the true island character. The decisions of the political world, however, sometimes fix the boundaries of literature, and in this instance we are authorized to pounce upon this work as foreign, which, neither in genius nor in language, breathes a spark of un-English spirit. In sentiment—in exclusive attachment to the United States—the constitution of which was in part his handy-work, and in a sort of jealousy and suspicious vigilance of England—Gouver-

neur Morris is as thoroughly foreign, as though he had neither been bred a subject of England, nor spoke its language as an orator, nor wrote it as a legislator and man of letters. Gouverneur Morris was one of the heroes of the American revolution; not in the field, however, were either his courage or his abilities displayed, but in the senate, and the closet, and the cabinet. In the midst of difficulties he was a man of unfailing elasticity; when others despaired, he displayed his resources; amidst the struggles of jealousy and selfishness, and the backsliding and despondency of cowardice and timidity, he always stood up undismayed and undisgusted, beaming with hope, fertile in expedient, and steady of purpose. Finance, the main spring of a new state, was his great forte—in this his counsel was always as wise as it was ingenious; from the nature of his early pursuits, and the character of his mind, he seems not only to have anticipated the truths of political economy, but to have so well understood their working, that he was not, like many theorists of the present day, exposed to the mischance of applying truth in such a bungling manner as to produce error. Some men have acquired a wider-spread fame than this friend of Washington, but none stood higher in the estimation of his fellow architects of the grand republic of the West. He was a steady and active agent, friend and support, on whom they could always reckon for efficient service. It is such men that can manage the helm of a country in a revolution, and such men alone. Weaker and more inconstant persons are flung aside by the wheel, or swept overboard by the wave; but his firmness, force, and weight of metal maintained him at his post till the storm was weathered; nay, till long after the vessel of the state was safely secured and laid up in harbour.

Gouverneur Morris was descended from a leader in Cromwell's army, who had emigrated to the state of New York, under motives at that time common. Each of his ancestors had enjoyed some degree of eminence in their parent state, and had acquired a property, called *Morrisania*, where Gouverneur was born in the year 1752. His father, Lewis Morris, was judge of Vice-Admiralty for New York, and had several children, the eldest of whom, Lewis, was a member of the Old Congress, and a signer of the declaration of independence. The second, Staats Long, became a general officer in the British army, was at one time a member of parliament, and married the Duchess of Gordon. Gouverneur was the fourth son, and by a second marriage. His father died before he was twelve years old, leaving him to the care of his mother. A provision was made for his education, and by a clause in his father's will it was directed that the best to be procured either in Europe or America should be bestowed. His father had even, it seems, at the age of eight years, observed the capabilities of his child. Great pains were accordingly

* The *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers, detailing events in the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and in the Political History of the United States. By Jared Sparks. 3 vols. 8vo. Boston. 1832.

employed under the judicious direction of an affectionate mother, and the result, both in conduct and cultivation, was of the most satisfactory kind. All the eminent men of Mr. Morris's family had been remarkable for their acuteness, their skill in discussion, and power of argument. In addition to these hereditary qualities, Gouverneur possessed an active and excursive imagination, a warm flow of eloquence, and much versatility of character. He had, moreover, a decided propensity to mathematical studies, which is not often found in alliance with the gifts of the imagination. In Mr. Morris, however, the fancy was but the handmaid of his reason; if he drew upon the imagination, it was only for the purpose of dressing up the dictates of the judgment in more seducing colours. His love of mathematical science remained to him all his life, and is said to have been of great service to him in his financial and mercantile pursuits, and more especially in the conduct and management of that splendid national undertaking, on which he occupied himself during his latter years in his retirement in his native state—the great canal which joins the waters of Lake Erie with the Hudson. It was amusement to him to pursue rapid calculations in his mind, and to make out the solution of arithmetical difficulties, unassisted by figures; and sometimes he found occasion for his higher skill in solving practical problems in physical science, such as relate to the velocity and force of running water, and the motion of machinery.

Such were some of the intellectual distinctions of this young man; but as in, perhaps, all other successful cases, the part he played in life was made rather by his moral than his mental qualities. The distinctive feature of a thoroughly healthy mind is an accurate and well defined knowledge of its own powers, and, placed on this foundation, a due degree of self confidence. Gouverneur Morris has often been heard to say that in all his intercourse with men he never knew the sensation of fear or inferiority, of embarrassment or awkwardness. A happy temperament, which, though it may sometimes perhaps assume the appearance of boldness or presumption, yet, by giving a man the full command of all his resources, must almost ensure success, when combined with judgment and spirit, in every affair in which the individual may be called to take a part. Mr. Morris's biographer observes "that although this almost daring self-possession, which never forsook him, may at times have deprived his manners of the charm, which a becoming diffidence and gentleness of demeanour are apt to infuse, yet as a means of advancement in the world, it must be allowed, when properly regulated, to take precedence of every other quality."

Such a man is not slow to distinguish himself even in youth. At eighteen Gouverneur Morris wrote against a plan of issuing a paper currency, entertained by the assembly of New

York in 1759: "The first fruits," says Mr. Sparks, "of his financial abilities, afterwards so eminently developed, are clearly seen in these juvenile essays." In October 1771, Mr. Morris, full three months before he was twenty years of age, was licensed to act as an attorney. "His financial discussions and some other proofs of his abilities had made him known to the principal men of the province; and a volunteer address to the jury, about the time of his being licensed, on some occasion in which the community took a deep interest, was represented by the hearers as an extraordinary display of eloquence and skilful reasoning in so young a man. With the advantages of his family name, a fine person, an agreeable elocution, active and industrious habits, talents and ambition, no young man in the province was thought to exhibit a fairer promise of rapid advancement and ultimate eminence in his profession. But providence had destined him to another and wider sphere. It was his fortune to come upon the theatre of action at a time, when events of the greatest moment both to his country and to the civilized world at large were ripening into maturity, and it was likewise his fortune to take a conspicuous part in the accomplishment of those events. For the present, however, his views reached no further than to the limited distinction of a colonial lawyer, and his chief aim was to attain an elevated rank in the profession of his choice. Bent steadily on his purpose, neither his ambition nor his active spirit would allow him to neglect any means of qualifying himself for the fullest expansion and best use of his powers."—vol. i. p. 16.

When the disputes between the colonies and Great Britain arose, Mr. Morris, young as he was, took a cool and dispassionate view of the affair, which, by no means led him to consider the throwing off the allegiance to the mother country a desirable event. He saw that the consequence would be the destruction of the aristocracy, and the sovereignty of the mob, and he had been neither bred nor educated in such a manner as to lead him to look forward with satisfaction to what he calls the "worst of all possible dominions—the domination of a riotous mob." Thus Mr. Morris was by no means early in the field as one of the "sons of liberty;" but as soon as the country with a general unanimity had agreed in abandoning the protection of the parent state, and asserting its own independence, no unworthy hesitation, no shuffling middle course, no tampering with both sides, was discoverable in him; he immediately took the side of his country, and never once looked back. Mr. Morris was a member of the first Provincial Congress of New York, which was convened in the spring of 1775, and he continued a member of that body under its various names of Congress, Convention, and Committee of Safety, with the exception of a short period, for nearly three years, till he went to the Continental Congress. In the state

assemblies, Mr. Morris was distinguished for his sound views in matters of finance, and for the clear-sighted eloquence with which he decried the idea of a reunion with Britain after a revolt had once taken place, and maintained the glorious prospects of an independence. Fragments of his speeches are preserved, and many of them are specimens of a noble eloquence. We have only room for a paragraph of a speech, in which he runs through the common-place and cant phrase by which a case was endeavoured to be made out for returning to their ancient allegiance,—such as protection, security, &c. afforded by the present government.

“Thus, Sir, by means of that great gulph which rolls its waves between Europe and America; by the situation of these colonies, always adapted to hinder or interrupt all communication between the two; by the productions of our soil, which the Almighty has filled with every necessary to make us a great maritime people; by the extent of our coasts, and those immense rivers which serve at once to open a communication with our interior country, and teach us the arts of navigation; by those vast fisheries, which, affording an inexhaustible mine of wealth and a cradle of industry, breed hardy mariners, inured to danger and fatigue; finally, by the unconquerable spirit of freemen, deeply interested in the preservation of a government, which secures to them the blessings of liberty, and exalts the dignity of mankind; by all these, I expect a full and lasting defence against any and every part of the earth; while the great advantages to be derived from a friendly intercourse with this country, almost render the means of defence unnecessary, from the great improbability of being attacked. So far peace seems to smile upon our future independence. But that this fair goddess will equally crown our union with Great Britain, my fondest hopes cannot lead me even to suppose. Every war in which she is engaged must necessarily involve us in its detestable consequences; whilst weak and unarmed, we have no shield of defence, unless such as she may please (for her own sake) to afford, or else the pity of her enemies, and the insignificance of slaves, beneath the attention of a generous foe.”
—vol. i. p. 103.

After the declaration of independence, and the confusion and disasters that ensued from the military operations in the province of New York, the assembly assumed a migratory character, and was held in various spots. Mr. Morris remained a firm and active member; and when it became necessary to form a constitution for the state, and organize its establishment, the burthen chiefly rested upon him, Mr. Jay, Mr. Livingston, and some few others. Mr. Morris was one of the first delegates to Congress under the new constitution of New York. He had now been nearly three years in public life, and he entered Congress with a reputation for talent and general intelligence, zeal, and activity in business, probably not surpassed by that of any other person of his age in the country, being not yet twenty-six years

old. On the very day that Mr. Morris presented his credentials, he was appointed on a committee of great importance, which rendered it necessary for him and four others to repair to the army, then encamped at Valley Forge, with a view to its regulation. It was here that the friendship with General Washington commenced; it knew no change until death removed one of the parties from its enjoyment. Mr. Morris was always honoured with the esteem, confidence, and approbation of that great man. Whilst here, he wrote a letter to his friend Jay, dated Valley Forge, Feb. 1, 1778, which we shall quote, as bringing our readers more familiarly acquainted with the spirit and views of the writer.

“Dear Jay,

“Congress have sent me to this place, in conjunction with some other gentlemen, to regulate their army, and in truth not a little regulation has become necessary. Our quartermaster and commissary departments are in the most lamentable situation. Opportunities have been neglected in the last campaign which were truly golden ones, but omnipotent fatality had, it seems, determined that the American capital should fall. Our sentiments on this occasion are so perfectly coincident, that I will not enlarge.

“The mighty Senate of America is not what you have known it. The Continental Congress and currency have both depreciated, but, in the hands of the Almighty architect of empires, the stone, which the builders have rejected, may easily become head of the corner. The free, open, and undisturbed communication with the city of Philadelphia, debauches the minds of those in its vicinity with astonishing rapidity. This State is sick even unto the death. Just before the reduction of the forts, the enemy balanced exactly upon the point of quitting the city, and a straw would have turned in either scale.

“Our troops,—*Heu misericors!* The skeleton of an army presents itself to our eyes in a naked, starving condition, out of health, out of spirits. But I have seen Fort George in the summer of 1777. Next campaign I believe we shall banish these troublesome fellows.* For Heaven's sake, my dear friend, exert yourself strenuously in the great leading business of taxation. To that great wheel, ‘a thousand petty spokes and small annexments are mortised and adjoined.’ I earnestly entreat you, and my other friend,† *fortia opponere pectora*, to that fatal system of limitation, which, if carried into execution, would be downright ruin, and in the ineffectual attempt will carry us to the brink of it. York Town and its neighbourhood, although near ninety miles from Philadelphia, already consider our money almost as waste paper.

“My love to Livingston. I shall write to him by this opportunity, if I can find time to send a long letter, which indeed I owe him. Remember me to Mrs. Jay, and believe me yours,

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.”

* “That is, the British troops in Philadelphia.”

† “Doubtless Robert R. Livingston.”

‡ “The paper money issued by the state of New York.”

In October, 1778, the instructions were prepared to be sent from Congress to Dr. Franklin, as minister plenipotentiary at the court of Versailles. It is an honourable testimony to the high standing of Mr. Morris, that the task of drawing up these instructions was assigned to him, and the more so, as they were the first that had ever been sent to an American minister at a foreign court.

In February, 1779, when a committee of five was appointed by Congress to consider certain important despatches from the American commissioners abroad, and communications from the French minister in the United States, Mr. Morris was placed at its head. The report of this committee, in its character and consequences, was perhaps the most important brought forward during the war. It became the basis of the peace, and embraced all the points then deemed essential or advisable to be urged in a treaty with England. This report was discussed in all its multifarious bearings from time to time for upwards of six months. In these debates, Mr. Morris took a large share and a prominent lead. When they came to an end, the results were embodied by him in drafts of instructions to the ministers, afterwards to be appointed for making peace, and were unanimously adopted by Congress without change.

These occupations, it may be supposed, utterly consumed the time and labour of Mr. Morris; but it was likewise necessary that he should provide the means of his support, by following in some measure the business of his profession. When applied to, not many years before his death, for written materials respecting events of the revolution in which he had been personally engaged, he gave the following account of the manner in which he was employed during the time he was a member of Congress.

"I have no notes," said he, "or memorandums of what passed during the war. I led then the most laborious life which can be imagined. This you will readily suppose to have been the case, when I was engaged with my departed friend, Robert Morris, in the office of finance. But what you will not so readily suppose is, that I was still more harassed while a member of Congress. Not to mention the attendance from eleven to four in the House, which was common to all, and the appointment to special committees, of which I had a full share, I was at the same time Chairman, and of course did the business of three standing committees, viz. on the commissary's, quarter-master's, and medical departments. You must not imagine that the members of these committees took any charge or burden of the affairs. Necessity, preserving the democratical forms, assumed the monarchical substance of business. The chairman received and answered all letters and other applications, took every step which he deemed essential, prepared reports, gave orders, and the like, and merely took the members of a committee into a chamber, and for the form's sake made the needful communication, re-

ceived their approbation, which was given of course. I was moreover obliged to labour occasionally in my profession, as my wages were insufficient for my support. I would not trouble you with this abstract of my situation, if it did not appear necessary to show you why I kept no notes of my services, and why I am perhaps the most ignorant man alive of what concerns them.' All the papers he has left pertaining to that period, as well as the printed records, confirm the accuracy of this picture of his life in Congress."—vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

Mr. Morris was twice elected by his state to Congress; the third time he was superseded. During the whole period of his official duties, he had not been able to make a single visit to his native province; and it was alleged against him, that in urging the general interests of the country, he was forgetful of the peculiar objects of the state for which he was a member. The state, however, had other members, against whom this charge could not be made, and who were sufficient for the dispatch of its business. In all probability the charge was a mere manoeuvre, and his displacement is to be attributed to the preponderance of private intrigue. Be this as it may, Mr. Morris once more became a private individual—was adopted as a citizen of Pennsylvania, and established himself as a lawyer in Philadelphia.

Though Mr. Morris retired from a public situation, he by no means abandoned public affairs. He found leisure to take into minute consideration the finances of the country, which, in the year 1780, had assumed a very gloomy aspect. The doctrines of Mr. Morris were mostly adopted in practice, and many of the truths which he then announced have become familiar. The topics he discussed, the currency, the coinage, the Banks of America, though deeply interesting to the States, even to the present day, would scarcely bear analysis in a work intended for European readers. Suffice it to say, they convinced the whole of the republic of Mr. Morris's thorough mastery of that subject, and probably led, when the different departments of the executive came to be organized, to his appointment as assistant financier to his friend Robert Morris, a man of great ability and sterling integrity. This office seems to answer to a Secretary to the Treasury, or deputy Chancellor of the Exchequer with us. In this position Mr. Morris remained some time, and was occupied in many useful labours. One of the ablest of his publications was on the establishment of a bank; and he was, in fact, the planner of the first bank in the United States. The situation of assistant financier Mr. Morris retained till the end of the war, when he retired from that office, and betook himself anew to the practice of the law. He was also more or less associated with Robert Morris in his mercantile affairs and other speculations, sometimes acting as his agent, at others devising plans of new adventure, purchases of stocks, of lands, or any

other projects which promised successful results, and the means of accumulating property. By their long intimacy, though not at all related, they had acquired a perfect knowledge of each other's character, which, strengthened by a mutual confidence, enabled them to co-operate with double effect in executing the splendid schemes of enterprise which marked the career, both private and public, of the great American financier.

Mr. Morris now found some leisure to visit his birth-place. His father had only slenderly provided for Gouverneur after taking care of his education, but with the assistance of his friends he now became the possessor of the paternal estate of Morrisania, which, falling to his elder brother, General Morris, who had no intention of residing in America, he was naturally glad to transfer to Gouverneur.

Somewhere about this time, too, Mr. Morris had the misfortune to be thrown from his phaeton in the streets of Philadelphia. The accident was attended by a severe fracture of the leg, and subsequent amputation. He bore the operation with the utmost coolness, and the day after, made some remarks upon the subject that have been thought worth preserving.

"The day after the accident occurred, a friend called to see him, who thought it his duty to offer as much consolation as he could on an event so melancholy. He dwelt upon the good effects which such a trial would produce on his character and moral temperament, and the diminished inducements it would leave for seeking the pleasures and dissipations of life, into which young men are too apt to be led. 'My good Sir,' replied Mr. Morris, 'you argue the matter so handsomely, and point out so clearly the advantages of being without legs, that I am almost tempted to part with the other.'

"To another person, who visited him on the same occasion, and gave utterance to his feelings of sympathy and regret, he replied: 'O Sir, the loss is much less than you imagine; I shall doubtless be a steadier man with one leg than with two.'

"A plain wooden leg, or what was scarcely more than a rough stick properly fitted to the limb, was the remedy for this loss, and he soon acquired such a facility in its use, that it gave him little trouble, either in walking, or in other movements of his body. After he arrived in Europe, he saw people walking about with cork legs, and making a figure as he conceived so much more graceful than his limb of oak, that he resolved to try the experiment. A leg-maker was sent for, and various contrivances fabricated, but he found fault with them all, and after a short trial he dismissed the artist and his cork inventions, and returned to the simplicity of his original substitute, which he never again laid aside. On one occasion he asked a favour for his wooden leg, which was readily granted, although a serious encroachment on court etiquette; and this was, that when he should be introduced to the king of France, as Minister from the United

States, he should be allowed to appear without a sword."—vol. i. p. 224.

Mr. Morris resided seven years in Pennsylvania, and was elected a delegate for that extensive state to the Convention appointed for drawing up a constitution. Of this Convention, which sat for four months, Mr. Morris was one of the most useful members, and his share in the formation of the constitution may be considered as the greatest work in which he was called to co-operate. After long and arduous discussion, the Convention at length agreed upon the articles, and placed the draft in Mr. Morris's hands to receive their final form. In the words of Mr. Madison, "the talents and taste of the author were stamped on the face of it."

On the promulgation of the constitution, Mr. Morris retired to Morrisania, and afterwards was called by his mercantile affairs into Virginia. Large contracts had been entered into by Robert Morris for supplying France with tobacco, and as Virginia was the centre of that traffic, it was necessary to have an agent on the spot. After staying a great portion of a year there, Mr. Morris determined on a voyage to Europe. He was amply supplied with the proper introductions by Washington, and set sail, in a private capacity, for France at the latter end of the year 1788.

Mr. Morris arrived in Paris on the 3d of February, 1789, a period of general excitement: the revolution was in the act of fermentation. The first persons he sought out were Mr. Jefferson, the American minister, and La Fayette, with the latter of whom he had been well acquainted in America; and they, of course, now communicated freely with him on the great subject of politics, which at that time engrossed the thoughts of every reflecting man in the country. Mr. Morris, fresh from the establishment of an independent republic (after having spent his youth and best energies in resisting the rule of a mild monarchy), and the Marquis de la Fayette, one of the heroes of the American war, and a most strenuous advocate of the cause of liberty, might have been expected to fall in heartily with each other's views. Least of all could it have been anticipated that the practical republican of America should look with coldness on theoretical republicanism in France. It is nevertheless true, that Mr. Morris deprecated revolutionary projects and principles, and never could coincide in the sentiments of his friend La Fayette. The first mention of him in the Diary of Mr. Morris relates to his first interview. "La Fayette," he writes, "is full of politics; he appears to be too republican for the genius of his country." When La Fayette showed him a draft of the celebrated *Declaration of Rights*, which he first proposed to the National Assembly, Mr. Morris writes—"I gave him my opinions, and suggested several amendments, tending to soften the high coloured expressions of freedom. It is not by

sounding words that revolutions are produced." Mr. Morris had borne the brunt of a revolution; he knew the character of its workings; experiment had taught him its tremendous chances; and he saw few about him in France qualified to conduct them to a favourable termination. La Fayette had been an amateur in the same great business; a military volunteer in a successful war; his imagination had been gratified by beholding the grand spectacle of a nation rise up in freedom; but his share in getting it up had not admitted him to the anxieties and apprehensions of those behind the scenes. The *Declaration of Rights* has long been abandoned as a piece of legislative folly; and Mr. Morris, of all the truths he spoke, never uttered a sounder opinion than that revolutions do not come about by fine words.

But Mr. Morris viewed with equal distaste the principles and opinions of other leaders of the revolution. They were paper-politicians. He saw that there was not one of them who was aware of the practical results of his opinions, nor of the practical steps which led to their being put into actual execution. The revolution was an affair of sentiment and passion, and by these he well knew that much might be overturned, but that in its place nothing good was likely to be established. Every man had his project, every man had his speech, though none had ears for other eloquence than their own. But amidst all this oratory, and all these plans, there were no leaders acquainted with the management and conduct of a nation; and in the nation itself there were no definite objects, no settled opinions, in short, neither knowledge nor moral force. Mr. Morris never considered these as arguments for a denial of justice, against a redress of grievances, or a thorough reform of the old system of misgovernment; but he saw enough of the most prominent promoters of the revolution, and knew enough of the genius of the country, to be well aware that the new order of things was not to be abandoned to the pleasure of either leaders or people. With these opinions, Mr. Morris, all through the various crises of the revolution—and his residence at Paris continued till its most violent scenes had passed, when he was recalled in 1794, and superseded by Mr. Munroe—leaned to the weaker side—that of the monarchy, nominally only the side of power; and had he had the guidance of the King of France's counsels, or had a man of equal firmness, sagacity, liberality, and energy been in that post, we are strongly inclined to think, that the French might have obtained as good, or a better constitution, under Louis XVI. than they now have under Louis Philippe, after all the changes of dynasty, after all the bloodshed and warfare, after all the loss of treasure, the wreck of private happiness, and the agony of public misery, that have been experienced for forty years, not by France alone, but it may be said by all Europe. The gross

misconduct of the government was only to be equalled by the intemperance of its opponents. Mr. Morris had his eyes open to the faults of both parties, and never concealed his sentiments, and as little his sympathies. They were, moreover, expressed with that temper, point, and force, which carries weight, and never fails to produce an impression. The high qualities of the American republican gave his disapproval of the French ones a stinging power, which, in such times of passion, was little likely to be overlooked or forgiven. His appointment as minister after some residence among them in a private character, was therefore not popular, and the reports which the French patriots communicated to their American brethren, appear to have made some sensation in the States. But the high character of Gouverneur Morris was unassailable, and Washington and the depositories of power at home were as convinced of his wisdom as his worth.

The Diary which Mr. Morris kept during the revolution, until the time came when it was dangerous to do so, is a very interesting document. Large extracts are given from it in this publication; we should say, judging as well as we can without having seen the original, that the whole ought to have appeared, and the objection made respecting the limits of the work might have been obviated by publishing the Diary in a separate form. We have reason, however, to be thankful for what we have got. It has clearly been intended solely for private use—a circumstance which confers an additional value on its contents, and reflects a higher credit on the writer, when we find so many valuable remarks among the unstimulated efforts of a private journal, and so many just views among the first impressions and mere aids to the author's future reflections.

The position of Mr. Morris was an admirable one for a spectator. His ministerial functions (after he assumed them) gave him immunity, while they brought him into contact with the various representatives of government; his connection with a republic gave him access to the leaders of a nation of citizens; his known sympathy with the perishing monarchy opened the court to him; while his own social powers and high character made him a favourite in the best society that Paris then afforded.

The Diary is illustrated by his correspondence during the revolution, chiefly dated from Paris, and addressed to Washington, Jefferson, and others, to whom, either privately or officially, he felt bound to convey accurate notions of the state of the country and the progress of the revolution. This correspondence occupies the principal part of the second volume, and will be considered indispensable by all future students of the history of the period. The letters, as well as the Diary, contain the opinions of the author on current affairs, and

are formed on the best information that he could procure at the moment. In the midst of a raging party, and a confusion of interests and designs, it would necessarily be difficult to disentangle truth from falsehood, and still more difficult among so many elements at work, to foresee the exact results of any particular event. But we must remember that Mr. Morris was fresh from a revolution, and he approached the subject with a deep learning in the ebbs, and flows, and currents of a highly excited political atmosphere. It is not a little remarkable that in these writings he has scarcely ever taken a single view of the course of events, or passed a judgment on any character, that time has not confirmed. By following his remarks, we get as luminous a view of the springs of the revolution as from any work whatever, of course reckoning upon a knowledge of the mere chronicle of events, such as any historical gazetteer will supply.

The first letter from Paris is dated a very few weeks after his arrival in France; but he reached that country at the time when all the world was preparing to send the States-General to the capital, and of the character of that excitement it did not require long to judge. Writing to the French minister to the United States to thank him for his letters of introduction, Mr. Morris introduces a paragraph which supplies a complete picture of France between the summons of the States and their election.

"Your nobles, your clergy, your people, are all in motion for the elections. A spirit, which has been dormant for generations, starts up and stares about, ignorant of the means of obtaining, but ardently desirous to possess its object,—consequently, active, energetic, easily led, but also easily, too easily, misled. Such is the instinctive love of freedom, which now grows warm in the bosom of your country. That respect for his sovereign, which forms the distinctive mark of a Frenchman, stimulates and fortifies on the present occasion those sentiments, which have hitherto been deemed most hostile to monarchy; for Louis the Sixteenth has himself proclaimed from the throne a wish, that every barrier should be thrown down, which time or accident may have opposed to the general felicity of his people. It would be presumptuous in me even to guess at the effects of such causes, operating on materials and in situations of which I confess to you the most profound ignorance."—vol. ii. p. 60.

In a letter (Feb. 25th, 1789,) to Mr. Carmichael, at that time the minister of the United States at Madrid, Mr. Morris touches upon the singularity already alluded to, that the American republican in Paris should stand up for a falling monarchy.

"A republican, and just as it were emerged from that assembly, which has formed one of the most republican of all republican constitutions, I preach incessantly respect for the prince, attention to the rights of the nobility, and moderation, not only in the object, but also in the pursuit of it. All this, you will say, is none of my busi-

ness; but I consider France as the natural ally of my country, and of course, that we are interested in her prosperity; besides, to say the truth, I love France, and, as I believe the king to be an honest and good man, I sincerely wish him well, and the more so, as I am persuaded that he earnestly desires the felicity of his people."—vol. ii. pp. 62, 63.

In a letter, written a month afterwards to Washington, Mr. Morris notices the well-known Anglo-mania which raged among the French nobility a short time previously to the explosion of the revolution. It is another characteristic of the time.

"This country presents an astonishing spectacle to one who has collected his ideas from books, and information half a dozen years old. Everything is à l'Anglais, and a desire to imitate the English prevails alike in the cut of a coat, and the form of a constitution. Like the English, too, all are engaged in parliamenteering; and when we consider how novel this last business must be, I assure you your progress is far from contemptible."—vol. ii. p. 63.

A letter to Washington, dated April 26th, 1789, is pregnant with numerous important conclusions. The elections were just finished, and the instructions (*cahiers*) given to the representatives, (and which in England it is now the fashion to call pledges,) were calculated to secure certain points, which had the representatives secured, France would have become perfectly free as to the principles of her constitution. But the representatives, instead of being intent upon their *cahiers*, chose to try contests of strength with the other orders *in limine*, and prevailed; then came necessarily a confusion from which the issue mainly depended on the character of the king, the morality of statesmen and leaders, and the steadiness and constancy of the people. We shall find abundant instruction generally in these letters as to the nature of the materials for a revolution then existing in France; and in this letter to Washington the deficiencies, in a moral point of view, are exhibited with great clearness.

"The materials for a revolution in this country are very indifferent. Every body agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals; but this general position can never convey to an American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric, or force of language, that the idea can be communicated. A hundred anecdotes, and a hundred thousand examples, are required to show the extreme rottenness of every member. There are men and women who are greatly and eminently virtuous. I have the pleasure to number many in my own acquaintance; but they stand forward from a back ground deeply and darkly shaded. It is however from such crumbling matter, that the great edifice of freedom is to be erected here. Perhaps, like the stratum of rock, which is spread under the whole surface of their country, it may harden when exposed to the air; but it seems quite as likely that it will fall and crush the builders.

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"I own to you that I am not without such apprehensions, for there is one fatal principle which pervades all ranks. It is a perfect indifference to the violation of engagements. Inconstancy is so mingled in the blood, marrow, and very essence of this people, that when a man of high rank and importance laughs to-day at what he seriously asserted yesterday, it is considered as in the natural order of things. Consistency is a phenomenon. Judge, then, what would be the value of an association, should such a thing be proposed, and even adopted. The great mass of the common people have no religion but their priests, no law but their superiors, no morals but their interest. These are the creatures who, led by drunken curates, are now in the high road *a la liberte*, and the first use they make of it is to form insurrections everywhere for the want of bread. We have had a little riot yesterday and the day before, and I am told that some men have been killed; but the affair was so distant from the quarter in which I reside, that I know nothing of the particulars."—vol. ii. pp. 68, 69.

In a letter to Mr. Jay, not long after the former one, is a remark which accounts for the extremes run into by the French. They had started under all the evils of an absolute executive; they rejoiced in its destruction, and fell into the natural error of confounding the use of an executive with its abuse; from having felt it tyrannical, to believing it unnecessary.

"The *Gardes du Corps* are as warm adherents in general to the *Tiers* as any body else, strange as that may seem; so that, in effect, the sword has slipped out of the monarch's hands without his perceiving a title of the matter. All these things in a nation not yet fitted by education and habit for the enjoyment of freedom, give me frequently suspicions that they will overshoot their mark, if indeed they have not already done it. Already some people talk of limiting the king's negative upon the laws. And as they have hitherto felt severely the authority exercised in the name of their princes, every limitation of that authority seems to them desirable. Never having felt the evils of too weak an executive, the disorders to be apprehended from anarchy make as yet no impression."—vol. ii. pp. 70, 71.

In this same letter it is stated that "the king acts from terror only." Louis XVI. was a moral coward; they who had the king's person had his will; his weakness was greater than has ever been suspected. Mr. Morris was not likely to exaggerate it; on the contrary, much as he despised his want of decision, and condemned him for his culpable pliancy, he sympathised strongly in his fortunes, suggested and took part in some schemes for his relief and escape, and at the same time became a depository of his money.

Mr. Morris's opinion of Necker was far from being high, and in spite of Madame de Stael's flattery he could not join in her vain and almost wild adulation of her father. Under the date of July 1st, Necker's position is thus defined, and it is as just as if a historian, on a full sur-

vey of minute facts, unhappily not always accessible to the historical student, had drawn it up.

Mr. Morris is speaking of the Comte d'Artois and the courtiers.

"In their anguish they curse Necker, who is in fact less the cause than the instrument of their sufferings. His popularity depends now more on the opposition he meets with from one party, than any serious regard of the other. It is the attempt to throw him down, which saves him from falling. He has no longer the preponderating weight in counsel, which a fortnight ago decided every thing. If they were not afraid of consequences, he would be dismissed: and on the same principle the king has refused to accept his resignation. If his abilities were equal to his genius, and he were as much supported by firmness as he is swayed by ambition, he would have had the exalted honour of giving a free constitution to above twenty millions of his fellow creatures, and would have reigned long in their hearts, and received the unanimous applause of posterity. But as it is, he must soon fall; whether his exit will be physical or moral, must depend on events which I cannot foresee."—vol. ii. pp. 71, 72.

The doubt between his physical and moral exit we deem to have been profound; circumstances of a very slight kind decided between them. Had Necker remained a few months longer in office, his exit would probably have been physical; it was only moral. But the character of the Swiss minister was one which Mr. Morris was peculiarly qualified to fathom, from the mastery he had himself obtained of the science of finance. Space will not admit our quoting his examination of Necker's various schemes, the hollowness of which he clearly demonstrates; but we may add a characteristic paragraph.

"As to M. Necker, he is one of those people who has obtained a much greater reputation than he had any right to. His enemies say, that as a banker, he acquired his fortune by means, which, to say the least, were indelicate, and they mention instances. But in this country, every thing is so much exaggerated, that nothing is more useful than a little scepticism. M. Necker, in his public administration, has always been honest and disinterested, which proves well, I think, for his former private conduct, or else it proves that he has more vanity than cupidity. Be that as it may, an unspotted integrity as minister, and serving at his own expense in an office which others seek for the purpose of enriching themselves, have acquired for him very deservedly much confidence. Add to this, that his writings on finance teem with that sort of sensibility, which makes the fortune of modern romances, and which is exactly suited to this lively nation, *who love to read, but hate to think*. Hence his reputation. He is a man of genius, and his wife is a woman of sense; but neither of them have talents, or rather the talents of a great minister. His education as a banker has taught him to make tight bargains, and put him upon his guard against projects. But though he understands man as a covetous creature,

he does not understand mankind; a defect which is remediless. He is utterly ignorant of politics, by which I mean politics in the great sense, or that sublime science, which embraces for its object the happiness of mankind. Consequently, he neither knows what constitution to form, nor how to obtain the consent of others to such as he wishes. From the moment of convening the States-General, he has been afloat upon the wide ocean of incidents."—vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.

In a letter dated July 4th, to Mr. Carmichael, Mr. Morris makes a report of the state of things after the victory of the *Tiers* in the assembly, which he considered as the crisis of the revolution, and speaks of it as having passed without being recognised as such. After this, he considered a free constitution sure, if they would have the good sense to give the nobles some share of the national authority. "Otherwise," says he, "it will degenerate into a pure monarchy, or become a vast republic—a democracy—can that last! I think not, I am sure not, unless the whole people are changed."—vol. ii. p. 78.

The National Assembly had already secured their existence by decreeing that taxes should cease when they dispersed. Mr. Morris observes, as was lately held out in a great English political movement, that no army can move against a general resolution to this effect.

Under the head of July 31st, the position of the king is thus accurately appreciated. It was very early for that monarch to think of deserting his throne, and the scheme clearly indicates how very unworthy Louis XVI. was to put himself at the head of a revolution.

"The king has actually formed the design of going off to Spain. Whether the measures set on foot to dissuade him will have, as I hope, the desired effect, time only can discover. His fears govern him absolutely, and they have of late been most strongly excited. He is a well meaning man, but extremely weak, and probably these circumstances will in every event secure him from personal injury. An able man would not have fallen into his situation, but I think no ability can now extricate him. He must float along the current of events, being absolutely and entirely a cypher. If, however, he should fly, it would not be easy to predict the consequences, for this country is at present as near to anarchy as society can approach without dissolution. There are some able men in the National Assembly, yet the best heads among them would not be injured by experience, and unfortunately there are great numbers who, with much imagination, have little knowledge, judgment, or reflection. You may consider the revolution as complete, that is to say the authority of the king and of the nobility is completely subdued; yet I tremble for the constitution. They have all that romantic spirit, and all those romantic ideas of government, which, happily for America, we were cured of before it was too late. They are advancing rapidly. But I must check myself, or my reflections will occupy too much space both for you and for me."—vol. ii. p. 79.

Mr. Morris does not raise our ideas of the members of the National Assembly; they have too often been appreciated by persons who were dazzled by their eloquence, or too ignorant of affairs to form a just conception of their merits. We have seen what is said of these above; frequent mention of them is made in the course of the correspondence, but always in the same tone.

"They are admirable fellows upon paper; but as it happens, somewhat unfortunately, that those who live in the world are very different from those who dwell in the heads of philosophers, it is not to be wondered at if the systems taken out of books are fit for nothing but to be put into heads again.

"Marmontel is the only man I have met with, as among their literati, who seems truly to understand the subject. For the rest, they discuss nothing in their assembly. One large half of the time is spent in hallooing and bawling. The manner of speaking to a question is as follows. Such as intend to hold forth write their names on a tablet kept for that purpose, and are heard in the order that their names are written down, if the others will hear them, which very often they refuse to do, but keep up a continual uproar till the orator leaves the pulpit. Each man permitted to speak delivers the result of his lucubrations, so that the opposing parties fire off their cartridges, and it is a million to one if their missiles arguments happen to meet."—vol. ii. p. 89.

In the same letter the King is spoken of with as little respect for his abilities as the members for their knowledge of business.

"If the reigning prince were not the small beer character that he is, there can be but little doubt, that watching events, and making a tolerable use of them, he would regain his authority; but what will you have from a creature who, situated as he is, eats, and drinks, and sleeps well, and laughs, and is as merry a grig as lives? The idea that they will give him some money, which he can economize, and that he will have no trouble in governing, contents him entirely. Poor man! he little thinks how unstable is his situation. He is beloved, but it is not with the sort of love which a monarch should inspire. It is that kind of good natured pity which one feels for a led captive. There is, besides, no possibility of serving him; for at the slightest show of opposition, he gives up every thing and every person."—vol. ii. p. 92.

To the inaptness of the assembly Mr. Morris often turns with some bitterness. On one occasion he says: "They have taken genius instead of reason for their guide, adopted experiment instead of experience, and wander in the dark because they prefer lightning to light."

In a subsequent letter, dated November 22d, 1790, he again refers to the Assembly, and there registers their progress. They had gone on dissolving and destroying, and in the mean time secured no guarantee for a steady obedience in the people, or a regular course of action on the part of the government: they had

broken all the ancient idols to pieces, and in their zeal were pulling down the edifice upon themselves: the noise, the eagerness, the confusion of all parties concerned, rendered it impossible for a person of the sharpest vision to detect a ray of light through the obscurity. The following passage has a solemn sound, and let it be observed that it proceeded from the author before the events it seems to count upon.

"This unhappy country, bewildered in the pursuit of metaphysical whimsies, presents to our moral view a mighty ruin. Like the remnants of ancient magnificence, we admire the architecture of the temple, while we detest the false god to whom it was dedicated. Daws and ravens, and the birds of night now build their nests in its niches. The sovereign, humbled to the level of the beggar's pity, without resources, without authority, without a friend. The assembly, at once a master and a slave, new in power, wild in theory, raw in practice. It engrosses all functions, though incapable of exercising any, and has taken from this fierce ferocious people every restraint of religion and of respect. Sole executors of the law, and therefore supreme judges of its propriety, each district measures out its obedience by its wishes, and the great interests of the whole, split up into fractional morsels, depend on momentary impulse and ignorant caprice. Such a state of things cannot last.

"But how will it end? Here conjecture may wander through unbounded space. What sum of misery may be requisite to change popular will, calculation cannot determine. What circumstances may arise in the order of Divine Providence to give direction to that will, our sharpest vision cannot discover. What talents may be found to seize those circumstances, to influence that will, and above all to moderate the power which it must confer, we are equally ignorant of. One thing only seems to be tolerably ascertained, that the glorious opportunity is lost, and (for this time at least) the revolution has failed. In the consequences of it we may however find some foundation of future prosperity."—vol. ii. pp. 118, 119.

The letter to his friend and partner, Robert Morris, of the date of July 16th, 1791, alludes to the king's attempt at escape from the Tuileries, and his recapture at Varennes. We mention it as confirming Dumont in his "Recollections of Mirabeau," who dates this as the epoch at which the idea of dispensing with a king altogether first occurred to the nation. The step alluded to is the flight of the king.

"This step was a very foolish one. Public affairs were in such a situation, that, if he had been quiet, he would have soon been master, because the anarchy which prevails would have shown the necessity of conferring more authority, and because it is not possible so to balance a single assembly against a prince, but that one must prove too heavy for the other, or too light for the business. The assembly also, very strongly suspected of corrupt practices, was falling fast in the public estimation. His departure changed every thing; and now the general wish seems to be for

a republic, which is quite in the natural order of things."—vol. ii. pp. 136, 137.

This species of *mal-apropos* attended every proceeding of the unfortunate monarch: if the scheme was good in itself, it was adopted at the wrong time, and often a firm adherence to even a bad course would have secured both the good of the nation and himself. Here we see he took an opportunity of leaving all behind him when men were getting tired of opposing each other, and drove them to republicanism at the instant they were reverting to the monarchy.

In the autumn of 1791, the king accepted the constitution, which none condemned more than the makers, and which nearly all pronounced *inexecutable*. The king, however, accepted it, and swore to maintain it, maintainable or not, and the sittings closed, leaving the way open to a new assembly still more inexperienced than the previous one, and still wilder and more unsettled in its principles. Of the departed assembly Mr. Morris makes this pointed remark to his correspondent Washington.

"You doubtless recollect that the now expiring assembly was convened to arrange the finances, and you will perhaps be surprised to learn, that after consuming church property to the amount of one hundred millions sterling, they leave this department much worse than they found it. Such, however, is the fact, and the chance now is, in my opinion, rather for than against a bankruptcy."—vol. iii. p. 143.

The king was discharged from arrest in September; early in October we learn that he had already become a favourite once more, and that the Assembly, afterwards called the Legislative, had become an object of contempt.

"My dear Friend,—The people of this city are become wonderfully fond of the king, and have a thorough contempt for the assembly, who are, in general, what used to be called in Philadelphia, *the blue stockings*. There is, however, this difference between the two capitals, that with you virtuous poverty is respected, but here splendour is indispensable. Judge the consequence, and to enlighten that judgment, know that at this moment they stand on the brink of bankruptcy, which can only be avoided by increasing the vigour of the executive magistrates. This becomes daily more and more apparent; and Paris exists, as it were, on the interest of the national debt."—vol. ii. p. 147.

It is impossible for us to trace with Mr. Morris the history of the parties in the Legislative Assembly, or even indicate the successive steps, which, according to him, led to the despotism of the populace, as established by what is called the second revolution, when the Tuileries were attacked, and the king became a prisoner of state. There is one letter, however, of so masterly a description, and which, at the same time, in a brief compass, gives so luminous a view of this great second act in the

revolution, that we should do wrong not to transfer it to our pages in part at least.

"The late revolution has for its remote cause that excess in the human temper, which drives men always to extremes, if not checked and controlled. For its proximate cause, it has the vices and defects of the late constitution, and particularly that an executive without powers was rendered responsible for events, and that a legislature composed of a single chamber of representatives was secured by every precaution, and under no control, except some paper maxims and popular opinion. That the people, or rather the populace, a thing which thank God is unknown in America, flattered with the idea that they are omnipotent, and disappointed from necessity in the golden prospects originally held out to them, were under no restraint, except such as might be imposed by magistrates of their own choice. It resulted inevitably, that the executive must be in the power of the legislative, and this last at the mercy of such men as could influence the mob.

"By reducing the royal authority below all reasonable measure, the constitution-makers had created a moral impossibility that the people should believe the king sincere in his acceptance, even if it had been possible that he should without regret have beheld himself reduced from the first place allotted to man, to a state so low as to be exposed to the insult from the lowest. It was evident then, that the constitution could not last, and in the overturn three things must happen, viz. the establishment of despotism, the establishment of a good constitution, or the institution of a democracy. The first under an able and ambitious prince was inevitable. The second was extremely difficult, not in itself, but because the chiefs of different parties all found themselves committed to different points and opinions. The last was only a natural continuation of the progress of men's minds, in a necessary succession of ideas from the bill of rights. The advocates for republican government therefore had an easy task, although both to themselves and others it appeared difficult.

"From the moment that the second assembly met, a plan was formed among several of the members and others, to overturn the constitution, which they had just sworn to observe, and establish a republic. This arose in part from the desire of placing themselves better than they could otherwise do, and in part from a conviction that the system could not last, and that they would have no share in the administration under such a pure monarchy. As they had a strong hold upon the lowest class of people, as the aristocratic and constitutional parties were at open war, as these last avowed openly their wish to amend, in other words, to change the constitution, which at the same time they assumed to venerate, it was not a difficult matter to assault a monarch, who adhered to that form which he could not be supposed to approve, and whose faults became daily more and more apparent.

"Add to this, that the court was involved in a spirit of little paltry intrigue, unworthy of any thing above the rank of footmen and chambermaids. Every one had his or her little project,

and every little project had some abettors. Strongly manly councils frightened the weak, alarmed the envious, and wounded the enervate minds of the lazy and luxurious. Such councils, therefore, if perchance any such appeared, were approved, but not adopted, certainly not followed. The palace was always filled with people whose language, whose conduct, whose manner were so diametrically opposite to every thing like liberty, that it was easy to persuade the people that the court meant to destroy the constitution, by observing strictly the constitution. Some persons avowed the tactics, which from the moment of such avowal were no longer worth a doit. The king, whose integrity would never listen to any thing like the violation of his oath, had nevertheless the weakness to permit those, who openly avowed unconstitutional sentiments, to approach his person, and enjoy his intimacy. The queen was still more imprudent. The republicans (who had also their plan to destroy the constitution by the constitution) founded on the king's personal integrity, their operation to destroy his reputation for integrity, and hold him out to the world as a traitor to the nation which he was sworn to protect.

"They in consequence seized every occasion to pass popular decrees, which were unconstitutional. If the king exercised his *veto*, he was accused of wishing a counter-revolution. If he sanctioned the decree, he was so far lost with those who were injured by the decree, and of course became daily more and more unprotected. The success of his enemies was beyond their own expectation. His palace was assaulted. He took refuge with the assembly, and is now a prisoner of state with his family.

"But now the ideas of revolt, which had been fostered for his overthrow, are grown very troublesome to those who have possessed themselves of the authority. It is not possible to say either to the people or to the sea, so far shalt thou go and no farther; and we shall have, I think, some sharp struggles which will make many men repent of what they have done, when they find with Macbeth, that they have but taught bloody instructions, which return to plague the inventor." vol. ii. pp. 240—243.

The mystery of the revolution was now over; it became an anarchy and reigned first while. The authority of an unorganized populace sooner or later centres in an individual—one who leads, or one who defeats them—the way may be shorter or longer, bloody and dangerous, turbulent but not sanguinary, as suits the character of the country; but the end is certain—a dictator's throne is the altar at which men wearied of contention, disgusted with dangerous power, and longing for the blessings of security, offer up their liberty as the price of peace.

The only foreign minister who continued to reside through the revolution was the Ambassador from the United States. It was a task of the utmost difficulty to remain without a compromise of national honour; and the personal safety of the ambassador was not unfortunately insecure. Nevertheless, a sense of

national utility, and a very sincere love of France seems to have supported Mr. Morris under all his trials, and he remained until recalled at the request of the *Comité du Salut Public*, a recall which he, naturally enough, considered an honour. His successor arrived shortly after the death of Robespierre. In the month of December, 1794, long before Bonaparte was even thought of, Mr. Morris thus writes, on quitting his functions.

"In France, they have been lured by one idle hope after another, until they are plunged in the depth of misery and servitude; servitude so much the more degrading, as they cannot but despise their masters. I have long, you know, predicted a single despotism, and you have seen how near they have been to that catastrophe. Chance, or rather the want of metal in the usurper, has alone saved them to the present moment; but I am still convinced, that they must end their voyage in that port, and they would probably reach it, should they make peace with all their foreign enemies, through the channels of a civil war."—vol. ii. p. 459.

On leaving France, Mr. Morris travelled over a great part of Europe, partly with mercantile views, and partly under the interest he took in political affairs, then becoming more and more eventful, and also with a view of cultivating the very distinguished connexions he had formed while at Paris. Many generous efforts were bestowed on an attempt to procure the liberation of La Fayette from his dungeon at Olmutz. Mr. Morris had likewise to surrender a sum of money to the Princess of France, as she was called, and which had been deposited with him by her unfortunate father. He had likewise the opportunity of greatly assisting the present King of France, some of whose letters are inserted in this biography, and which either apply for, or acknowledge to a considerable extent, the receipt of money, which at that time there could be little probability of ever being repaid.

Ultimately, Mr. Morris returned to his native country, retired to his estate of Morrisania, and professed his intention "to lead a private life, not meaning to embark again on the stormy ocean of politics." He was, however, elected to a seat in the Senate, and does not appear to have hesitated to serve his country in that honourable post. As might have been expected, he soon distinguished himself as a zealous Federalist, and stoutly adhered to opinions that have long been declining in popularity in America, where popularity is the rule of right and wrong. His opposition, though termed *ultra*, was never fictitious; though results might be come to which he could not approve of, or the consequences of which he feared, he never failed to terminate his resistance at the point marked by the constitution. We shall not venture to pronounce on the correctness of his principles, as applied to the constitutional government of the States; though we cannot help observing, that the statesmen

of that country would have done well to listen to Mr. Morris's opinions on the important questions of finance and commercial revenue that were agitated in his time, and respecting which, the public opinion of North America remains as yet unenlightened.

The later years of Mr. Morris's life were spent in retirement, if that may be so called which was occupied with correspondence with the most celebrated persons of both hemispheres, in the publication of his opinions on great questions, and during the last six years of his life in incessantly labouring in his character of commissioner, in execution of his great project of *tapping Lake Erie*.

Mr. Morris retained his health and vigour to within a short period of his death, assailed only by occasional attacks of his early and tenacious enemy, the gout. He died on the sixth of November, 1816, in the sixty-fifth year of his life.

We wish that our limits would permit us to insert a character of Mr. Morris, drawn by Madame de Damas, a French lady, who was intimately acquainted with him during his residence in France. It is perhaps somewhat too eulogistic, but still so eloquently discriminative as to convey to the reader of the entire work the exact echo of his own sentiments. We must make room for the commencing paragraph.

"I attempt to delineate the character of a man," says Madame de Damas, "who so little resembles other men, that one should hardly say anything of him which has already been said of them. Like others, however, he has virtues, defects, and talents; but their nature, their use, mixture, and results, form a whole entirely different from any thing I have seen. Were I called upon to distinguish him by a single trait, I should say *he is good*. They, who do not well understand the meaning of these words, may not be satisfied; but as for me, who include much in the term *goodness*, and who have seen the exercise of this virtue in every action of Mr. Morris's life, I repeat, that it is this which gives him the first place in all honest hearts, and entitles him to their lasting admiration and gratitude. The love of order is his strongest passion, the rule of all his acts, the aim of all he utters. A true philanthropist by the natural impulse of his soul, he considers every object under the possibility of its becoming useful. His penetrating, elevated, quick, and luminous mind is never idle, and he constantly employs his numerous and diversified attainments, either in doing good, or inspiring in others the love of goodness. I have never known a person to approach Mr. Morris, whatever might be his intentions, circumstances, or situation, who did not on leaving him find himself enriched by his gifts, or enlightened by his counsels; who did not feel grateful for some soothing consolations, a profitable hint, or a kind reproof."

"He is charged with some faults by his friends. So much enlargement of soul may not be compatible with a quick sensibility, yet one cannot help regretting, that reason and wisdom

should assume a control so powerful over his feelings. Brought up with the almost rustic freedom of a republican country, he is remarkable for great simplicity of manners, sustained by a nobleness, which has its seat in his soul, but tinged with a slight shade of self-complacency. If I eulogise him, it is only because I attempt to draw his true portrait, and I seek not to weaken defects, which, after all, may be no other than qualities little in fashion with us. We call him self-complacent, because it is our custom to expect, that every one will abase himself to procure elevation, and that merit shall wait for its place to be assigned, instead of taking it. Mr. Morris knows his proper station, and assumes it; sacrificing no person to himself in secret design, and in reality sacrificing himself to no other; thus inattentive to the petty tokens of complaisance, which self-love dictates in our social intercourse, he sometimes offends those who expect and demand them. He is fond of his ease, does his best to procure it, and enjoys it as much as possible. He loves good cheer, good wine, and good company. His senses as well as his mind have a high relish of perfection, and strive to attain it. He never eats a bad dinner without a severe censure upon the cook, as he never listens to folly without a keen rebuke. A little dissimulation would save him from many harmless enemies, who are not more to be regarded, however, than the small faults, which excite their enmity; but every species of deception, from whatever motive, is incompatible with the elevation, integrity, and frankness of the man, whom I delineate.

"One of his most remarkable, and, if I may so say, one of his fundamental qualities, is his regard for truth, so constant, so absolute, so scrupulous, that it might seem carried to an exaggeration, were it not for the importance of its principle. Never, under any circumstances, in the excitement of an animated story, or in the lively flow of pleasantry, does a word escape him, not a single word, that is not strictly conformable to truth. He has no conception of the pliancy of truth; he yields to her on all occasions, because nothing is more beautiful in his eyes than truth; and because, also, a mind so much enlightened by her rays, so capable of discovering her charms and extending her reign, is naturally inclined to uphold and defend her.—vol. i. pp. 506, 507.

Mr. Morris married late in life Anne Carey Randolph, a connexion formed with his usual judgment, and which greatly contributed to his happiness. He left one son, who, after his mother's death, is to inherit the property. Astonishment has been expressed at the vast amount of Mr. Morris's accumulations. The secret is to be found in the accuracy of his judgment, the clearness of his foresight, and in his integrity and industry. Numerous volumes of business letters, copied in Mr. Morris's own hand-writing, unfold a series of enterprises, commercial schemes, and transactions in various countries, from which may be gathered a detailed history of the sources of his wealth, and the progress of its acquisition. But the chief basis of Mr. Morris's property was his successful speculations in new lands, con-

tinued for a long term of years. It may be mentioned as a last trait of his generosity, that he leaves in his will an additional income to his wife in case she should re-marry, "in order to defray the increased expenditure which may attend that connexion."

From the Quarterly Review.

VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE wish Mr. Timothy Flint had fallen in our way before we drew up our account of Mrs. Trollope's 'On the Domestic Manners of the Americans,' because the two writers travel over much of the same ground, and the contrasts, as well as the parallels, which their descriptions of nature and society present, are full of interest. Having lost the opportunity of exhibiting them together—we must be contented with expressing our hope that these 'Recollections' may be reprinted in this country, and placed in every library of voyages and travels, on the same shelf with those two little volumes which seem to have proved such bitter chewing to our Radicals and Whigs. With obvious faults, Mr. Flint's style is marked by countervailing excellences, being lively, flowing, often vigorous, and, in general, quite unaffected; but this is a secondary merit. These pages reflect a sincere, humane, and liberal character, a warm and gentle heart, and hardly even a prejudice that is not amiable.

The author announces himself as a Presbyterian clergyman, a native of New England, who left that part of the United States in the year 1815, with his wife and children, in the hope of establishing himself in his professional capacity somewhere amidst the incipient cultivation of the great western wilderness. He seems to have tried one young settlement after another with but indifferent success. The heart for such an adventure must, no doubt, be framed of tougher clay than his. The wretched agues and intermittent fevers of the vast valley of the Mississippi appear, however, to have severely shaken his constitution at an early period of his wanderings, and this may account for many of his professional disappointments. After ten years of woful enough ups and downs, in the course of which Mr. Flint had ample opportunities of examining the social condition of the backwoodsmen in every phasis, he at length found a permanent location as principal of a seminary in Louisiana; but before entering on the duties of this office he made a short excursion to his native province, in the hope of restraining his nerves in the more healthful breezes of the north, and that he might see

* *Recollections of the Last Ten Years, passed in occasional Residences and Journeys in the Valley of the Mississippi, from Pittsburg and the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Florida to the Spanish Frontier; in a Series of Letters to the Rev. James Flint of Salem, Massachusetts.* By Timothy Flint, Principal of the Seminary of Rapide, Louisiana. Boston. 8vo. 1831.

once more, and take final leave of, the associates of his younger days. To this visit we owe the narrative now before us. 'The wish of kind friends that I should tell the story of what I had seen and suffered, imposed,' the author says, 'obligations that were to me as laws. That my book was written under the pressure of disease, with a trembling hand and a sinking heart, will at least disarm their criticism. Such as it is I consign it to them, and carry back to my distant home emotions that no words could express, and a confident persuasion that friendships, which have been so tried, will be renovated and rendered unchangeable in a better existence.'

These are the words of a melancholy man; and truly his picture of clerical life in the valley of the Mississippi is such that we should have wondered if, even with good bodily health, any delicate and feeling mind could have outlived ten years of it without being both saddened and subdued. There is almost nothing, however, of spleen or reproach in this unfortunate adventurer's touching narrative. He makes, on the contrary, most liberal allowance for the untoward circumstances against which he had so long striven in vain; dwells with delight and gratitude on the individual kindness which had chequered his 'map of trouble'; expatiates with patriotic enthusiasm on the civilization and refinement which he doubts not will, in due season, overspread the scene of his personal sufferings and privations; and contemplates a rational system of religious faith, and settled order and discipline of religious observances, as the best and surest fruits of intellectual and social advancement.

We shall extract one or two passages illustrative of Mr. Flint's professional misfortunes. The subject is a painful one—but it would be unjust to withhold some specimen of the spirit in which he uniformly handles it:—

'The Atlantic country has heard much, and too much, about their willingness to support preachers in these regions. There may be a few exceptions that have not come to my knowledge, widely as I have travelled; but I feel too well assured, all other representations to the contrary notwithstanding, that the people think in general, that attendance upon preaching sufficiently compensates the minister. No minister of any Protestant denomination, to my knowledge, has ever received a sufficient living two years in succession. Take these circumstances together, and you will then have some idea of a minister's prospect of worldly success and comfort.

'Many faithful, laborious, and patient men, who have been associated with me in these labours, have fallen in these wildernesses, after having encountered all these difficulties. What is worse, they have fallen almost unnoticed, and their labours and sufferings unrecorded. For they toiled and died, though it may be eight hundred leagues away, in an American desert; and, with such a decrease, there are connected no feelings of romance;—while the missionary, who falls in a foreign land, is lamented as a hero and a martyr;

provision is made for his family, and the enthusiasm and regret of romantic sensibility attach to his memory.

'Have they not been useful? Have they not had success? I would hope both. The precursors in new regions have generally encountered such trials; and, I would hope, not in vain. They have drawn sighs that have only reached the ear of Heaven; yet not one good word or work has been without its impression. The seed, which seems to have been scattered in a sterile desert, will spring up; though, perhaps, not till a more favoured period.'—pp. 114, 115.

The grand difficulty arises from the pertinacity with which such settlers as have any religion at all cling to their own several little sectarianisms, in a situation where it is merely impossible that each hearer should be indulged with a preacher exactly of his own pattern, and where, it is plain, real Christians ought to be too happy to have the great leading essentials presented to themselves and their children, without asking whether the good man that is willing to spend his strength among them, belongs to this particular denomination or to that.

'When (says this Presbyterian missionary) will people cease to dogmatize, and define, and dispute, and place religion in knowledge, and the settling of points? The ethereal essence evaporates in such a harsh process. The world has had enough, and too much, of learned treatises upon what is and what is not religion. The ten thousand will never have very learned or philosophical ideas upon the subject; but each one of them can feel compunction, and pour out the soul before God. Happy, and thrice happy, in my judgment, if men laid less stress upon knowledge, and more upon experimental acquaintance with the power of religion.

'You and I think alike about the monstrous absurdities of the Catholic faith; but we differ about what it would be if these absurdities were laid aside, as I trust they gradually will be. There can be no question about the revolting contradictions of the real presence, the infallibility of the pope, and other additions of the dark ages to their faith and ceremonial. But their reverential attachment to their ministers, their disposition to regard their church and their doctrine everywhere as one, their unwillingness to dispute about the articles of their faith, their disposition to sacrifice personal interests to the common cause, and the imposing forms of their worship, might not be regarded by Protestants without utility. When I have seen tranquillity settle on the expiring countenance of the Catholic, after his minister has administered extreme unction and said, "Depart, Christian soul," I have regretted the condition of those who have always been perplexing themselves about points that human reason has no concern with, and who have nothing but doubting for this last solemn hour.

'You know that I suffered acute disease repeatedly, and was more than once shaken over the grave. My general health was feeble. I had a considerable family. In the latter part of my ministry there I was unable to endure the fatigue

incident to the duties of a missionary. For two years I derived not support enough from the people, though I laboured "in season and out of season," to defray the expenses of my ferrage over the rivers. But I saw my happy times, when the people seemed affected, and in earnest upon the subject of religion. I had my hours, when debility, and concern for my family, and trials, and opposition, all vanished, and I saw nothing but God and eternity. I look back with pleasure upon many instances in which I was enabled to convey charity and relief to the destitute stranger in sickness, and consolation to the dying, and decent and Christian burial to the dead.

'If I could give you details from my daily journal, it would only embrace frequent and distant journeys, the crossing of rivers, forming new places of worship, attempts to settle disputes as they arose,—in short, such labours as are severe, and bring, as the world counts it, neither honour nor profit. In looking back upon them, from the immense distance where I write this, they assume only the appearance of a long and laborious dream.'—pp. 117-19.

Mr. Flint seems to have staid longer at or about *Jackson*, a new town near the mouth of the *Ohio*, than in any other quarter of the western world.

'Among these people I sojourned, and preached, more than a year, and my time passed more devoid of interest, or of attachment, or comfort, or utility, than in any other part of the country. The people are extremely rough. Their country is a fine range for all species of sectarians, furnishing the sort of people in abundance, who are ignorant, bigoted, and think, by devotion to some favoured preacher or sect, to atone for the want of morals and decency, and everything that appertains to the spirit of Christianity.

'I should not omit, that there is one curiosity here,—an isolated but pure German settlement, where these people have in fact preserved their nationality, and their language more unmixed than even in Pennsylvania. They are principally Lutherans, and came some of them directly from Germany, but the greater portion from North Carolina and Pennsylvania. They have fixed themselves on a clear and beautiful stream, called the *White-water*, which runs twenty-five miles, and loses itself in the great swamp. Located here in the forest,—a narrow settlement of unmixed Germans, having little communication except with their own people, and little intercourse with the world, having beside all the coarse trades and manufactures among themselves, they have preserved their peculiarities in an uncommon degree. They are anxious for religious instruction, and love the German honesty and industry. But almost every farmer has his distillery, and the pernicious poison, whiskey, dribbles from the corn; and in their curious dialect, they told me, that while they wanted religion, and their children baptized, and a minister as exemplary as possible, he must allow the *honest Dutch*, as they call themselves, to partake of the native beverage.'—p. 233.

The whole account of this little knot of exiles is highly picturesque.

'The vast size of their horses, their own gigantic size, the peculiar dress of the women, the child-like and unsophisticated simplicity of their conversation, amused me exceedingly. Nothing could afford a more striking contrast to the uniformity of manners and opinions among their American neighbours. I attended a funeral, where there was a great number of them present. After I had performed such services as I was used to, a most venerable looking old man, of the name of *Nyrwunger*, with a silver beard that flowed down his chin, came forward and asked me if I were willing that he should perform some of their peculiar rites. I of course wished to hear them. He opened Luther's hymns, and they all began to sing so loud that the woods echoed the strains; and yet there was something affecting in the singing of these ancient people, carrying one of their brethren to his long home, in the use of the language and rites which they had brought with them over the sea from "*faderland*." It was a long, loud, and mournful air, which they sung as they bore the body along. The words "*mein Gott*," "*mein broder*," and "*faderland*," died away in the distant echoes in the woods. Remembrances and associations rushed upon me, and I shall long remember that funeral hymn.

'They had brought a minister among them, of the name of *Weiberg*, an educated man, but a notorious drunkard. The earnest manner in which he performed divine service in their own ritual, and in their own language, carried away all their affections. After service he would get drunk, and as often happens among them, was quarrelsome. They claimed indulgence to get drunk themselves, but were not quite so clear as to allowing their minister the same privilege. The consequence was, that when the time came round for them to pay their subscription, they were disposed to refuse, alleging, as justification, his unworthiness and drunkenness. He had for three successive years in this way commenced and recovered suits against them. Then, to reinstate himself in their good will, it was only necessary for him to take them when a sufficient quantity of whiskey had opened their phlegmatic nature to sensibility, and give them a vehement discourse, as they phrased it, in the pure old Dutch, and a German hymn of his own manufacture,—for he was a poet too,—and the subscription paper was once more brought forward. They who had lost their suit, and had been most inveterate in their dislike, were thawed out, and crowded about the paper either to sign their name or make their mark.'—pp. 234, 235.

The following passage is strikingly corroborative of some of the most impugned of *Mrs. Trollope's* statements—we mean her extraordinary chapter on the camp-meeting in the woods, and the '*serious bench*.'

'One general trait appears to me strongly to characterize this region in a religious point of view. They are anxious to collect a great many people and preachers, and achieve, if the expression may be allowed, a great deal of religion at once, that they may lie by, and be exempt from its rules and duties until the regular recurrence of the period for replenishing the exhausted stock.

Hence much appearance and seeming--frequent meetings, spasms, cries, fallings, faintings--and, what I imagine will be a new aspect of religious feeling to most of my readers, the religious laugh. Nothing is more common at these scenes, than to see the more forward people indulging in what seemed to me an idiot and spasmodic laugh, and when I asked what it meant, I was told it was the holy laugh! Preposterous as the term may seem to my readers, the phrase, "holy laugh," is so familiar to me, as no longer to excite surprise. But in these same regions, and among these same people, morals, genuine tenderness of heart, and capacity to be guided either by reason, persuasion, or the uniform dictates of the gospel, was an affecting desideratum.'--pp. 238, 239.

We think there is one remark which these extracts must have suggested to every candid mind. While the religious condition of almost limitless provinces of this mighty republic continues to be such as they indicate, who will believe that it is the duty of the really devout part of the American population to concern themselves so largely as they do with the Christianization of the South Sea Islanders? A somewhat similar question, might, no doubt, be asked nearer home; but in this case the gross absurdity '*saute aux yeux*.' After all, however, we have here but one more instance of the practical effect of a social system which trusts everything to individual free-will. Any attempt to provide the means of regular religious instruction for the multitudinous population scattered over the woods and prairies of the west, would be an unwarrantable infringement of the rights of the American citizen. Even Mr. Flint is too good a republican not to drop some reflection of this sort every now and then, in the midst of those miserable details which, *a priori*, one would have fancied set down on purpose to demonstrate the egregious folly and cruelty of the system of government that permits such things to be. In church and in state America presents the *reductio ad absurdum* of Whiggism.

Some of the last of the *stations* at which our author pitched his missionary tent were on the shores of the Arkansas, where infant settlements are now rapidly multiplying amongst the faint vestiges of Spanish dominion, and in spite of a climate still more pestilential than that of the Backwoods. His description of the scenery here is eminently graphic:--

'At a distance of a mile or two from the river, there are first thick cane brakes, then a series of lakes, exactly resembling the river in their points and bends, and in the colour of their waters. When the river is high, it pours its redundant waters into these lakes and *bayous*, and the water is in motion for a width of twenty miles. These lakes are covered with the large leaves, and in the proper season the flowers of the "*nymphaeaceum*," the largest and most splendid flower that I have ever seen. I have seen them of the size of the crown of a hat; the external leaves of the most brilliant white, and the internal of a beautiful yellow. They are the enlarged copy of the

New England pond lily, which has always struck me as the most beautiful and fragrant flower of that country. These lakes are so entirely covered with these large conical leaves, nearly of the size of a parasol, and a smaller class of aquatic plant, of the same form of leaves, but with a yellow flower, that a bird might walk from shore to shore without dipping its feet in water; and these plants rise from all depths of water up to ten feet.

'Beyond these lakes there are immense swamps of cypress, which swamps constitute a vast proportion of the inundated lands of the Mississippi and its waters. No prospect on earth can be more gloomy. The poetic Styx or Acheron had not a greater union of dismal circumstances. Well may the cypress have been esteemed a funeral and lugubrious tree. When the tree has shed its leaves,—for it is a deciduous tree,—a cypress swamp, with its countless interlaced branches, of a hoary grey, has an aspect of desolation and death, that, often as I have been impressed with it, I cannot describe. In summer its fine, short, and deep green leaves invest these hoary branches with a drapery of crape. The water in which they grow is a vast and dead level, two or three feet deep, still leaving the innumerable cypress "knees," as they are called, or very elliptical trunks, resembling circular bee-hives, throwing their points above the waters. This water is covered with a thick coat of green matter, resembling green buff velvet. The mosquitoes swarm above the water in countless millions. A very frequent adjunct to this horrible scenery is the moccasin snake with his huge scaly body lying in folds upon the side of a cypress knee; and if you approach too near, lazy and reckless as he is, he throws the upper jaw of his huge mouth almost back to his neck, giving you ample warning of his ability and will to defend himself. I travelled forty miles along this river swamp, and a considerable part of the way in the edge of it, in which the horse sunk at every step half up to his knees. I was enveloped for the whole distance with a cloud of mosquitoes. Like the ancient Avernus, I do not remember to have seen a single bird in the whole distance except the blue jay. Nothing interrupted the death-like silence but the hum of mosquitoes.'--p. 269.

The following passage from the same letter may be worthy of some consideration:--

'I was at the town of Arkansas at the setting up of the territorial government, and it exhibited a scene sufficiently painful and disgusting. Our government cannot be supposed to be omnipresent or omniscient; yet if all favouritism were avoided in the appointment of officers in these distant regions—if they took pains to learn how these organs of their will performed their functions—things would be different. But so it is—the recommendations are made by members of congress, who have cousins perhaps qualified, but who perhaps have been a burden on their hands, and they are happy to get rid of them by sending them to those remote regions to fill the new offices, created by the erection of a territorial government. The persons who procured the appointment have an interest in withholding unfavourable views, and the parties are not disposed to betray them-

selves; and these men, dressed out in a "little brief authority," perform deeds to make "the high heavens weep."

'They were re-enacting in that distant and turbulent region, what they would call "the blue laws" of old Virginia, relating to gambling, breach of the Sabbath, and the like; and having promulgated these laws, on the succeeding Sabbath,—in the face of their recent ordinances, and of a population who needed the enforcement of them,—the legislators and judges would fall to their usual vocation of gambling through the day.'—p. 269.

Timothy Flint, however, is not without consolation:—

'The redeeming influence of American feelings, laws, and institutions, was sufficiently infused into the new government to carry it into quiet effect throughout the country. Courts were established, and, *whatever were the character and example of the judges*, the decisions of those courts were respected.'—p. 270.

To return to the western regions, which, after the Arkansas, appear to better advantage than before—our author attests, while extenuating, the very same state of things as Mrs. Trollope.

'The people here are not yet a reading people. Few good books are brought into the country. The few literary men that are here, seeing nothing to excite or reward their pursuits, seeing other objects exclusively occupy all minds, soon catch the prevailing feeling. The people are too busy, too much occupied in making farms and speculations, to think of literature.'

Not a doubt about it. In such a situation, such must be the case—and the only wonder is, that anybody should have wondered to find the whole affair so described. Mr. Flint proceeds:—

'America inherits, I believe, from England a taste for puffing; but she has improved upon her model. A little subscription school, in which half the pupils are abecedarians, is a college. One is a Lancastrian school, or a school of "instruction mutuelle." There is the Pestalozzi establishment, with its appropriate emblazoning. There is the agricultural school, the missionary school, the grammar-box, the new way to make a wit of a dunce in six lessons, and all the mechanical ways of inoculating children with learning, that they may not endure the pain of getting it in the old and natural way. I would not have you smile exclusively at the people of the west. This ridiculous species of swindling is making as much progress in New England as here. The misfortune is, that these vile pretensions finally induce the people to believe that there is a "royal road" to learning. The old and beaten track, marked out by the only sure guide, experience, is forsaken. The parents are flattered, deceived, and swindled. Puffing pretenders take the place of the modest man of science, who scorns to compete with him in these vile arts. The children have their brains distended with the "east wind," and grow up at once empty and conceited.'

Mr. Flint is only too liberal when he says

that, as to this department, his countrymen exceed the example of old England. Had he never heard of 'The University of London' and 'The Hamiltonian System'!

'These founders of new schools, for the most part, advertise themselves from London, Paris, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and have all performed exploits in the regions whence they came, and bring the latest improvements with them. As to what they can do, and what they will do, the object is to lay on the colouring thick and threefold. A respectable man wishes to establish himself in a school in those regions; he consults a friend, who knows the meridian of the country. The advice is, call your school by some new and imposing name. Let it be understood that you have a new way of instructing children, by which they can learn twice as much, in half the time, as by the old ways. Throw off all modesty. Move the water, and get in while it is moving. In short, depend upon the gullibility of the people. A school, modelled on this advice, was instituted at St. Louis, while I was there, with a very imposing name. The masters—professors, I should say—proposed to teach most of the languages, and all the sciences. Hebrew they would communicate in twelve lessons; Latin and Greek with a proportionate promptness. These men, who were to teach all this themselves, had read Erasmus with a translation, and knew the Greek alphabet, and in their public discourses—for they were ministers—sometimes dealt very abusively with the "king's English."

All this we could, perhaps, match, or very nearly so, without going beyond the sound of Bow bells. What follows is more strictly American—though, when a new watering-place is to be forced, the performances of our own local doctors are not to be despised. Witness the "Beulah Spa"!

'Town-making introduces another species of puffing. Art and ingenuity have been exhausted in devising new ways of alluring purchases, to take lots and build. There are the fine rivers, the healthy hills, the mineral springs, the clear running water, the eligible mill-seats, the valuable forests, the quarries of building stone, the fine steam-boat navigation, the vast country adjacent, the central position, the connecting point between the great towns, the admirable soil, and last of all, the cheerful and undoubting predictions of what the town must one day be. Then the legislature must be tampered with, in order to make the town either the metropolis or at least the seat of justice. In effect, we were told that in Illinois, two influential men, who both had Tadmors to be upreared, took a hand of cards, to ascertain which should resign his pretensions to legislative aid in building his town in favour of the other.'—pp. 185-187.

If we have not yet got to competition for 'legislative aid,' in town-building, we have perhaps had enough of it as to the matter of borough-making. Would it astonish any one to be told that a rattle of the dice-box at Brookes's had been resorted to, in order to set

the which of two patriotic nobles should have his Tadmor hitched into schedule D!

Leaving these scenes, of which perhaps Mrs. Trollope has given enough, let us now turn to certain letters, in which Mr. Flint introduces us to a far different class of topics—the appearance, manners, and habits of those last wretched relics of the red population, whose 'claims' are now in the course of being 'extinguished' in the valley of the Mississippi. Though the reverend author's *verses* are bad, he has not a little of *poetry* in his mind, and dwells on these primeval races, their fallen fortunes, and the utter failure of every attempt to bring them within the pale of civilization and Christianity, in a manner that must leave a deep and most melancholy impression.

'During my long residence in the Mississippi valley, (says Mr. Flint) I have seen them in every point of view, when hunting, when residing in their cabins, in their permanent stations—wild and unsophisticated in the woods—in their councils and deputations, when making treaties in our towns. I have seen their wisest, bravest, and most considerate; and I have seen the wretched families, that hang round the large towns, to trade and to beg, intoxicated, subdued, filthy, and miserable, the very outcasts of nature. I have seen much of the Creeks and Cherokees, whose civilization and improvement are so much vaunted. I have seen the wretched remains of the tribes on the lower Mississippi that stroll about New Orleans. I have taken observation at Alexandria and Natchitoches of the Indians of those regions, and from the adjoining country of New Spain. I have resided on the Arkansas, and have been conversant with its savages. While I was at St. Charles, savages came down from the Rocky Mountains, so untamed, so unbroke to the ways of the whites, that they were said never to have eaten bread until on that trip. While I was at St. Louis, a grand deputation from the northern points of the Missouri, the Mississippi, and the lakes, comprising a selection of their principal warriors and chiefs, to the number of eighteen hundred, was there for a length of time. They were there to make treaties, and settle the relations, that had been broken during the war, in which most of them had taken a part hostile to the United States. Thus I have inspected the northern, middle, and southern Indians, for a length of ten years; and I mention it only to prove that my opportunities of observation have been considerable, and that I do not undertake to form a judgment of their character, without at least having seen much of it.

'I have been forcibly struck with a general resemblance in their countenance, make, conformation, manners, and habits. I believe that no race of men can show people, who speak different languages, inhabit different climes, and subsist on different food, and who are yet so wonderfully alike. You may easily discover striking differences in their stature, strength, intellect, acuteness, and consideration among themselves; but a savage of Canada, and he of the Rio del Norte, have substantially the same face, the same form, and if I may so say, the same instincts. They are all, in

my mind, unquestionably from a common stock. What wonderful dreams they must have had, who supposed that any of these races were derived from the Welsh or the Jews! Their languages, now that they are more attentively examined, are found to be far less discordant than they have been generally supposed. In the construction, in the manner of forming their verbs, their numerals, especially, there is a great and striking analogy. Nor will it explain this to my mind, to say that, their wants and modes of existence being alike, their ways of expressing their thoughts must be so likewise. They have a language of signs, that is common to all from Canada to the western sea. Governor Clark explained to me a great number of these signs, which convey exactly the same ideas to those who speak different languages: but, in fact, with the command of four dialects, I believe that a man could make himself understood by the savages from Maine to Mexico.

'They have not the same acute and tender sensibilities with the other races of men. They seem callous to every passion but rage. The instances that have been given in such glowing colours, of their females having felt and displayed the passion of love towards individuals of the whites, with such ardour and devoted constancy, have, I doubt not, existed; but they were exceptions, anomalies from the general character. In all the positions in which I have seen them, they do not seem susceptible of much affection, even for their own brethren. They are a melancholy, musing race, who appear to have whatever they have of emotion or excitement on ordinary occasions, going on in the inner man. Every one has remarked how little surprise they express for whatever is new, strange, or striking. Their continual converse with woods, rocks, and sterile deserts, with the roar of the winds, and the solitude and gloom of the wilderness, their alternations of satiety and hunger, their continual exposure to danger, their uncertain existence, which seems to them a forced and unnatural state, the little hold which their affections seem to have upon life, the savage nature that always surrounds them,—these circumstances seem to have impressed a steady, unalterable gloom upon their countenance. If there be here and there a young man, otherwise born to distinction among them, who feels the freshness and the vivacity of a youthful existence, and shows anything of the gaiety and volatility of other animals in such circumstances, he is denounced as a trifling thing, destitute of all dignity of character, and the sullen and silent young savage will be advanced above him. They converse very little, even among themselves. They wish to have as few relations as may be with anything external to themselves.'

Mr. Flint's language reaches, occasionally, a tone of eloquence, of which the following paragraph is an example:—

'Their impassable fortitude and endurance of suffering, which have been so much vaunted, are, after all, in my mind, the result of a greater degree of physical insensibility. It has been told me, and I believe it, that in amputation, and other surgical operations, their nerves do not shrink, do

not show the same tendency to spasm, with those of the whites. When the savage, to explain his insensibility to cold, called upon the white man to recollect how little his own face was affected by it, in consequence of its constant exposure—he added, “My body is all face.” This increasing insensibility, transmitted from generation to generation, finally becomes inwrought with the whole web of animal nature, and the body of the savage seems to have little more sensibility than the hoof of horses. No ordinary stimulus excites them to action. None of the common excitements, endearments, or motives, operate upon them at all. They seem to hold most of the things that move us in proud disdain. The horrors of their warfare, the infernal rage of their battles, the demoniac fury of gratified revenge, the alternations of hope and despair in their gambling, to which they are addicted far beyond the whites,* the brutal exhilaration of drunkenness—these are their excitements. These are the things that awaken them to a strong and pleasurable consciousness of existence. When these arouse the imprisoned energies of their long and sullen meditations, it is like *Æolus* uncaging the whirlwinds. The tomahawk flies with un pitying and unsparing fury. The writhing of their victims inspires a terrible joy. Nor need we wonder at the enmity that exists between them and the frontier people, when we know how often such enemies have been let loose upon their women and children.

He goes on to contrast the red men with the black population—now multiplying all over the southern states, in a *ratio* that seems to leave even Malthusian calculations in the rear—and is beginning to fix the attention of all thinking persons in the republic more than any other feature of their economical condition. In the Indian and the African races, he says, it has always appeared to him as if ‘the two extremes of human nature’ were brought under his eye together.

‘The negro, easily excitable, in the highest degree susceptible of all the passions, is more especially so of the mild and gentle affections. To the Indian, stern, silent, moody, ruminating, existence seems a burden. To the negro, remove only pain and hunger, it is naturally a state of enjoyment. As soon as his toils are for a moment suspended, he sings, he seizes his fiddle, he dances. When their days are passed in continued and severe labour, their nights—for, like cats and owls, they are nocturnal animals—are passed in wandering about from plantation to plantation, in visiting, feasting, and conversation.

‘Every year the negroes have two or three holidays, which, in New Orleans and the vicinity, are like the “Saturnalia” of the slaves in ancient Rome. The great Congo-dance is performed. Everything is license and revelry. Some hundreds of negroes, male and female, follow the king of the wake, who is conspicuous for his

youth, size, the whiteness of his eyes, and the blackness of his visage. For a crown he has a series of oblong, gilt-paper boxes on his head, tapering upwards, like a pyramid; from the ends of these boxes hang two huge tassels, like those on epaulets. He wags his head and makes grimaces. By his thousand mountebank tricks and contortions of countenance and form, he produces an irresistible effect upon the multitude. All the characters that follow him, of leading estimation, have their own peculiar dress and their own contortions. They dance, and their streamers fly, and the bells they have hung about them tinkle. Never will you see gayer countenances, demonstrations of more forgetfulness of the past and the future, and more entire abandonment to the joyous existence of the present moment. I have seen groups of the moody and silent sons of the forest following these merry bacchanals in their dances through the streets, scarcely relaxing their grim visages to a smile, in the view of antics that convulsed even the masters of the negroes with laughter.’—pp. 136—140.

Mr. Flint has an interesting chapter on the attempts that have been made to christianize these ‘moody sons of the forest,’ and considering the pious, even enthusiastically pious, turn of his mind, the result of all his statements on this head is extremely disheartening. The names of Eliot* and Brainerd are hallowed in universal veneration; but notwithstanding all those blessed men did, the efforts of Protestants in this walk have, he is obliged to say, met, in the long run, ‘with no apparent success.’ Nor does he seem to think very differently of the result of two Romanist missions, of which glowing and animated accounts have recently issued from the press.

‘The Catholics have caused many to hang a crucifix around their necks, which they show as they do their medals and other ornaments; but this too often is all that they have to mark them as Christians. I have conversed with many travellers that have been over the Stony Mountains into the great missionary settlements of St. Peter and St. Paul. These travellers,—and some of them were professed Catholics,—unite in affirming that the converts will escape from the mission whenever it is in their power, fly into their native deserts, and resume at once their old mode of life. The vast empire of the Jesuits in Paraguay has all passed away, and we are told, the descendants of their convert Indians are no way distinguished from the other savages. It strikes me that Christianity is the religion of civilized men, that the savages must first be civilized, and that as there is little hope that the present generation of Indians can be civilized, there is but little more that they will be Christianized.’—p. 145.

There are, however, some detached passages which indicate a change, even as to religion

* The tribes from the upper Mississippi and the lakes gamble with our playing cards. They put their rattles, their skins, their rifles, their dogs, and sometimes their squaws, at stake; and they often commit suicide in despair, after they have gambled away everything but life.—p. 143.

* Mr. Carne, the able author of ‘Letters from the East,’ has recently published a ‘Life of Eliot,’ which, though loosely written, shows so much of heart and good feeling, as well as of diligent research, that we are sure it will be very popular. We hope he means to give us a complete Missionary Plutarch. Such a work has long been a desideratum in the literature of Protestantism.

feeding, going on among these people, in the interior of their scattered communities—from which perhaps it is more rational to anticipate the great eventual consummation, so devoutly to be wished for, than from the direct efforts of missionaries, whether Protestant or Catholic. Mr. Flint says, for example—

‘When the Cherokees left their old country east of the Mississippi, and went to the upper regions of the Arkansas, I saw the emigrating portion of the nation. They came in two or three divisions, and might amount in all to eight hundred or a thousand. I was formally introduced to the leading chief. He told me by the interpreter that he had a number of wives, by whom he had more than thirty children. He wore the same inflexible, melancholy countenance, which has struck me as so characteristic of the race. He had a meagre, but very large and brawny frame, was in appearance between eighty and ninety years of age, and wore a great number of the common Indian insignia, and particularly huge pendants in his ears. When asked in what light he regarded schools, and those missionary efforts that were then contemplated to be commenced in the country to which he was moving, he replied, that for the true Indians the old ways were the best; that his people were getting to be neither white men nor Indians; that he conceived that his nation had offended their gods by deserting their old worship; and that he, for his part, wished that his people should be always Cherokees, or, as he called it, Chelokees, and nothing else.’—p. 148.

What follows is, in our opinion, even more important.

‘Many of these people had a number of slaves, fine horses, wagons, ploughs, and implements of husbandry and domestic manufacture.’

He adds, ‘Whatever may be the estimate of the Indian character in other respects, it is with me an undoubting conviction, that they are by nature a shrewd and intelligent race of men, in no wise, as regards combination of thought or quickness of apprehension, inferior to uneducated white men. This inference I deduce from having instructed Indian children. I draw it from having seen the men and women in all situations calculated to try and call forth their capacities. When they examine any of our inventions, steam-boats, steam-mills, and cotton factories, for instance,—when they contemplate any of our institutions in operation,—by some quick analysis, or process of reasoning, they seem immediately to comprehend the principle and the object. No spectacle affords them more delight than a large and orderly school. They seem instinctively to comprehend—at least they explained to me that they felt—the advantages which this order of things gave our children over theirs.’

Mr. Flint gives elsewhere an amusing anecdote of the red people’s *tact*, in estimating the real station and importance of individual whites.

‘When a tribe from the remotest regions arrives at one of the towns, it is obvious how immediately, and, it would seem, from the first glance, they select from the crowds, which are drawn about them by curiosity, those that have

weight and consideration; how readily they fix upon the *fathers*, as they call them, in distinction from all pretenders to weight and influence. I will record an instance of this kind, from many that I have seen. Manuel Lisa, the great Spanish fur-dealer on the Missouri, brought down a deputation of Indians from the Rocky Mountains to St. Louis. They had the appearance of being more unsophisticated and panther-like, than any savages I had seen. They landed at St. Charles from the barges that brought them down. A crowd, as usual, gathered about the landing. In that crowd was a *trifling man*, recently from New England, a man of that class of which Dr. Dwight speaks with such deserved contempt,—one oppressed with the burden of his fancied talents and knowledge, and who had come to this dark country, not to put his light under a bushel, but to let it shine, that men might see it. This sight was to him a novel and imposing spectacle. Among the people on the bank were men of the first standing in the country. It is customary for such to commence the ceremony of shaking hands with the savages. This man wished to introduce himself to the notice of the people by anticipating them in this thing. He walked on board their boats, and went round offering them his hand. A sneer was visible on their countenances, while they gave him a kind of awkward and reluctant shake of the hand. When he was passed, they laughed among themselves, and remarked, as the interpreter told us, that this was a little man, and no father. They then came on shore themselves, went round, and with an eager and respectful manner, and certainly without any prompting, began to shake hands with the fathers in their estimated order of their standing. It was remarked at the time, that we, who knew the standing of these men, could not have selected with more justice and discrimination.’—pp. 151, 152.

Our author furnishes, as we shall show by and bye, many curious facts, as to the evidence of a vast population having in distant times covered what the first English settlers found the mere hunting-grounds of comparatively insignificant tribes. Mr. Pritchard, indeed, will do well to study this book, before he sends another edition of his elaborate Treatise to the press. Mr. Flint seems to have no doubt that the existing races of red men were conquerors who supervened on and exterminated an aboriginal nation, infinitely more advanced in the arts of life than themselves; and that as soon as they possessed the soil, they split into hostile communities, who would, by this time, if no whites had ever visited North America, have thinned each other’s numbers at least as largely as these have, under actual circumstances, been reduced.

‘No fact is more unquestionable, than that ages before the whites visited these shores, they were divided into a thousand petty tribes, engaged,—as but for our government they would be now,—in endless and exterminating wars, in which they dashed the babe into the flames, and drank the warm blood of their victim, or danced and yelled

around the stake where he was consuming in the fire. The process of their depopulation had been, in all probability, going on as rapidly before the discovery of the country by the whites, as since. Certain it is, that war is the instinctive appetite of the race, and that a state of peace is a forced and unnatural one."—p. 157.

Perhaps Mr. Flint's book had fallen in Mr. Cooper's way before he wrote his novel bearing the absurd name of 'The Wept of Wish-tonwish,'—one, however, of the really excellent productions of his pen, to the number of which he has not added by certain recent attempts on Italian and German materials. The story of Baptiste Roy, at all events, must have been in the novelist's recollection:—

'The narrations of a frontier circle, as they draw round their evening fire, often turn upon the exploits of the old race of men, the heroes of the past days, who wore hunting-shirts, and settled the country. In a boundless forest full of panthers and bears, and more dreadful Indians, with not a white within a hundred miles, a solitary adventurer penetrates the deepest wilderness, and begins to make the strokes of his axe resound among the trees. The Indians find him out, ambush, and imprison him. A more acute and desperate warrior than themselves, they wish to adopt him, and add his strength to their tribe. He feigns contentment, uses the savage's insinuations, outruns him in the use of his own ways of management, but watches his opportunity, and when their suspicion is lulled, and they fall asleep, he springs upon them, kills his keepers, and bounds away into unknown forests, pursued by them and their dogs. He leaves them all at fault, subsists many days upon berries and roots, and finally arrives at his little clearing, and resumes his axe. In a little palisade, three or four resolute men stand a siege of hundreds of assailants, kill many of them, and mount calmly on the roof of their shelter, to pour water upon the fire, which burning arrows have kindled there, and achieve the work amidst a shower of balls. A thousand instances of that stern and unshrinking courage which had shaken hands with death, of that endurance which had defied all the inventions of Indian torture, are recorded of these wonderful men. The dread of being roasted alive by the Indians, called into action all their hidden energies and resources.'

'I will relate one case of this sort, because I knew the party, by name Baptiste Roy, a Frenchman, who solicited, and, I am sorry to say, in vain, a compensation for his bravery from Congress. It occurred at "Côte sans Dessein," on the Missouri. A numerous band of northern savages, amounting to four hundred, beset the garrison-house, into which he, his wife, and another man had retreated. They were hunters by profession, and had powder, lead, and four rifles in the house; they immediately began to fire upon the Indians. The wife melted and moulded the lead, and assisted in loading, occasionally taking her shot with the other two. Every Indian that approached the house was sure to fall. The wife relates, that the guns would soon become too much heated to hold in the hand; wa-

ter was necessary to cool them. It was, I think, on the second day of the siege that Roy's assistant was killed. He became impatient to look on the scene of execution, and see what they had done. He put his eye to the port-hole, and a well-aimed shot destroyed him. The Indians perceived that their shot had taken effect, and gave a yell of exultation. They were encouraged by the momentary slackening of the fire, to approach the house, and fire it over the heads of Roy and his wife. He deliberately mounted the roof, knocked off the burning boards, and escaped untouched from the shower of balls. What must have been the nights of this husband and wife! After four days of unavailing siege, the Indians gave a yell, exclaimed, that the house was a "grand medicine," meaning, that it was charmed and impregnable, and went away. They left behind forty bodies to attest the marksmanship of the besieged, and a peck of balls collected from the logs of the house."—p. 162.

The author found among the emigrating Cherokees, already noticed, a very lovely young woman of pure Anglo-American blood, who appeared to feel not only comfortable but proud in her situation as wife of one of the principal warriors; but this, he says, was almost the only instance of the kind that he had met. French girls, on the contrary, are very often induced to form alliances of this kind. Between the Anglo-Americans and the Indians, there seems, he says, to be 'a fixed and unalterable antipathy.' Peace there often is between them, but any thing like affectionate intercourse is so rare, that an instance is never spoken of without astonishment. Whereas—

'The French settle among them, learn their language, intermarry, and soon get smoked to the same copper complexion. A race of half-breeds springs up in their cabins. A singular caste is the result of the intermarriages of these half-breeds, called quarteroons. The lank hair, the Indian countenance and manners predominate, even in these. It is a singular fact, that the Indian feature descends much farther in these intermixtures, and is much slower to be amalgamated with that of the whites, than that of the negro. Prairie du Chin, on the upper Mississippi, is a sample of these intermixtures; so are most of the French settlements on the Missouri, Illinois, and, in short, wherever the "petits paysans" come in contact with the Indians. It would be an interesting disquisition, and one that would throw true light upon the great difference of national character between the French and Anglo-Americans, which should assign the true causes of this affinity on the one part and antipathy on the other.'

We shall not at present enter upon the 'interesting discussion' which Mr. Flint thus modestly avoids; for we wish to keep room for some extracts from that curious part of the book to which we have already alluded, namely, the author's remarks on the existing monuments of a vast primeval population in North America. Indeed we shall make no apology for quoting much more extensively from this

part of the work, than we should have thought of, had it been reprinted in this country.

From the highest parts of the Ohio to where I am now writing, and far up the Mississippi and Missouri, the more the country is explored and peopled, and the more its surface is penetrated, not only are there more mounds brought to view, but other incontestible marks of a numerous population. Wells artificially walled, different structures of convenience or defence, have been found in such numbers as no longer to excite curiosity. Ornaments of silver and of copper, pottery, of which I have seen numberless specimens on all these waters, not to mention the mounds themselves, and the still more tangible evidence of human bodies found in a state of preservation, and of sepulchres full of bones, are unquestionable demonstrations that this country was once possessed of a numerous population. Some of the mounds, such, for example, as those between the two Miamies, those near the Cahokia, and those far down the Mississippi, in the vicinity of St. Francisville, must have been works of great labour. Whatever may have been their former objects and uses, they all exhibit one indication of art. All that I have seen were in regular forms, generally cones or parallelograms. If it be remarked that the rude monuments of this kind, those of the Mexican Indians even, are structures of stone, and that these are all of earth,—I can only say, that these memorials of former toil and existence are, as far as my observation has extended, all in regions destitute of stones; and that the mounds themselves, though of earth, are not those rude and shapeless heaps that they have been commonly represented to be. These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time. From the ages of the trees on them, and from other data, we can trace them back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend deeper into the time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling of so many ages, many of them are still twenty-five feet high;—some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, an hundred. Though diverse in position and form, they all have an uniform character. They are, for the most part, in rich soils, and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very large trees. But, in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and generally near trenches, which indicate the former courses of the rivers, in the finest situations for present culture. The greatest population clearly has been in those very positions, where the most dense future population will be. —pp. 165, 166.

The author delights to expatiate on this subject; and if there be any thing in the tone of the following paragraph offensive to any English readers, we can only assure him that we are not among the number. On the contrary, we take part with him cordially against certain narrow-minded tourists and others, that really, however, scarcely merited his notice.

The English, when they sneer at our country, speak of it as sterile in moral interest. It has,

say they, no monuments, no ruins, none of the massive remains of former ages; no castles, no mouldering abbeys, no baronial towers and dungeons, nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past. But I have been attempting sketches of the largest and most fertile valley in the world, larger, in fact, than half of Europe, all its remotest points being brought into proximity by a stream, which runs the length of that continent, and to which all but two or three of the rivers of Europe are but rivulets. Its forests make a respectable figure, even placed beside Blenheim Park. We have lakes which could find a place for the Cumberland lakes in the hollow of one of their islands. We have prairies, which have struck me as among the sublimest prospects in nature. There we see the sun rising over a boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens in all directions touches and mingles with the verdure of the flowers. It is to me a view far more glorious than that on which the sun rises over a barren and angry waste of sea. The one is soft, cheerful, associated with life, and requires an easier effort of the imagination to travel beyond the eye. The other is grand, but dreary, desolate, and always ready to destroy. In the most pleasing positions of these prairies, we have our Indian mounds, which proudly rise above the plain. At first the eye mistakes them for hills; but when it catches the regularity of their breastworks and ditches, it discovers at once that they are the labours of art and of men. When the evidence of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses, when you dig about them and bring to light their domestic utensils, and are compelled to believe that the busy tide of life once flowed here, when you see at once that these races were of a very different character from the present generation, you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any of the faintest records can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age. Is there no scope, beside these mounds, for imagination, and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie, over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us that they did to those generations that have passed away.

The most liberal American, however, can rarely close, without betraying a little of the sourness that leavens the general tone of their disquisitions as to the former and present state of things on this side the Atlantic. Thoroughly sympathising in the feelings which he has hitherto been describing, we are pulled up in considerable disgust, when we find Mr. Flint seriously talking as if he fancied it possible that these mound-strewn prairies had been, in the olden day, the abodes of nations, not only equal, but in various respects superior to the Europeans of the middle ages. Of such poor bigotry, based on such solid ignorance, we should never have expected to discover a specimen in the same book with the beautiful pas-

sages we had been quoting. Here, however, is the Yankee mark.

'It is true, we have little reason to suppose that these mounds were the guilty dens of petty tyrants, who let loose their half-savage vassals to burn, plunder, enslave, and despoil an adjoining den. There are no remains of the vast and useless monasteries, where ignorant and lazy monks dreamed over their lusts, or meditated their vile plans of acquisition and imposture. Here must have been a race of men on these charming plains, that had every call, from the scenes that surrounded them, to contented existence and tranquil meditation. Unfortunately, as men view the thing, they must have been. Innocent and peaceful they probably were; for had they been reared amidst wars and quarrels, like the present Indians, they would doubtless have maintained their ground, and their posterity would have remained to this day. I cannot judge of the recollections excited by castles and towers that I have not seen; but I have seen all of grandeur which our cities can display. I have seen, too, these lonely tombs of the desert,—seen them rise from these boundless and unpeopled plains. My imagination had been filled, and my heart has been full. The nothingness of the brief dream of human life has forced itself upon my mind. The unknown race to which these bones belonged had, I doubt not, as many projects of ambition, and hoped as sanguinely to have their names survive, as the great of the present day.'

He seems to admit, then, that these ancient American worthies had their ambitions, in all likelihood quite as vivid and stirring as our own poor Gothic forefathers, who, by the bye, were his also; and it would appear, from his very next page, that, accepting his own interpretation of what he had before his eyes, his primeval innocents of the prairies had their blows and blood-shedding too. It is, in fact, very difficult to account for the immense accumulation of mouldering bodies that he describes, and the mark and importance of the mounds consecrated to their repose, otherwise than by supposing each gigantic tumulus to be the monument of a battle. At all events, this is much the most natural interpretation.

'The more the subject of the past races of men and animals in this region is investigated, the more perplexed it seems to become. The huge bones of the animals indicate them to be vastly larger than any that now exist on the earth. All that I have seen and heard of the remains of the men, would seem to show that they were smaller than the men of our times. All the bodies that have been found in that state of high preservation in which they were discovered in nitrous caves, were considerably smaller than the present ordinary stature of men. The two bodies, that were found in the vast limestone caverns in Tennessee, one of which I saw at Lexington, were neither of them more than four feet in height. It seemed to me that this must have been nearly the height of the living person. The teeth and nails did not seem to indicate the shrinking of the flesh from them in the desiccated

ing process by which they were preserved. The hair seemed to have been sandy, or inclining to yellow. It is well known that nothing is so uniform in the present Indian as his lank black hair. From the pains taken to preserve the bodies, and the great labour of making the funeral robes in which they were folded, they must have been of the "blood royal," or personages of great consideration in their day. The person that I saw had evidently died by a blow on the skull: the blood had coagulated there into a mass of a texture and colour sufficiently marked to show that it had been blood. The envelope of the body was double. Two splendid blankets, completely woven with the most beautiful feathers of the wild turkey, arranged in regular stripes and compartments, encircled it. The cloth, on which the feathers were woven, was a kind of linen of new texture, of the same kind with that which is now woven from the fibres of the nettle. The body was evidently that of a female of middle age, and I should suppose that her majesty weighed, when I saw her, six or eight pounds."—p. 173.

During the author's stay near Maramac, in the county of St. Louis, another huge cairn was opened, and found to contain a great number of stone coffins, the skeletons within which were in general entire. Mr. Flint says, the coffins were, on an average, scarcely more than four feet in length; and speculates deeply on what the situation of so truly Lilliputian human race must have been, if they were, which he scarcely doubts, the contemporaries of the mammoth. He describes the vessels of pottery-ware found in these stone coffins as evidently moulded with the hand, in imitation of natural forms, chiefly those of the gourd tribe; and we wish he had given us a wood-cut or two, both of them and the coffins that contained them. He might also have been expected to say something as to the workmanship of the coffins themselves; but really the whole of this subject may as well be deferred, until we have before us the evidence of some witness regularly trained in anatomical knowledge. Although it is entirely impossible to hesitate about adopting Mr. Flint's opinion, that these mounds and their contents furnish perfect proof of the existence of a vast and, comparatively speaking, a civilized primeval population in these regions, we must confess we have some lurking suspicion as to the Lilliputian remainder. In describing the exhumated relics of one of the principal *tumuli* that came under his view, he says that 'the teeth were long, sharp, and separated by considerable intervals, reviving the horrible images of the nursery tales about ogres' teeth.' This casual observation, taken along with things that must have sufficiently arrested our reader's attention, makes us halt for further light before we adopt the author's sweeping conclusions about the existence of his pigmy empires. After all, in short, we are not without a suspicion, that these stone coffins, like many of the Egyptian mummy-chests, may have been framed for the reception of holy monkeys.

From the Edinburgh Review.

MATERIALS FOR HISTORY.*

THE public records of this country, under which phrase may be included all those documents which contain the materials for forming and illustrating English History, have long excited the interest and engaged the attention of all who have reflected upon their worth and importance, and who feel how much the national credit is concerned in their preservation. It has been asserted by writers whose laborious studies and accurate knowledge give unquestionable authority to their opinions, that in number, value, antiquity, and authenticity, the Diplomatic, and other historical remains possessed by us, surpass those of any other country; and the proof, as far as it has hitherto been applied to these assertions, bears them out fully. From so early a period as the reign of Edward the Second, their arrangement and security was provided for by the royal care; and in the reign of Edward the Third, if not before, the attention of the Legislature was directed to the same object. The Tower was selected as the place for depositing them, where their custody was committed to an officer appointed expressly for that purpose; and they were regarded with all the solicitude which their acknowledged importance as the evidence of the people's rights entitled them to. At various subsequent periods of our history, provisions were made for their preservation and arrangement. In more recent times, and more especially in our own days, their inestimable worth, as the only accurate sources from whence the materials of our history can be drawn, has been more generally understood; and some of the most distinguished members of the political and literary world have laboured in the attempt to draw them from the obscurity and neglect into which they had fallen, and to make them universally accessible; while the countenance of the Government, and the public money, have been bestowed with munificent liberality upon the encouragement of the same useful and honourable design. With this recognition of the worth and importance of the object, a happier and more beneficial result might have been reasonably expected, than has hitherto attended it; and the nation ought to have been spared the mortifying reflection, that in no country are the public records kept in a manner so improper and injudicious as in England; nowhere are their contents less generally known, or less accessible to the public; while as yet the instances in which their contents have been made available to the general purposes of history, have been extremely rare and inconsiderable. To trace the causes by which

public wrong has been committed, and discredit brought upon the national reputation, would be an ungracious,—perhaps an useless labour; but to demand strenuously that those causes should be no longer permitted to exist, and that the treasures we possess should be resorted to with proper and becoming zeal, and made to serve the important purposes of which they are capable, is at once reasonable and necessary.

In the public records of this country, no one will doubt that the materials for that history of England which, for the honour of England, ought not to remain unwritten, are contained. The origin of our most venerated and valuable institutions, the progress of that varied and eventful march in which the energy, courage, patience, and intelligence of our ancestors, led them from obscurity and insignificance to the worthy and proud rank which our country occupies in the civilized world, are to be traced in those documents which have been laid up with so much care for the information and example of posterity. From the same sources may we best follow out the workings of that love of freedom, which, even in its earliest and most helpless time, braved the wildest rage of power and oppression, and which waged the unequal conflict, until it was terminated by the triumphant establishment of social liberty upon the ruins of feudal domination. The small beginnings of that commerce which English enterprise has spread over the whole universe, and which collects from the uttermost parts of the earth their rich and uncompelled tributes; the rise and gradual progress of arts; the feats by which the national renown was won; and the forcible examples which teach how that renown, so honourably achieved, may be maintained with no less honour, are chronicled in the same rolls. Those tales of virtue and valour which cannot die, and the relation of which stirs the heart like a trumpet's sound—those lessons of practical wisdom which the times past afford to the time present, and which utter the precepts of the mighty dead, like the admonitions of parental authority—these rich and moving stores, and more than these, are contained in the history of that country which we exult in calling our Fatherland.

All that has hitherto been done towards writing the history of England—however great the merit of the various authors who have exerted their powers upon this subject, and great that merit has been in many instances, and none of them would we willingly seek to disparage—has fallen far short of what our history ought to be, and is capable of being made. With reference to the materials with which such writers have had to deal, many of them have surpassed all the expectations that could reasonably have been formed of them; but that they are often inexact, and uninformed of facts, the knowledge of which is indispensable to the composition of a satisfactory history, is too notorious to be disputed. Nor could this defect

* An Account of the Most Important Public Records of Great Britain; and the Publications of the Record Commissioners, together with other Miscellaneous, Historical, and Antiquarian Information. By C. P. Cooper, Esq. London: 1832.

† A Proposal for the Erection of a General Record Office, and other Buildings, on the Site of the Rolls Estate. London: 1832.

be hitherto avoided. In a field so vast as that to which their toils were directed, it was impossible that any one man's exertions, however indefatigable, or that his powers of observation, however minute, could reach every part; and yet every part should have been visited, and must yet be visited, before such a history shall be written as will be worthy of the country to which it is to be dedicated. No less obvious is it that the first steps to be taken towards the formation of such a history, consist in a careful collection and able examination of all the documents, public and private, in which our national depositories are so rich. The extensive nature of this task demands much time, and many hands. When completed, it will not form of itself a history, but it will furnish to the future historian the materials upon which he may work, and without which all his efforts, however assiduous, all his talents, however brilliant, will be spent in vain.

In other countries this truth has been most sensibly felt; and much has been done, in almost all the continental nations at least, to collect and arrange the various documents and records of which they are possessed, and to make them as public as possible. In France, the study of the national history and antiquities was first encouraged; and it was pursued with so much ardour, and with such signal success, that the works produced under its influence may be referred to as some of the most elaborate and meritorious that anywhere exist. The circumstances under which they were entered upon, were, it must be admitted, singularly favourable; and although the political convulsions by which that country has been assailed, and which have shaken her institutions to their very bases, have sometimes suspended the operations which had been commenced; still, in each succeeding interval of tranquillity, they have been renewed, while the public interest and respect which these monuments of the nation's history have inspired, has protected them,

—“when temple and tow'r
Went to the ground.”

The project of making a general collection of all the authentic documents which bore relation to the history of France, engaged the attention of the learned in that country many years ago; and Colbert and d'Aguessseau were among the first who laid the foundation for such a collection. In 1759, the establishment of the *Depot des legislation*, in which all the written laws of the kingdom, including those in the *Chancellerie*, and in the *Archives Royales*—or, as we should say technically, among the *State Papers*—were gathered, suggested the expediency of making a similar assemblage of all the historical documents which it was then possible to discover; and in 1762, by a royal ordonnance of Louis XV., this suggestion was carried into effect. The manner in which the searches for these documents were to be con-

ducted, and the means by which the expense of them should be defrayed, were regulated by orders of the Royal Council; but it was the public spirit which the announcement of the project excited, and the zealous co-operation of those persons whose acquirements best qualified them for the discharge of the services they volunteered, that gave vigour to the undertaking, and ensured its success. Several years were spent in discussing the principles, and tracing out the plan, upon which the necessary inquiries should be conducted; and, in 1766, the clergy lent the full force of their assistance and influence to the work. They engaged to provide from their own funds no inconsiderable share of the necessary expenses, and contributed still more efficiently by the assistance of some of their most learned members. The fraternities of St. Maur and St. Vannes engaged, with the utmost ardour, in this worthy pursuit. They despatched some of the ablest of their congregation to those places in which searches were to be made; while others were occupied in arranging and extracting the information which the labours of their brethren had procured. Their example was followed not only by many churchmen, but by many public bodies in the provinces, who showed themselves sensibly alive to the known advantages to be derived from its prosecution; and who contributed largely to the collection and editing of such of the materials as related to their several districts. An essential service to the design was also rendered by the transmission, through the several intendants of provinces, of lists of all the depositories of records and historical manuscripts, and of their several contents, within the limits of their jurisdictions.

The royal authority, and the influence of the various eminent persons who were interested in the work, insured for the learned men who had undertaken the task of exploring them, a ready access to all these documents. In Britain, under the auspices of M. Georgelin, a society was formed for the purpose of collecting materials for the history of that province. Individuals of great learning, and of no less zeal, were in most places found to assist these operations; and where there happened to be none such, or when the searches required extraordinary skill and knowledge, the Benedictines readily supplied the assistance of their fraternity. While the work was proceeding rapidly and vigorously in France, it was carried on with no less energy in other countries. M. de Bréquigny was sent to London, and M. La Porte du Theil to Rome, to prosecute researches in the public depositories there; while other well qualified persons employed themselves in making similar searches in Catalonia, in the Low countries, and in some of the German cities. It had been intended, when these labours were commenced, that the funds necessary for defraying the expense incident to them, should have been furnished by the Government; but the patriotism of individuals, and the assistance

of the ecclesiastical and civil bodies, was so efficiently bestowed, as to lighten most materially the burden which these charges would have otherwise occasioned. A sum less than £2000 sterling, per annum, was paid by the Treasury, and was applied, with strict and wise economy, as the reward of meritorious labours. An establishment was provided for receiving the fruits of all the searches which had been instituted; and the arrangement of them in convenient order was conducted under the superintendence of M. Moreau, then historiographer of France; while the royal favour was bestowed upon the several contributors to the work in the shape of honourable and gratifying distinctions.

By such means, this vast and difficult literary enterprise was brought in a very short time to a satisfactory result. The very activity which was displayed in its management, seemed to be the only material obstacle it encountered. As to the royal archives, a catalogue of their contents was all that was necessary; because it furnished to students and enquirers of all kinds a familiar means of consulting such of the various documents as it was necessary to refer to. Of the records and papers deposited in other places, a full copy of the titles, with a drawing of the seal, if there happened to be one, and a traced copy of the writing, was in the first instance required; but it being found that some of these had been published in former collections, a general catalogue of all the records which had been printed, was prepared at the expense of the king, and distributed to each of the persons occupied in making the searches. Three folio volumes of this catalogue were completed under the superintendence of M. de Bréquigny, beginning with a letter of Pius I. to the Bishop of Vienna, supposed to be of the year 142 or 166, and finishing with the reign of Louis VIII., in 1179. The printing of the 4th volume had been carried as far as the year 1213, when this and the other works which had been undertaken, were interrupted by the Revolution.

The main object of the collection had been at the same time pursued with unremitting ardour; and it soon presented a numerous assemblage of original charters, and of accurate copies of charters, and other historical instruments; of descriptive catalogues of the contents of other depositories; ancient terriers; collections formed by private individuals, and the notes and memoranda of learned men, who had been engaged in analogous researches, including several curious and interesting manuscripts, relating to the history of France. Among these latter was the magnificent manuscript, on vellum, containing the proceedings against Joan of Arc, a Life of Gaston de Foix, a History of Dijon, a manuscript concerning the murderers of the Duke of Orleans, the proceedings relative to Pope John XXII., and several other works, which, though not strictly falling within the scope of the original design of the collection,

were justly thought to be so valuable, that their acquisition ought not to be neglected.

It was intended to publish the whole collection of the records which had thus been procured. The first volume of the 'Collection des Chartes,' and the two first volumes of the 'Letters of Pope Innocent the Third'—the most able juriconsult of his times, and who possessed a very extensive influence over the affairs of France, as well as with regard to the other States of Christendom—were the earliest publications which appeared, the former having been prepared for the press by M. Bréquigny, and the latter by M. La Porte du Theil, who had collected at Rome the materials of which it was composed. But the impulse which the formation of the collection had given to the study of history in France, produced results infinitely more extensive than the founders had calculated upon. The reputation and importance which it had acquired, gave birth to several of those grand historical works which redound to the lasting honour of French literature, and will remain as models for the imitation of every people who are as solicitous as they ought to be of their country's renown. The treasures which this collection included, furnished materials for the 'Recueil des Ordonnances,' the 'Recueil des Historiens de France,' 'L'Art de Verifier les Dates,' and the new 'Collection des Conciles.' At this period, one of the most memorable in the literary history of France, under the protection of the government, and by means of the royal encouragement, were produced those four grand collections, the merit of which is equal to their extent. At the same time, the 'Gallia Christiana,' the 'Collection des Chartes,' the 'Lettres Historiques des Papes,' the 'Table Chronologique des Chartes Imprimées,' the 'Histoire Littéraire de la France,' and the Histories of several of the Provinces, by the Benedictines of St. Maur, the 'Glossaire Français de Ste Palaya and Mouchet,' the complete edition of 'Froissard, by M. Dacier,' the 'Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits,' and the 'Memoires de l'Academie des Belles Lettres;'—all works of extraordinary learning and acknowledged merit—were in progress. In 1786, these were proceeding with such energy and activity as promised the most brilliant success; in 1791, nothing remained of them but the melancholy reflection that enterprises so grand and so useful had been crushed under the political convulsions which ensued. The persons who had been engaged upon them were dispersed, and the materials themselves consigned to neglect, until quieter and less busy times drew the public attention to their value. While, in the frenzy which possessed the nation at the Revolution, the repositories in the provinces from which these materials had been collected were mercilessly destroyed, those of the metropolis were left unhurt, almost untouched; and their value has now greatly increased by their having become the only

sources from which the ravages committed in the delirium of popular excitement can be repaired. A commission appears to have been issued by the National Assembly, directed to certain literary men and academicians, authorizing them to select from the national repositories such articles as might belong to French history, and directing, that whatever appeared to be of no great merit should be destroyed. The latter part of the order was carried into effect at the Place Vendôme; but the collections of historical materials which were spared, and which filled from seven to eight hundred boxes, were lodged in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*, where they now remain.

The value of these materials to the future historians of France will be incalculable; but the greater part of that value is to be attributed to the generous and sagacious protection afforded by the government, and to the prudent and zealous care with which the collection was made, and was rendered accessible and useful for the purposes of history. Among its contents are a catalogue and copies of documents which relate to France, existing in the archives of the Austrian Low Countries, consisting of 210 volumes in folio, made by order of the King in 1746, and the two following years, by Courchelet d'Esnans, Conseiller au parlement de Besançon; the collection of original documents, or ancient copies of the President Fontette, in 66 portfolios,—a portion of the catalogue of which is contained in the *Bibliothèque du Père Le Long*; the collection made by M. de Bréquigny in London, from various depositories, and which consists of 90 folio volumes; a collection, in 52 vols. 4to, of such of the letters of the Popes of the 13th and 14th centuries, as relate to the history of France, made by M. La Porte du Theil during his residence of seven years at Rome,—independently of 20,000 extracts from, or notices of, historical pieces drawn also from the same sources; catalogues of the ancient archives of the principal cities in France; collections relating to the particular histories of separate provinces, Picardy, Burgundy, Franche Comté, Languedoc, &c.; the greater part of the labours of the Benedictines, yet remaining in manuscript, on the civil or literary history of Gaul and France; and a great quantity of records and documents collected in various parts of the kingdom at the time of their dispersion in the commencement of the Revolution, and from that period to the present. Some of those works which the Revolution interrupted have been since resumed; but the greater part of them remain suspended until some more favourable period shall arrive, when the spirit which once animated the French to be foremost in the study of the history of the Middle Ages shall revive. The works which have been continued under the superintendence of the Academy of Inscriptions, are '*Les Historiens de France*,' '*Les Ordonnances de la Troisième Race*,' '*L'Histoire Littéraire de la*

France,' and '*Les Extraits et Notices des Manuscrits*.'

The greater part of the collections which were thus made in France, and the works which were founded upon them, were either undertaken directly by the Benedictines, or were carried on with their co-operation; and it should seem that works of a similar kind can never be so well performed as by a society in co-operation; the constitution of which prevents the operation of those accidents by which the enterprises of individuals are so often thwarted. In the fraternities which have been mentioned, there were, besides the learned and experienced persons to whom the most important parts of the task were intrusted, no lack of younger men, who, having been educated in the same studies, and being familiar with the same pursuits as their superiors, were able to take upon themselves the laborious duties of searching for and transcribing documents, and of rendering effectual assistance to the more learned members in their lifetime, and of filling up their places when they had become vacant. Thus, upon the death of the ablest of the body, the fruits of his exertions were not lost; his papers and manuscripts passed into the hands of a pupil whom he had probably trained to similar studies, and who himself, in his turn, qualified other pupils to succeed to his post when he should occupy it no longer. In order to supply a somewhat similar machinery to the continuation of those historical works,—the commencement of which had reflected so much glory upon the nation, that the Frenchmen of the present day are unwilling to see it depart from them,—an institution has been formed under the title of *L'Ecole des Chartes*, for the purpose at once of instructing young men in the language and characters of the ancient documents which are preserved in the public repositories, and of qualifying them to continue the publication of the stores which yet remain unexhausted. The utility of such an institution is apparent; and if applied to the records of our own country would be at once the readiest, the most rapid, and the most economical mode of accomplishing those objects which the interests of the national literature demand. It would dissipate that notion which has been so successfully inculcated by the persons interested in having it believed, that the task of deciphering ancient writings requires extraordinary skill; and would prevent the abuse which has been too often practised here, of exacting for labour performed by mere clerks, remuneration which would be exorbitant, even if it had been bestowed upon real talent and rare requirements. In some departments of the study of records, such talents and acquirements are essential; wherever they are employed, their value will be recognised; nor is there any reason to apprehend that either the reward or the fame which belong to them will be withheld. But the true respectability and dignity of literature are disgraced, as much as the

public confidence is abused, by practices which have been permitted, but which can now never be safely repeated.

The example of France has been successfully followed by other continental nations, who have of late evinced a very earnest desire to make such materials as they possess available to the purposes of history, and the interests of general literature. Several publications are now before us, which give tokens of the workings of this spirit, and which are not less creditable to the learning and taste of the persons by whom they have been executed, than they are creditable to the governments under whose auspices they have been entered upon. At Frankfort on the Maine, a society has been formed, consisting of some of the most distinguished literary men of every part of Germany, for the purpose of seeking out, from the original sources, the history of Germany during the middle ages. Two folio volumes, under the title of '*Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*,' have appeared, containing the annals and chronicles of the earliest of the monkish writers, and the works of other historians, and which are edited by M. G. E. Pertz, the keeper of the records at Hanover. But the value or the activity of this society is not to be judged of by this publication alone. They have ransacked, with the stanch zeal of true antiquaries, and with judicious care, the public libraries of almost every nation in Europe. Six volumes of their proceedings attest the diligence with which they have sought out the treasures that lie concealed in England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; many of which will prove of excellent use to all students of the history of the middle ages. The several governments of Germany have contributed to the expense of this important work; and the archives and public depositories of records,—including among them the state-paper office of Vienna,—have been freely opened to their research.

In Sweden, the '*Diplomatarium Suecicum*,' edited by Joh. Gust. Liljegren, a collection of *diplomata*, beginning with the year 819, has recently been published. At about the same time appeared at Buda, the '*Codex Diplomaticus Hungariæ, ecclesiasticus ac civilis*,' by George Fejer, the King's librarian. Still more recently, the Prussian government has caused the '*Codex Diplomaticus Brandenburgensis*,' which was commenced in 1785, to be resumed; the first volume of which was published in the course of the last year at Berlin. Nor should there be omitted from this scanty enumeration of the works connected with this subject, which have recently appeared, Dr. Böhmer's elaborate and useful publication, entitled, '*Regesta Chronologica Diplomatica Regum atque Imperatorum, inde a Conrado I. usque ad Henricum III.*,' a work eminently calculated to assist the prosecution of inquiries into that period of modern history which it embraces. The government of Rus-

sia has recently given directions for the arrangement of all the Slavonic and other documents which relate to the history of that empire; in Lusatia, a private selection of a similar kind has been formed; and in Bavaria, and other smaller states, the classification of the public archives has been engaged in with a degree of ardour which manifests the general sense that is entertained of the importance of the subject.

If, from the contemplation of all that has been done and is in progress abroad, we turn to an inquiry into the use which in England has been made of the materials in which we are so rich, or into the contributions which we have made to the general history of the middle ages, or even to the accurate history of England, the contrast must needs be as mortifying to our national pride, as it is disgraceful to our reputation. More than thirty years have elapsed since, by a Royal Commission, full authority was given to carry into execution the measures which it had been ascertained were expedient for the preservation of the public records of the kingdom. Sums of money, to a very large amount in the whole, have since been voted by Parliament, to effect the objects for which that Commission was appointed. Notwithstanding these means, and although the assistance and superintendence of some of the most eminent men in the country were given to the plan which was then laid down, the work has not prospered in any degree commensurate with the expense which has been incurred.

An edition of the Statutes of the Realm has been published, but it is neither complete nor correct; a new edition of Rymer's *Fœdera* has been partially published; but it turns out to be so full of errors, that it cannot be proceeded in. A great part of the contents supposed to be new, had been frequently printed before; many important documents were omitted; some of those which the new edition contained had not been collated with the originals, and were consequently in many respects erroneous. When the present Commissioners took up the consideration of this subject, the work had proceeded to the sixth year of the reign of Richard the Second (1383.) They found that to continue it would be worse than useless; to commence a new edition, too costly and extensive an undertaking, having regard to the other subjects which had a paramount claim to their attention; while the quantity of inedited materials was so vast, that they were compelled to postpone the consideration of the best means by which they could supply the deficiencies of the expensive publication which had been commenced, and make the documents which had been transcribed for its continuation available to the public. The first appears almost a hopeless task; the latter might be easily effected by publishing in volumes of a moderate size, and at such prices as would place them within general reach, the inedited documents which

have been drawn from the Tower, the Rolls Chapel, the Chapter House, and the State Paper Office; and which would, in that shape, form a useful supplement to the *Fœdera*, and valuable contributions to the materials for English History. In the mean time the Commissioners have stopped the progress of the work, the uselessness of which they had detected. The publication of the 'Parliamentary Writs' has also been suspended. No difference of opinion appears to be entertained as to the skill and ability with which the editor of this work has performed his task; but the great expense with which it has been, and, if it were to be continued upon the same scale, would in future be attended, has suggested very reasonable doubts of the propriety of pursuing it. The cost, too, of this work has a pernicious effect by way of example; and if in the future proceedings of the Record Commission it should be considered as a standard for the remuneration of the persons employed, the extent of the Commissioners' labours will be most injuriously circumscribed, and the funds placed at their disposal will fall far short of the purposes to which they might be made to extend. The form of publication is upon the face of it wasteful. The utmost luxury of printing and paper is thrown away upon such works; and upon this subject a useful lesson might be learnt from the practice of other nations;—an apt illustration of which occurs in an elaborate work, of a somewhat similar character with that on the 'Parliamentary Writs,' respecting the Fœdal Titles of France;* two modest octavos, closely printed, here containing a mass of historical and antiquarian information, the result of very extensive research, digested with remarkable ability.

The most important duties of the Commissioners seem to be, to make inquiry into the state of the Record Offices; the salaries of the officers; the rules and regulations of the various depositories; and whether any and what reforms and improvements may be beneficially introduced therein. Short though the period has been during which the present Commissioners have addressed themselves to the discharge of these duties, they have done enough to show that they are fully sensible of their importance, and that they are in no respect open to the charge of indifference or neglect.

The most serious complaint that can be alleged against the present state of our Records is, that they are scattered in various parts of the metropolis; that some of them are so ill kept as to render it extremely probable that they will be wholly lost, unless they shall be immediately rescued from the peril in which

they are placed; that they are for the greater part unarranged, and without indexes; and that the access to all of them is either so inconvenient or so expensive, as to prohibit those who are not in the possession of great wealth from availing themselves of their contents.

The public records of England may be divided into two classes;—the one comprehending those documents which relate to our domestic history; the other those which illustrate the foreign transactions and the various treaties and negotiations which have taken place between this and other countries. The places in which they are deposited are so various as to make it impracticable for any one to undertake a complete search among them for the materials which probably only require seeking in order to be found. These are the Chapter House at Westminster, the Tower of London, the Parliamentary Depositories, the State Paper and other State Offices, the Rolls Chapel, the Archives of the various Courts of Justice, Civil and Ecclesiastical, the Cathedrals, the Universities, the Inns of Court, the Library at Lambeth, and the British Museum, and those belonging to the Royal and Antiquarian Societies. It has been admitted in the most express terms, and is of itself sufficiently obvious, that in order to make the miscellaneous and varied contents of these depositories useful to the public, whose absolute property many of them are, and in all of which they have an interest that will not be disputed, the first step to be taken will be the classifying and arranging them in chronological order; and the next, the publication of accurate and full indexes of the materials of which they consist. To enumerate the several depositories in which this indispensable proceeding remains yet to be accomplished, would be to occupy a much larger space than can here be devoted to such a subject; but one instance may suffice to show how much reason a remedy for this grievance is called for.

The Tower of London, from the nature and extent of its contents, may be justly said to be the most important of them all. In the year 1800, the Select Committee appointed to inquire into the state of the public records, recommended that indexes and calendars should be forthwith completed. Something, no doubt, has been done in compliance with this recommendation, but so imperfectly, that such calendars as have been published must be reconstructed before they can be usefully resorted to. Of these, the *Calendars of the Charter Rolls* are extremely imperfect; and although the errors and omissions up to the latter part of the reign of Edward the Second have been supplied by the officers in that establishment, these *Calendars* still remain wholly insufficient. The *Calendar to the Patent Rolls* is in a similar state; and although a new *Calendar* has been begun, it does not extend beyond the 38th of Henry the Third. The *calendars of the Close Rolls* do not notice one

* *Noms Fœdaux*; ou noms de ceux qui ont tenu fief en France, depuis le XII. Siècle, jusque vers le milieu du XVIII; extraits des archives du Royaume, par un Membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres. Paris, 1825.

† The Pipe Rolls are in great danger of being wholly spoiled by the dampness of the cellar in which they are kept; while some of the most valuable records in the Tower are placed over a gunpowder magazine.

instrument out of ten; and the new Calendar reaches only to the end of the reign of King John. To the Almain Rolls there is only a defective Calendar; nor are those of the French, Norman, and Gascon Rolls, which have been printed by Carte, more free from errors and imperfections. The 'Inquisitiones post mortem' have Calendars in which the names of the heirs found by the inquisition,—generally the most valuable part of the information,—have been omitted; a circumstance which the utmost extent of charity can hardly refer to accident. The Fine, Liberate, Redisseisin, Parliament, Welsh, and Roman Rolls, the Forest proceedings, the numerous bundles and files of writs of Certiorari and the returns, and the private petitions to Parliament, remain undindexed. In short, to use the words of the present keeper of the Records in the Tower, 'with respect to the Calendars to the Records in the office, it may be observed, that they are all more or less defective. They were for the greater part formed in the 17th century, with the sole object, it would seem, of enabling the officers to satisfy inquiries relating to subjects of general interest,—such as grants of land or offices in perpetuity, titles of honour, creations and privileges of corporations, grants of fairs and markets, and free warren, foundations and endowments of monasteries, descent of land, &c.; and the notices excerpted for this purpose were generally as brief as possible,—a mere indication being all that they themselves required for the purpose of reference.' In pursuing the object above-mentioned, many classes of Records were left wholly without Calendar or Index; and of those which had any apparatus of this sort, generally by far the larger portion of the instruments on the several Rolls, &c., were left unnoticed; as being either of a personal, or, with reference to the object of those officers, of an unimportant description.

The value of these documents for the general purposes of history, is too apparent to require any observation; but it will be remembered that this is not their only value. They are in many instances the only evidence of private titles; and the right of the public generally to have access to them, as well for the purpose of searching, as of making copies, has been recognised ever since the reign of Edward III. (See *Rot. Parl.* 46 *Ed. III.* p. 314.) The manner in which that right is abridged under the existing system, has been stated in forcible terms, by a gentleman whose practical knowledge and long experience of the subject gives great weight to his opinions. Mr. Illingworth, in his Report to the Commissioners, says, 'Under the present want of copious public indexes in many of the record offices, not only the public

'at large, but even solicitors, are, in general, at a loss how or where to obtain information, so constantly required in tithe and other suits, and in deducing titles through the Crown, without calling in the assistance of persons termed Record Agents, or Antiquaries, who have made this branch of the law their more particular study; of these, there are not above eight, and of whom only four are regular professional men. Whereas, if proper indexes were made in every office, and circulated by means of the press, great labour and expense would be saved to suitors and others; who, by themselves or their immediate attorneys, would be enabled to gain the required information, without the intervention of such middlemen of antiquaries.' If the evil were confined to the mere inconvenience of expense, it would be sufficiently reprehensible; but it is said there have been instances in which it has assumed a graver shape; and that, it being obviously in the power of the clerks, who are employed as record agents, to withhold from the parties opposed to their clients information of which, for want of public indexes, these clerks are alone possessed, and also to communicate to such clients the evidence which the opposite party is seeking for, or perhaps may have obtained, they have upon certain occasions availed themselves of this power. The possibility also of suppressing, if not of destroying records, the production of which would be inconvenient, is fraught with too much danger to be longer permitted. The practice of exacting large fees for searching, and enormous payments for having copies made of the records, is an abuse which one would think was too much for the endurance of the people in the nineteenth century, when in the fourteenth it was ordained, in the words of the Parliamentary provision of Edward III. before referred to, 'par Estatut, q Serche et Exemption plication soient faitz as tout gentz de queconq' Recorde q les touche en aucun maniere, auxi bien de ce q chiet encontre le Roi come autres gentz.' It must be confessed, however, that the keepers of these records evince unquestionable impartiality in the manner of enforcing their demands; and that the King is as little exempt from their exactions as any private individual. When upon a recent trial of the right of the Crown to certain copper mines in Cornwall, it was necessary to make searches at the Tower, although the person making these searches produced to the keeper official orders, by which he was directed not to pay any fees, that functionary prohibited his making any future searches in that establishment, till the fees demanded from the Crown had been paid. The consequence was, that the fees were paid, under a protest, indeed, on behalf of his Majesty, which was as little regarded as most other protests commonly are.

To the historian, or to the student, the demand of such, or almost of any fees, would amount to a prohibition; and even if the fees

* These Records, considering their vast importance, not only in evidencing the descents of peerages, and of families of distinction, but as regards manorial rights in general, are in such a state, from the manner in which the bundles are squeezed and folded up, as to be in very many instances totally illegible.—*Mr. Illingworth's Report to the Record Commissioners, 30th May, 1831.*

were abolished, the want of indexes and calendars would prove a great, if not an insuperable, objection to their making use of the treasures contained in the Record offices. To collect sufficient materials for a note of half a dozen lines, illustrating a passage of history, might cost weeks of research, and more money to boot, than the author's remuneration could amount to; while such a document as might be most usefully printed in an appendix, would be to be bought at hardly a less rate than its weight in gold. It is in vain therefore to expect, while such a system shall exist, that any extensive addition can be made to the history of the country; and yet the slightest consideration of the contents of these depositories is sufficient to prove, that they are capable of throwing the most interesting and valuable light upon those portions of our annals which remain in the deepest obscurity. The familiar and prominent facts of our history have been repeated by one author after another, the groundwork being the same always, and the versions differing only in proportion to the genius and accomplishments of the several writers. The matchless style and profound sagacity of Hume have shed a lustre upon materials which no powers short of his could have rescued from the dulness and darkness with which neglect or accident had overshadowed them; but was it for such a writer as Hume to waste his rare talents upon the irksome task of ransacking the mouldering stores which choke up our public repositories? All that can be hoped for is, that when the materials for our history shall have been elucidated and arranged; when students may learn in their own closets, from accurate calendars, the existence of all that may seem to be available for their purposes, and shall be enabled by gratuitous and convenient access to the particular documents to ascertain their actual value, some persons will be found competent to the task of painting 'our fathers as they lived.'

Among the stores in the Tower of London lie the means of effecting this object, particularly with reference to the earlier and most obscure portions of our history. An immense collection of royal letters and state papers, miscellaneous rolls relating to the revenue, expenditure, debts and accounts of the Crown, New Year's gifts, the royal household, mint, foreign bills of exchange, military and naval affairs, instruments relating to treaties, truces, and infractions of peace, chiefly between England and France; mercantile matters, foreign possessions of the Crown, proceedings in the Admiralty, military and other courts of the great officers of the Crown, pardons, protections, petitions, subsidy rolls, Scotch homage rolls, pardon rolls, privy seals, signet bills, writs of various descriptions from Edward I. to Edward IV., exist there, without calendar or index; and in such masses as to defy the patience of any inquirer, however ardent. It need not be said that in such a variety of documents their

value must vary considerably, or that many of them are of little use; but each of them is at least worthy of being examined; and there are few of them which, if properly scrutinized by apt labourers, would not at least contribute to the elucidation or ratification of some branch of history. Some of them would render still more important services; and, by pointing out the daily habits and most familiar occurrences of the lives of our kings and other eminent personages who figure in our history, lead us to a much more accurate estimate of their genius than any that has hitherto been formed. With this view, the close rolls are among the most minute and interesting of those documents which remain unexplored. The character of King John has had but scanty justice done to it; and perhaps those who have formed their notions of that monarch from the ordinary accounts of him, will be surprised to find him writing to the Abbot of Reading to acknowledge the receipt of 'six volumes of books, containing 'the whole of the Old Testament, Master Hugh de St. Victor's Treatise on the Sacraments, the Sentences of Peter Lombard, the Epistles of St. Augustine on the City of God, and on the 3d part of the Psalter, Valerian de Moribus, Origen's Treatise on the Old Testament, and Candidus Arianus to Marius;—and that on another occasion shortly afterwards he acknowledges the receipt of 'his copy of Pliny,' which had been in the custody of the same Abbot. Still less does it consist with the commonly adopted notions of his selfish tyranny, that he should address Bryan de Insula in terms like the following: 'Know that we are quite willing that our chief barons, concerning whom you wrote to us, may hunt while passing through your bailiwick, provided that you know who they are and what they take; for we do not keep our forests, nor our beasts, for our own use only, but for the use also of our faithful subjects. See, however, that they are well guarded on account of robbers, for the beasts are more frightened by robbers than by the aforesaid barons.' Of the reign of Henry III. the particulars are still more minute. Notwithstanding its connexion with superstitions which exist no longer, we may sympathize with the pious charity that suggested that monarch's order 'for feeding as many poor persons as can enter the greater and lower hall at Westminster on Friday next after the octaves of St. Matthew, being the anniversary of Eleanor, the King's sister, formerly Queen of Scotland, for the good of the said Eleanor's soul.' His taste for the fine arts, and his encouragement of its professors, are frequently to be traced in the entries upon these rolls. In one of them he gives directions for having the great chamber at Westminster painted with a good green colour after the fashion of a curtain; and in the great gable of the same chamber near the door this device to be painted,—'Ke ne dune ke ne tine, ne prent ke desent, and another runs thus,—'The King, in pe

presence of Master William the painter, a monk of Westminster, lately at Winchester, contrived and gave orders for a certain picture to be made at Westminster in the wardrobe where he was accustomed to wash his face, representing the King who was rescued by his dogs from the seditions which were plotted against that King by his subjects, respecting which same picture the King addressed other letters to you Edward of Westminster. And the King commands Philip Lavel his treasurer, and the aforesaid Edward of Westminster, to cause the same Master William to have his costs and charges for painting the aforesaid picture without delay; and when he shall know the cost, he will give them a writ of liberate therefor.' For the illustration of the elder historians, and as a means of ascertaining how far narrations of events which appear doubtful or improbable, are correct, these and other buried documents possess great value. That blackest charge against the memory of King John, by which he is implicated in the murder of his nephew Prince Arthur, has been brought forward in forms so various, that common charity has induced many men to withhold their credence from an accusation which rests on vague and uncertain traditions. It is said, however, that Arthur's death, by whatever means it was brought about, took place at Rouen; it has been ascertained very lately for the first time, by inspection of the attestations of records, that John was at that place on that day; a circumstance not in itself enough to lead men to a very violent suspicion of his guilt, if the manner of the Prince's death had not been sudden and mysterious; but which, bringing the charge at least somewhat nearer, may probably lead to further discoveries. Of less importance, but yet not without interest,—if it be interesting to know accurately the early manners of a people, and to trace their progress from periods when those lights of science which are now beaming in full radiance over the land, had just begun to glimmer above the horizon,—is the following instance. Mathew Paris relates, that in 1255, an elephant was sent by the King of France to Henry III., and that it being the first animal of that species that had been seen in England, the people flocked in great numbers to behold it. Upon the close rolls is entered a writ tested at Westminster the 3d of February, 39 H. III. (1255,) directing the sheriff of Kent to 'go in person to Dover, together with John Gouch the King's servant, to arrange in what manner the King's elephant, which was at Whitsand,* may best and most conveniently be brought over to these parts, and to find for the same John a ship and other things necessary to convey it; and if, by the advice of the mariners and

'others, it could be brought to London by water,' directing it to be so brought. That the stranger arrived safely, is evident from a similar writ, dated the 23d of the same month, commanding the Sheriffs of London to 'cause to be built at the Tower of London, a house forty feet in length and twenty in breadth, for the King's elephant.' Economy however, it seems, was not neglected by the monarch in his *menus plaisirs*; for the Sheriffs are expressly charged to see that the house be so strongly constructed that, whenever there should be need, it might be adapted to and used for other purposes; and the costs are to be ascertained 'by the view and testimony of honest men.'

The authenticity of the entries on these rolls is from their very nature beyond dispute. They contain the enrolment of the royal commands given to the Chancellor, either personally by the King, or transmitted to him, by messengers, under the warrant of the King's Signet, or the Privy Seal. As the Chancellor was commonly with the King, and personally cognisant of the occasions which suggested the royal mandates, the greater portion of them were communicated *per ipsum regem*. Having issued the letters, patent or close, as the nature of the command required, by which obedience to them was exacted, those letters were entered upon the rolls, which thus became an authentic record of all the matters which they contained. From the substance of these rolls, and the manner in which they were kept, they form in some sort a diary of the proceedings of the sovereigns and their courts through the reigns to which they relate; and, however trifling some of them may seem, they cast, in the whole, so much light upon the domestic and personal history and biography of many individuals, and indicate with such clearness and accuracy the forms of government, politics, arts, opinions, modes of living, costumes, and manners of our ancestors during the periods over which they extend, that no historian can safely omit to consult them. A complete transcript of them has been lately made, and is now preparing for publication, under the direction of the Record Commission; so that in this instance, at least, the two first complaints, which have hitherto prevailed, of the manner in which the public documents have been sealed up and hidden from public inspection, will be removed.

The masses of correspondence relating to the foreign transactions of the nation, will also prove a fruitful source of information whenever they shall be laid open. Besides these, the proceedings before the Privy Council, in those periods of our history when the interference of the monarch was invoked and exercised upon occasions which no longer fall within the scope of the royal authority, will supply many deficiencies and rectify many inaccuracies with which our public and private history abounds; and these, excepting the rare visits which have been paid to them by some modern writers who

* The shortest and most convenient passage from France to England appears to have been from Whitsand to Dover. The tenure of certain lands in Coperland near Dover, was the service of holding the King's head between Dover and Whitsand whenever he crossed there.

have possessed sufficient influence to procure, by great favour, that opportunity of consulting them which ought to be acceded to every inquirer, remain untouched and almost unknown. That a more liberal and wise system formerly prevailed is sufficiently evident. The present secretary to the existing Record Commission, to whose labours the public is already indebted for the suspension of some of the most notorious abuses, makes, in the work which has given rise to these observations, some remarks, in the justice of which it is impossible not to concur. 'The existence of numerous transcripts and abstracts of records made during the course of the 16th and 17th centuries by private individuals, for their own use, sufficiently proves that in those days the offices were accessible to the antiquarian and historian willing to explore their recesses; and that the guardianship of the sources from which the only correct information respecting the rise and the course of our civil institutions can be derived, was not then intrusted to keepers and clerks, privileged to debar all approach to those unwilling to bestow a bribe, while none but the wealthy collector can afford.

'Some modification of the system of the offices is probably not far distant; which will once more place them within the pale of our national literature, and unlock their stores for the investigation of the learned. Such a change, it has been sometimes said, would be incompatible with the safety of the Records; but the evils anticipated cannot lead more surely to their destruction than do the existing abuses; and the whole of these evils may be averted by suitable regulations. The compiler, indeed, is convinced that such a reform would be the surest and cheapest measure that could be adopted for the ultimate preservation of the Records. A large portion of the most valuable of our monuments has, since the reign of Elizabeth, mouldered and perished under the eyes of successive careless, avaricious, or ignorant keepers; and their contents are now known only from the excerpts and abstracts that we owe to the unlimited zeal or liberality of some of the ancient officers. Open the mines of the Record Offices to literary men, and there will not be wanting Dodsworths and Cartes, whose diligence, immeasurable by the standard of public and official labour, shall, in less than twenty years, have examined their contents, and separated the dross from the metal; and have transmitted, by means of transcription or the press, for the use of our remotest descendants, all the materials that can serve to illustrate the antiquities, and the general and local history of the country.'

But although much remains to be done with the materials we possess, there exist in other countries documents not less valuable, and equally indispensable to the successful prosecution of the objects connected with the English history. There are periods of our history, as

yet almost wholly untouched, in which the policy and interests of this country and of France were so interwoven, that they may be said to have been the same; while the origin of many of our institutions, and some of our most ancient usages, is to be traced in, and can be best illustrated by, those of our other continental neighbours. To the earlier portion of our annals, this observation more stringently applies; and in much later times, in those periods upon which it appears to have been assumed, that we have obtained all the information that can be derived, the true picture of the state of affairs cannot be finished without the lights which documents, the existence of some of which is known, and others have yet to be discovered, are capable of furnishing. To point them out particularly, would be to go over a very wide space, including nearly the whole series of our history; but it cannot have escaped the most superficial historical inquirer, that the period of the Black Prince's sovereignty in Guinea, of Henry the Fifth's conquests in France, and of the Duke of Bedford's Regency, which succeeded them, have as yet been traced only in the merest outline. And who can doubt, that if we were in possession of all that may be to be procured respecting the residence of the latter members of the Stuart family in France, the intrigues of which they were the objects, and which they and their adherents so industriously fostered, an extensive and valuable addition would be made to our history? How many profitable lessons might be learned by posterity, if we could trace accurately the workings of that party spirit which induced the corrupt and disappointed adherents of those monarchs who were most inveterately hostile to the liberties of this country, to engage in treasonable practices as base as they might have been dangerous;—that political profligacy which prepared such men to barter, with malignant selfishness, all the treasures of freedom for the corrupt gain they hoped would be the reward of their treachery! How just is it that posterity should know the extent of the guilt of those bad men, and the amount of the danger which the integrity and energy of the champions of the constitution, in that day, were happily enabled to avert! Let us consider only as an instance, the share which Bolingbroke must have taken in some of the measures to which we allude; and see how scanty a light any published history throws upon them. Little more is known of it than that which he has himself stated in his letter to Sir William Wyndham; and who can read that tract without feeling an unconquerable craving to know much more than it discloses of the designs that were a-foot at that time in the French court, where, in his own words, such as 'could write had their letters to show; and such as had not arrived at that pitch of erudition, had their secrets to whisper.'

It was this desire which, several years ago, induced Mr. Fox to take measures for procuring

from the public depositories of France transcripts of such of their contents as could elucidate that portion of the history of England which he had then formed the intention of writing, and of which so small a portion was completed. The short duration of the peace prevented the fulfilment of his intentions, and his object remains still to be accomplished. Those now at the head of the Record Commission have availed themselves of the favourable opportunity which the actual condition of the Continent presents, to procure from the French archives and other repositories, copies of such of the records and documents they contain as belong to English history. Catalogues have been made in Paris of all these documents, which are now in course of publication, and will be followed speedily by the printing of such of them as seem best calculated to supply the deficiencies that have hitherto existed. Under the same auspices, an extensive correspondence has been entered into with the keeper of public libraries and other functionaries, and with the persons most distinguished for their acquaintance with the history of the middle ages in the various cities of the Continent, for the purpose of ascertaining what materials exist in the several depositories, or within the knowledge of the persons whose assistance has been thus invoked, that can bear upon the same interesting subject. Already it has been discovered, that materials to a much more vast extent than has hitherto been supposed, are scattered about in various remote quarters, and that they may be obtained readily and without any great expense.

The nature and value of these documents is extremely various. Of the earliest kinds, the Lives of Saints are the most numerous. If they did no more than chronicle the personal history of the individuals to whom they relate, —the self-denying lives, and miraculous attributes with which superstition has invested them,—their worth, in an historical point, would not be very considerable; but it must be remembered, that many of these sons of the Church played important parts, and that the biography of such personages cannot fail to abound with references to the character and conduct of the princes whose favour they enjoyed, or whose persecution threatened them, and of their contemporaries generally, and the spirit of the times in which they flourished.

The correspondence which was kept up between the ecclesiastics of England and those of other countries, is, for a similar reason, not to be neglected; and even if none of them should be found to contribute very largely to the illustration of politics and manners, their use in rectifying dates is beyond dispute. Upon the literary history of Europe, they have, however, a direct and important bearing, in which the share of England is by no means inconsiderable. The value which was attached at a very early period to the Scottish manuscripts deposited in the Monastery of St. Gall, is suf-

ficiently attested;* and the catalogue of its contents, recently published by Haenel, proves that they deserved the estimation in which they were held. Mathias Corvinus, King of Hungary, famous for his encouragement of learning, and for the ardour with which he collected the productions of literature, is said to have procured from England some of the best scribes and illuminators, by whom the works composing his library were executed. A literary intercourse between France and Ireland was kept up at so early a period as the 7th century, through the means of St. Gertrude; and in the 8th century, the Abbey at York was the place from which the Ecclesiastics of France derived the treasures of the monastic libraries of Scotland and Ireland. The encouragement bestowed by Charlemagne upon literary pursuits has been judiciously regarded in the light of a continuation of that impulse which was first given by the school in which Alfred, Beda, and Alcuin, were formed; and among the proofs adduced in support of this theory, it has been established that Clement, a Scottish monk, was among the most distinguished of those persons who aided the restoration of letters under Charlemagne; and that a British bishop, named Mark, at the invitation of Charles the Bald, with other learned men accompanying him, established himself at the Abbey of St. Gall, the library of which he enriched by a legacy of several books. A collection similar to that made in Rome by M. du Theil for the French government, is now in England. When Mr. Hamilton was returning from his mission to Naples, in 1824, he obtained from the Pope permission for the Abbate Marini to supply the British government with copies of ancient letters registered in the Vatican, and addressed by the Papal See to England, Scotland, and Ireland. A collection of transcripts, consisting of about thirty-five volumes, or bundles, was accordingly furnished by the Abbate, at the expense of this government; and the last portion having arrived in England, in 1829, they were deposited in the State Paper Office, where they remain. The examination and arrangement of these documents, and the formation of a catalogue of their contents, is among the tasks which now invite the labours of the Record Commissioners.

Treaties, and diplomatic papers of all kinds, however minute in themselves, and however obscure the powers to which they relate, are of essential importance. Their value is recognised in Rymer's *Fœdera*, which, with all its defects, is one of the most useful aids that has been afforded to the study of history. There is another description of collections in which the foreign depositories are known to be extremely rich, and which exceed perhaps all the rest in interest and value—the memoirs

* Tanto in pretio fuerint libri sic (Scotice) scripti, vel inde patet quod postea, in eodem catalogo, notetur Carolum Magnum unum, Scotice scriptum, pro dono gratanter acceptum.—Gerbertus, *Iter Alemannicum*, p. 97.

and correspondence of ambassadors and ministers from foreign states who have visited England. Of these, many have been published; and some of the most curious and novel illustrations of our history, have been afforded to such writers as have consulted those which remain in manuscript. It is obviously the main business of persons filling the character of ambassador, to collect all possible information respecting the nations they visit. The narrations of such men must, almost of necessity, present a picture, the liveliness and fidelity of which is always striking, and often surpassing the accounts given by persons more closely connected with the events they describe. Thus the court of Queen Elizabeth, in the later years of her reign, is nowhere described in colours so vivid as in the despatches of the Comte de Beaumont, who was Henry the Fourth's ambassador here; and the correspondence of La Boderie throws a similar light upon that portion of the reign of James the First, in which he resided at the English court in a similar capacity. To place such materials within the reach of the historical student, and to associate them with the stores of which we are the possessors, is one of the objects which engage the attention of the Record Commission at this moment, and which cannot fail to be attended with happy results, if diligently pursued, aided, as their efforts have been, and are, by the co-operation of the persons in authority abroad.

Unless, however, a wholly different method of keeping the collection which will thus be formed, shall be adopted, the labours of the Commission will have been in vain—a result, however, which there is now no reason to fear. One of the most important measures for facilitating the public access to records, is to assemble them, or at least all such of them as can be required for reference, in one edifice. If it were necessary to expend some portion of the public money for this purpose, its importance and utility would justify such a measure; but it has been satisfactorily demonstrated that no such necessity exists. In the second of the works placed at the head of this article, are detailed the means by which a General Record Office, capable of containing all records of a public nature, may be erected. Such an establishment, of the best description, and which is fortunately under the direction of one who has contributed essentially, by his various labours, to promote the objects of the Record Commission, we possess in Scotland. The spot proposed for the new erection, in England, is that plot of ground called the Rolls Estate, in Chancery Lane; a great part of which is wholly vacant, and the remainder is occupied by the Rolls-house, and some public offices, and by buildings of little value. It has been estimated, and the calculation appears to be in no degree exaggerated, that upon this spot a Record-Office, courts for the Barons of the Exchequer, and the Master of the Rolls, during

their sittings out of term, public offices, and chambers for professional men, may be erected in such a manner, that the rental will be sufficient to defray all the expenses of the building, and, at the same time, secure to the successive Masters of the Rolls the same income which is at present derived from the estate. The money requisite for carrying this design into execution, may also be obtained without calling for any assistance from the Treasury, by borrowing from the suitors' fund in the Court of Chancery, upon the security of the buildings, such sums as their erection will require. That fund consists of accumulations of interest upon monies unclaimed, the owners of which are unknown, and will probably remain so for ever. To these accumulations, even if the principal should be claimed, no one can ever pretend any right; they form public property, and so much of them as has hitherto been applied, has been devoted to public purposes, of which none can be conceived more worthy than that at which the proposal aims. Such records as are of a purely literary nature, ought to be transferred to the British Museum, already rich in such stores, where the preservation will be ensured, and where public access to them will be convenient and familiar. Those of a legal character should be deposited in the building here described, or in some similar establishment; and the authority of the legislature may as easily as properly be obtained, to avoid the possibility of their value in the shape of evidence being diminished by their change of custody.

The defects of the former system having been exposed, there remains little difficulty in applying an adequate remedy. The first purpose to be accomplished is the opening of the Record Offices, and making the public acquainted with their contents by means of correct indexes. The next is to complete those contents by the addition of all such materials as can be drawn from the foreign depositories—an object which the proceedings already instituted by the present Board, are calculated to accomplish at no considerable expense, and without delay. For what has hitherto been done, the public thanks are deserved by the Commissioners; and there is no reason to doubt that their future exertions will be equally creditable to them.

From the Spectator.

TAYLOR'S RECORDS OF MY LIFE.

EVERYBODY KNEW JACK TAYLOR, and everybody liked him. He was known by the familiar diminutive of his Christian name on account "of his love of goodfellowship and wit"—to use Mr. Moore's phrase; and was the associate of some of the brightest men of his time, when "brightness" was the great study and pursuit of the day. Everybody loved Jack Taylor: he was thoroughly harmless—a kind and affe-

tionate creature, with all kinds of light pleantry fluttering across his butterfly brain: "When you do an ill-natured thing," said Sheridan to him, "chaos is come again." And it was true. Through a long life, Jack Taylor was always doing kind little offices, and saying pleasant little speeches. His benefits were necessarily of the small kind, and his wit was not of a high cast; but then, life is composed of small deeds, and filled up with small talk. Jack Taylor was a Tory, but of the very gentlest kind: his politics were rather an affair of feeling than opinion: loyalty seemed to him to imply peace and pleasantness—the reign of the social affections—the triumph of the intellectual enjoyments: the rude and boisterous temperament of a republic would have been fatal to his talents and his pleasures: a man of his calibre would have perished in a political storm. Inasmuch as the strong hand of absolute monarchy, while it quenches the more vigorous efforts of men, favours the exercise of the smaller and more social faculties, he leaned on the idea of a king as on a rock of security. This is the creed of a large mass of citizens, who would gladly purchase the pleasures of settled society by the abandonment of all political influence, which is ignorantly supposed not to affect the private condition of the citizen. As a proof that Mr. Taylor's Toryism was altogether passive, he associated indiscriminately with men of all parties: and as the Opposition of that day was composed of the most brilliant men of the age, he lived even more with them than their antagonists. But Jack Taylor was not a mere fair-weather companion—his good-nature outlasted the storms and vicissitudes of his life: he had a pun always ready over the glass, but then he had a tear for the garret. He never deserted his friends till they were laid in the grave; and this last duty he seems to have taken a sort of melancholy pleasure in performing. It would be curious to know how many funerals good-natured Jack Taylor had attended in the course of his long life. He saw nearly all his old friends out: we meet in these volumes with scarcely a name of living men, with the exception perhaps of a few such Nestorian youths as Lord Eldon and his brother Lord Stowell: but Taylor recollected Thurlow, if not an attorney's clerk, at least a student in the Temple.

Mr. Taylor reminds us a good deal of a Frenchman: he had more mercurial qualities than commonly fall to the lot of our countrymen; he was not ambitious; he was more than ordinarily regardless of the outward circumstances of his friends; he was a worshipper of intellectual superiority; and above all, he was a thoroughly social creature—he lived by constant contact with his like;—and all this is French. He was altogether a citizen, a wanderer among bricks and mortar. He was born at Highgate; and perhaps that was his first and last rural excursion. Soon after his birth, his father, a celebrated oculist, removed to

Hatton Garden, where he lived and died: between Hatton Garden and Covent Garden, his son oscillated for upwards of three quarters of a century; and they were probably the greenest places in his recollection, unless perhaps Vauxhall Gardens might put in a claim. We never heard Jack Taylor "babble o' green fields;" though we believe he had repeatedly been to Bagshot, was familiar with Kensington, and used frequently to dine at Bayswater. We say of residents in Paris, they are Parisians: Jack Taylor was not a Cockney, and yet he was a thorough Londonian. His pride was a recontre of wits at the Turk's Head or elsewhere. At Covent Garden and Drury Lane he was also great, both before and behind the scenes: at the latter place, whenever Shaw, the leader of the band, observed his presence, he would always play a particular concerto between the acts, because he knew it was a favourite: here was distinction! Then he was the great prologue and epilogue manufacturer of the day: everybody came to him for the finishing-stroke, and Jack Taylor never refused anybody any thing: impromptus and epigrams he had equally at the service of his friends: no one in need of verse ever applied to Jack Taylor in vain. His *Monsieur Tonson* is his ground of immortality—a very small spot of Pierian earth, but still large enough for a poet to stand tiptoe on—*stans pede in uno*—making verse at the rate of a line a second. He was the editor and proprietor of the *Sun* for many years; and in his hands it was seen how very harmless and inoffensive a daily paper might be. Somehow or other, he contrived to get himself ousted by some anonymous scoundrel—so he considers him—a proprietor of one tenth, and editor by agreement. Taylor was obliged to sell his shares; and after the separation, we believe neither he nor the paper ever prospered.

Mr. Taylor had a kind of celebrity for witty sayings, smart replies, and a flow of gentle buffoonery, powerful at melting the reserve of a party of wits sitting in mutual awe of each other's reputations. Taylor sprung in with a hop, skip, and jump, and pushed the punctilious from their stools of formality. *Records of My Life* contain some of these sayings, but they are chiefly the sayings and doings of those with whom he spent his life. Names and persons are naturally the ideas mostly occupying a brain of his description: it was, therefore, his most natural plan of writing his life, to put down the names of all the remarkable persons he had ever known, and, under each head, *ledgering* all he recollected concerning them. Thus, these *Records* are the index of Jack Taylor's friends for threescore years and more. They form a pretty good picture of the society of London wits, theatrical and political, during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of this: and everybody interested in the time, or indeed those whose acquaintance with his heroes is but slight, cannot fail to be amused by the good stories he tells of them all.

Mr. Taylor was by profession an oculist, and enjoyed, along with his brother, the honorary appointment of oculist to the King: this had been the profession of the family for three if not four generations. Mr. Taylor's grandfather was the famous Chevalier Taylor, oculist to every crowned head in Europe,—a beau, a scholar, a wit, and a quack, the horror of Dr. Johnson, and the delight of the ladies. His grandson forsook his profession for that of the press, thinking that opening the intellectual eyes of the public was more likely to lead to fortune than that of relieving their physical vision. He proved in this matter, as in others, shortsighted: it was the blind leading the blind.

These Records are in point of fact as near to a French collection of *Ana* as possible, and are as little like Records as they are much like gossip. As they are written without order, we must extract from them without it. The author runs from one century to the other with perfect indifference; so that the last page of his work may or may not be the earliest in chronological order. The only exception to this is, that the commencing chapters are, as in private duty bound, devoted to his own family. It originally sprung from Norwich—the land of Taylors. Here the author's great-grandfather practised medicine, and with so much success as to be taken for a conjuror. He seems to have possessed the family humour. This is the manner he followed to convince a countryman of his time that he was not so gifted as it had been imagined—

Dr. Monsey related the following story as a proof of my great-grandfather's reputation for supernatural knowledge and wisdom. A countryman had lost a silver spoon; and, excited by my venerable grandsire's reputed powers above the ordinary race of mankind, waited on him, requesting to know whether or not the spoon had been stolen, and, if so, desiring that he would enable him to discover the thief. The old gentleman took him into a garret which contained nothing but an old chest of drawers, telling the simple rustic, that in order to effect the discovery, he must raise the Devil, and asking him if he had resolution enough to face so formidable and terrific an appearance. The countryman assured him that he had, as his conscience was clear, and he could defy the Devil and all his works. The surgeon, after an awful warning, bade him open the first drawer, and tell what he saw. The man did so, and answered "Nothing." "Then," said the reputed seer, "he is not there." The old gentleman, again exhorting the man, in the most solemn manner, to summon all his fortitude for the next trial, directed him to open the second drawer. The man did so with unshaken firmness, and in answer to the same question, repeated "Nothing." The venerable old gentleman simply said, "Then he is not there," but, with increased solemnity, endeavoured to impress the sturdy hind with such awe as to induce him to forbear from further inquiry, but in vain; conscious integrity fortified his mind, and he determined to abide the event. My worthy ancestor then, with an as-

sumed expression of apprehension himself, ordered him to prepare for the certain appearance of the evil spirit on opening the third drawer. The countryman undismayed, resolutely pulled open the drawer, and being asked what he saw, said, "I see nothing but an empty purse."—"Well," said the surgeon, "and is not that the Devil?" The honest countryman had sense enough to perceive the drift of this ludicrous trial, and immediately proclaimed it over the city of Norwich. The result was, that my venerable and humorous ancestor was never again troubled with an appeal to his divining faculty and magical power, but was still more respected for the good sense and whimsical manner in which he had annihilated his supernatural character, and descended into a mere mortal.

Mr. Taylor's father was one of the first who carried the operation of couching to the extent of restoring sight to the born blind: Cheselden's famous case preceded one of his only a short time. Of this youth the following curious story is told—

My father's patient was a native of Igham in Kent, and a young musician, who, though blind, used to perform during the seasons at Tunbridge and other places. My father published an account of this case, and it excited nearly as much attention in the medical world as that of Mr. Cheselden. A few of the effects of the case may be here properly mentioned. After the boy had obtained some power of distinguishing external objects, by feeling them for some time, and looking hard at them when presented to him, it was long before he had any notion of distances. If he wanted to take hold of any article that he saw on the table, he generally made a snatch at it, and on such occasions darted his hand beyond the object or before it, and seldom reached it till after many attempts. The success of the operation excited great attention in the neighbourhood where my father resided.

An alarming proof of the patient's ignorance of distances occurred one night, which was fortunately observed by the watchman. The boy was going, as he stated afterwards, to step from the top of the house in Hatton Garden over to Butlett's Buildings, to catch hold of the moon. The watchman, an intelligent man, who had heard of the case, luckily saw him as he was on the point of stepping forward, and uttered a loud shout, bidding him get back into the house immediately. The boy obeyed, much terrified, and retreated into the garret. The watchman instantly apprised the family of what had happened, and care was taken to secure the boy from the recurrence of any such danger. The boy, after he became familiar with his own reflection in a mirror, was fond of looking at his image, which he used to call his man, and said "I can make my man do every thing that I do but shut his eyes." This case excited so much curiosity and attention, that Worlidge, an eminent artist then in London, took a drawing of the patient, from which he made an etching and published it.

Of Mr. Oldys, the literary antiquary, who appears to have been an early friend of his

family, and almost an inmate of it, we have many curious and characteristic particulars, worthy of literary history. Oldys was the author of the well-known verses,

"Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I," &c.

He often had in his mouth these ungallant lines, which may serve on a saucy occasion to others—

"If women were as little as they are good,
A peasecod would make them a gown and a hood."

The various and frequent mention, in these volumes, of celebrated women of light reputation, or, as he calls it, purchasable virtue, though of course introduced with the utmost decorum, is an indication of the morals of the times. The Kitty Fishers and Lucy Coopers of the present day, if there be such *Aspasias* existent, will gain no niche in contemporary memoirs: is it that we are grown more virtuous, or more hypocritical? We shall not quote any of the stories about this class of women, though they appear to have occupied so much public attention in their day; but proceed to an anecdote of another class of character, which is really and truly extinct. The following story of Maclaine implies a state of manners we can hardly conceive. Mr. Donaldson was a gentleman of taste and education, and the early friend of Mr. Taylor.

Mr. Donaldson was in real danger from another highwayman, who was celebrated in his day, and known as a fashionable man by the name of Maclaine. This man came from Ireland, and made a splendid figure for some time; but as his means of support were not known, he was generally considered as a doubtful character. He was by all accounts a tall, showy, good-looking man, and a frequent visitor at Button's Coffee-house, founded, as is well known, by Addison, in favour of an old servant of the Warwick family, but never visited by him, when driven from his home by the ill-humour of his wife: he then resorted to Will's, on the opposite side of the same street, that he might not be reminded of domestic anxieties. Button's was on the south side of Russell Street, Covent Garden; and Will's in the same street, at the corner of Bow Street. Button's became a private house, and Mrs. Inchbald lodged there. Mr. Donaldson, observing that Maclaine paid particular attention to the bar-maid, the daughter of the landlord, gave a hint to the father of Maclaine's dubious character. The father cautioned his daughter against the addresses of Maclaine, and imprudently told her by whose advice he put her on her guard; she as imprudently told Maclaine. The next time Donaldson visited the coffee-room, and was sitting in one of the boxes, Maclaine entered, and in a loud tone said, "Mr. Donaldson, I wish to *speak* to you in a private room." Mr. Donaldson being unarmed, and naturally afraid of being alone with such a man, said in answer, that, as nothing could pass between them that he did not wish the whole world to know, he begged leave to decline the invitation. "Very well," said Maclaine, as he left the room, "we shall *mate*

again." A day or two after, as Mr. Donaldson was walking near Richmond in the evening, he saw Maclaine on horseback, who on perceiving him spurred the animal and was rapidly approaching him: fortunately, at that moment a gentleman's carriage appeared in view, when Maclaine immediately turned his horse towards the carriage, and Donaldson hurried into the protection of Richmond as fast as possible. But for the appearance of the carriage, which presented better prey, it is probable that Maclaine would have shot Mr. Donaldson immediately. Maclaine a short time after committed a highway robbery, was tried, found guilty, and hanged at Tyburn. The public prints at the time, I understand, were full of accounts of this gentleman highwayman, and I remember the following two stanzas of a song that was current at the time—

"Ye Smarts and ye Jemmies, ye Ramillie beaux,
With golden cock'd hat and with silver-lac'd clothes,
Who by wit and invention your pockets maintain,
Come pity the fate of poor Jenny Maclaine.

Derry down.

"He robb'd folks genteelly, he robb'd with an air,
He robb'd them so well that he always took care
My lord was not hurt, and my lady not frightened;
And instead of being hang'd he deserv'd to be knighted."

Derry down."

The anecdotes of John Kemble, with whom the author was very intimate, are numerous and amusing: we select the following pleasant gossip.

I was in the habit of constantly visiting Mr. Kemble on a Sunday morning for many years, and if I saw him in the intermediate days, he always said, "Taylor, remember the hebdomadal." I found him generally with some book or manuscript before him relative to his art. Sometimes he was cold, negligent, and less courteous than at others; and then feeling disgusted, I resolved to forbear my visit the next week; but the pleasure I always found in his company overcame my temporary spleen. He was fond of Dryden, and sometimes read to me passages from that admirable poet. I do not think he was a good reader, for he generally read in a tone either too low or too high. There is obviously but one tone in reading or acting that excites the sympathy of the hearer, and that is the tone which feeling suggests and expresses; and such was the charm of Garrick, which rendered his acting in tragedy or comedy impressive in the highest degree. There were many of Kemble's visitors who made court to him by telling him of faults in Garrick's acting, or of the unsuitableness of his person for some of the characters which he represented: for instance, Sir Charles Thompson, afterwards Hotham, a respectable old baronet, told Kemble that Garrick always gave him the idea of a little butler. Kemble generally told me what was said to him of this kind, not as appearing to believe such remarks, but to know whether they received a confirmation from me. On such occasions, I never abated my reverence for Garrick, but always discountenanced such insidious flattery, and to the best of my recollection and ability, asserted the wonderful powers of the departed actor. Kemble always listened to my panegyric on his great predecessor with apparent conviction; but I cannot help

believing that he would have liked me much better if I had never seen Garrick.

Kemble, with all his professional judgment, skill, and experience, like all other mortals, was sometimes induced to mistake the natural direction of his powers, and to suppose that he was as much patronized by the comic as by the tragic muse. When I called on him one morning, he was sitting in his great chair with his night cap on, and, as he told me, cased in flannel. Immediately after the customary salutation, he said, "Taylor, I am studying a new part in a popular comedy, and I should like to know your opinion as to the manner in which I am likely to perform it." "As you tell me it is a comic part," said I, "I presume it is what you style intellectual comedy, such as the chief characters in Congreve, Wycherley, and Vanburgh." "What do you think," said he, "of Charles, in the *School for Scandal*?" "Why," said I, "Charles is a gay, free, spirited, convivial fellow." "Yes," said he, "but Charles is a gentleman." He tried the part, but his gayety did not seem to the town to be of "the right flavour." It was said by one of Mr. Kemble's favourable critics in a public print, that his performance was "Charles's restoration," and by another, that it was rather "Charles's martyrdom."

Another time he attempted a jovial rakish character in one of Mrs. Behn's licentious comedies, from which, however, he expunged all the offensive passages; but he was not successful.* I met him one day as I was hurrying home to dress for dinner abroad; and he strongly pressed me to go and dine with him, alleging that as Pop (Mrs. Kemble) was out of town, he should be lonely and dull. I told him I was positively engaged, and should hardly be in time. "Well, then," said he, "I'll go home and study a pantomime." It is hardly possible to conceive so grave a character contemplating new tricks and escapes for harlequin, and blunders for the clown.

He had determined to act *Falstaff*; and I was in the green-room at Covent Garden Theatre one Saturday, when, after his performance of some character which I do not recollect, three beards were brought to him, that he might choose one for *Falstaff*. We were invited to dine the next

day with the late Dr. Charles Burney, Rector of Deptford. Kemble took me in his chariot, and we talked on the road of his intended *Falstaff*. He said that he had resolved to attempt the part, but was afraid that when "he came to the point, his heart would fail him." A ludicrous incident happened at this dinner. The Doctor, in helping Kemble to part of a pudding, gave him a very large portion; which induced me to say, "Burney, you do not observe Kemble's rule in your ample allotment to him." "What is that?" said the Doctor. "Why," said I, "when I last dined with him, I was as lavish as you in distributing a similar dish. Kemble said, 'Taylor, don't help so much to an individual, for if you do it will not go round the table.'" Being somewhat in the habit of imitating Kemble, I spoke these words in his manner forgetting that he was before me. "Now," said Kemble, "he thinks he is imitating me—I appeal to the lady;" and these words he delivered so much in the manner which I had assumed, that Mrs. Burney and the Doctor could not help laughing; Kemble gave way to the same impulse, and I was relieved from embarrassment.

I was one night in a box with him when the theatre was illuminated preparatory to the opening for the season, and a Mr. Rees was employed to give imitations, in order to try the effect of the voice. Kemble was one of the persons imitated; and while the man was delivering an imitation of him, Kemble, in a little above a whisper, knocking his stick on the ground, said, with perfect good-humour, "Speak louder, you rascal, speak louder." The man did not hear, nor did Kemble intend he should.

Stephen Kemble told the author the following incident in the life of a manager.

Mr. Kemble used to relate an incident of a more whimsical description. He said that while he was manager of a theatre at Portsmouth, which was only opened twice or thrice in the week, a sailor applied to him on one of the nights when there was no performance, and entreated him to open the theatre; but was informed that, as the town had not been apprized on the occasion, the manager could not risk the expense. "What will it cost to open the house to-night, for to-morrow I leave the country, and God knows if I shall ever see a play again," said the sailor. Mr. Kemble told him that it would be five guineas. "Well," said the careless tar, "I will give it upon this condition, that you will let nobody into the house but myself and the actors." He was then asked what play he would choose. He fixed upon *Richard the Third*. The house was immediately lighted, the rest of the performers attended, and the tar took his station in the front row of the pit; Mr. Kemble performed the part of *Richard*, the play happening to be what is styled one of the *stock-pieces* of the company. The play was performed throughout; the sailor was very attentive, sometimes laughing and applauding, but frequently on the *look-out* lest some other auditor might intrude upon his enjoyment. He retired perfectly satisfied, and cordially thanked the manager for his ready compliance. It may seem strange that a sailor, who in general is reputed to be a generous character, should require so selfish

* Kemble certainly believed that he possessed comic talents; and as far as a strong sense of humour and a disposition to enjoy jocularly could tend to excite such a conviction, he might naturally yield to self-deception. My lively friend, George Colman, whose exuberant gayety spares nobody, and to whose satirical turn I have often been a witness and a victim, being asked his opinion of Kemble's *Don Felix*, said that it displayed too much of the Don and too little of the Felix. Kemble could bear jocular remarks on his acting with unaffected good-humour. I remember that after we became tolerably well acquainted and were one day talking on the subject of his *Hamlet*, I perhaps too freely, said, "Come, Kemble, I'll give an imitation of your *Hamlet*." "I'll be glad," said he, "to improve by the refection." I then raised my right hand over my forehead, as connoisseurs do when looking at a picture; and looking intently as if some object was actually before me, and referring to the platform scene, exclaimed, "My father!" and then bending my hand into the form of an opera-glass and peeping through it, continued, "Me thinks I see my father." He took this freedom in good part, and only said, "Why, Taylor, I never used such an action." "No," said I, "but from your first action every body expected that the other would follow." Whenever he spoke of his great predecessor, he never failed to say "Mr. Garrick."

an indulgence; but it hardly need be observed, that whims and oddities are to be found in all classes of so changeable a being as man.

Horne Tooke's advice on the subject of committing matrimony, is a good specimen of that gentleman's grave facetiousness: it is conceived on the principle of the old and well-known recipe for dressing cucumber—

I once called on him in Richmond Buildings, with Mr. Merry the poet, just as the latter was on the eve of being married to Miss Brunton the actress. In the course of conversation, Mr. Tooke adverted to this intended marriage, and directing his discourse to me, said, "I told this gentleman that I was once as near the danger of matrimony as he is at present, but an old friend to whom I looked with reverence for his wisdom and experience, gave me the following advice. You must first, said he, consider the person of the lady, and endeavour to satisfy yourself that if she has excited, she is likely to secure, your admiration. You must deeply scrutinize her mind, reflect whether she possesses a rate of intellect that would be likely to render her an intelligent companion; if you are satisfied she does, you are to examine her temper, and if you find it amiable, and not likely to irritate your own on any occasion, you must proceed to obtain all the information you can procure respecting her parents and other relatives, and if you have no reason to object to their being your relations and companions, you must then inquire who and what are her friends, for you must not expect her to sacrifice all her old connexions when she becomes your wife, and if you find them agreeable people, and not likely to be burdensome or intrusive, and are quite satisfied with the prospect, you may then order your wedding clothes, and fix the day for the marriage. When the bride is dressed suitable to the occasion, the friends at church, and the priest ready to begin, you should get upon your horse and ride away from the place as fast and as far as your horse could carry you." "This counsel," added Mr. Tooke, "from one who was thoroughly acquainted with the world, made me investigate the nature of wedlock; and considering the difficulties attending the advice which he recommended, made me resolve never to enter into the happy state."

The following is a curious anecdote of the life of Thomson the poet, "if true"—

The most extraordinary fact in the history of this excellent poet I derived from my late friend Mr. George Chalmers, whose industry, research, and learning are well known. It was Mr. Chalmers's intention to write the life of Thomson, but whether to introduce into his elaborate work, "*Caledonia*," or not, I do not recollect; he told me, however, the following remarkable fact, on which he assured me I might confidently depend. Mr. Chalmers had heard that an old housekeeper of Thomson's was alive and still resided at Richmond. Having determined to write a life of the celebrated poet of his country, he went to Richmond, thinking it possible he might obtain some account of the domestic habits of the poet, and other anecdotes which might impart interest and

novelty to his narration. He found that the old housekeeper had a good memory, and was of a communicative turn. She informed him Thomson had been actually married in early life, but that his wife had been taken by him merely for her person, and was so little calculated to be introduced to his great friends, or indeed his friends in general, that he had kept her in a state of obscurity for many years; and when he at last, from some compunctious feelings, required her to come and live with him at Richmond, he still kept her in the same secluded state, so that she appeared to be only one of the old domestics of the family. At length his wife, experiencing little of the attention of a husband, though otherwise provided with every thing that could make her easy if not comfortable, asked his permission to go for a few weeks to visit her own relations in the North. Thomson gave his consent, exacting a promise that she would not reveal her real situation to any of his or her own family. She agreed; but when she had advanced no farther on her journey than to London, she was there taken ill, and in a short time died. The news of her death was immediately conveyed to Thomson, who ordered a decent funeral; and she was buried, as the old housekeeper said, in the churchyard of old Marylebone church.

Mr. Chalmers, who was indefatigable in his inquiries, was not satisfied with the old woman's information, but immediately went and examined the church register; where he found the following entry—"Died, Mary Thomson, a stranger"—in confirmation of the housekeeper's testimony.

The extraordinary circumstance mentioned in the following paragraph, is not to be found, we think, in any of the biographers of Porson.

When I first knew Mr. Perry, he lived at a house in the narrow part of Shire Lane, Temple Bar, opposite to the lane which leads to the stairs from Boswell Court. He lodged with Mr. Lunan, a bookbinder, who had married his sister. I knew her very well. She was a mild, amiable, and agreeable woman. When her brother left Shire Lane, and took chambers in Clement's Inn, she went to apartments in George Street, York Buildings, where I occasionally called on her; and as she lived single, I concluded that Mr. Lunan was dead, or, not succeeding in business, had gone abroad; but I did not inquire.

A few years after, I saw the newspapers announce the marriage of Professor Porson with this lady, who I therefore naturally concluded had become a widow. Not long after, as I was coming over Westminster Bridge, I was saluted by Mr. Lunan, the former husband of this lady. After the usual courtesy, I said, "How is this, my friend!—why I saw lately in the newspapers that your wife is married to Professor Porson; and if I had met you at twelve at night instead of twelve at noon, I must have taken you for a ghost." It was true, he said, that Porson had married his wife; and that he had also been married again several years. I inquired no farther, but parted with him in Hungerford Market, where he appeared to reside. I concluded that as they were both born in Scotland, some ceremony had passed between them in that country, which they

did not think binding in this; not that they had acted upon the principle of Archer in the play:—

Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee,
Consent is law enough to set you free.

I never saw Porson or the lady after this extraordinary marriage, but I remember her with respect, and think she was thrown away, as she was a very amiable woman, upon such a sybarite.

The author, who knew everybody, was an intimate friend and counsellor of Mrs. Inchbald,—a woman remarkable not only for her abilities, but for the purity and simplicity of her character: she was an original somewhat, and chose to live in a garret, for which she was maligned. Mr. Taylor considered it his duty to communicate to her the scandal her mode of life gave occasion to: she returned for answer the following admirable letter—

MY DEAR SIR—I read your letter with gratitude, because I have had so many proofs of your friendship for me, that I do not once doubt of your kind intentions.

You have taken the best method possible, on such an occasion, not to hurt my spirits; for had you suspected me to be insane, or even nervous, you would have mentioned the subject with more caution, and by so doing, might have given me alarm.

That the world should say I have lost my senses, I can readily forgive, when I recollect that a few years ago it said the same of Mrs. Siddons.

I am now fifty-two years old, and yet if I were to dress, paint, and visit, no one would call my understanding in question; or if I were to beg from all my acquaintance a guinea or two, as subscription for a foolish book, no one would accuse me of avarice. But because I choose that retirement suitable to my years, and think it my duty to support two sisters instead of one servant, I am accused of madness. I might plunge in debt, be confined in prison, a pensioner on "The Literary Fund," or be gay as a girl of eighteen, and yet be considered as perfectly in my senses; but because I choose to live in independence, affluence to me, with a mind serene and prospects unclouded, I am supposed to be mad. In making use of the word affluence, I do not mean to exclude some inconveniences annexed, but this is the case in every state. I wish for more suitable lodgings, but I am unfortunately averse to a street, after living so long in a square; but with all my labour to find one, I cannot fix on a spot such as I wish to make my residence for life; and till I do, and am confined to London, the beautiful view from my present apartment of the Surry hills and the Thames, invites me to remain here, for I believe that there is neither such fine air nor so fine a prospect in all the town. I am, besides, near my sisters here; and the time when they are not with me is so wholly engrossed in writing, that I want leisure for the convenience of walking out. Retirement in the country would, perhaps, have been more advisable than in London, but my sisters did not like to accompany me, and I did not like to leave them behind. There is, besides, something animating in the reflection

that I am in London, though partaking of none of its festivities.

In the midst of the serenity I have been boasting, I own that I have one sorrow that weighs heavy upon me. Much as it is supposed that I value money, I would gladly give up all I am at present earning, and something added to it, that I had never engaged in those unwieldy Prefaces, I have had my Memoirs, in four volumes, for years lying by me. A large sum has been offered for them, yet, though I am charged with loving money, I never hesitated when I conceived that my reputation was in the balance. I accepted the offer made to me to write these things as for the less evil of the two, indeed as no evil; but now I fear that I should not have encountered more odium had I published my life; and yet a great deal of difficulty might have been avoided in arranging the former for publication to my advantage, by a proper assortment of subjects. As it is, I must submit, for I am bound in honour to obey.

E. INCHBALD.

Mr. Taylor adds these remarks on the letter—

It may be thought that I was officious in giving occasion for the foregoing letter; but, as I have said, hearing her character arraigned for avarice and meanness among the theatrical community, I deemed it right to adopt an intrepid sincerity, such as friendship demanded. I remember that my friend Mr. Richardson, whom I have before mentioned, soon after we became acquainted, on his leaving St. John's College, Cambridge, exacted a promise from me that I would tell him whatever I might hear to his disadvantage, that he might reform if the charge was just, or defend himself if false. This rule I have always observed with those dear to me.

Mrs. Inchbald lived at this time on the south side of the Strand, opposite the New Church, and her apartment was an attic; and thus did she deny herself many of the comforts of life from motives of affection to relations who required pecuniary assistance. Such a letter does honour to her feelings, and I am proud of having tempted her to write it. The Prefaces which she mentions, were to accompany a new edition of "The British Drama," and they prove her pure taste and sound judgment in her critical remarks on the respective productions. Her novels of "A Simple Story" and "Nature and Art," manifest a full knowledge of the depth of the human heart, and of the changes of disposition to which it is so frequently subjected by the vicissitudes of fortune. These novels will live like those of Smollett and Fielding, though of a very different description, and with respect to profound knowledge and moral tendency, more in analogy with the works of Richardson. What are the boasted novels of the present, even the most celebrated, compared with the four greater writers above mentioned?—mere phantoms of an hour.

The value of these Ana is not merely that they are amusing, but when regarded as a successful attempt at recalling the memory of an age fast fading from the public mind, and as an excellent illustration of obsolete manners and

characters, they really assume the importance of memoirs. Where, for instance, will you find such an admirable sketch as the account of Bibb, a character no longer *in natura* remanent?

One of the last original characters which Lewis performed was Jeremy Diddler, in the humorous farce of *Raising the Wind*. The farce was brought forward on a Saturday night, and on that very night died the person who was justly considered the hero of the piece: this was no other than Bibb, a well-known character at that time, who accompanied Shuter in his expedition to Paris to win a wager. Though the person in question was not a theatrical performer, yet he was so much connected with theatrical performers, and acted so singular a part in the drama of life, that I may not improperly introduce him on the present occasion. He was the son of a respectable sword-cutter in Great Newport Street. The father was a grave and prudent man, who gave his son a good education, and afterwards artied him to an engraver. Bibb practised the art some years; and I remember a print which he engraved, representing the interior of the Pantheon in Oxford Street.

Bibb's print was not a work of high professional skill, but, from the number of the figures and the large size of the plate, displayed more industry than could have been expected from a character that was afterwards marked by idleness and dissipation. I knew him very early in life, and occasionally saw him until near his death. He was much inclined to gaming, and took me once to a hazard-table in Gerrard Street, Soho; where I saw Dr. Luzzato, an Italian physician, who visited my father, and was a very agreeable and intelligent man. Baddeley the actor was also there. A dispute arose between Baddeley and the Doctor, which was likely to terminate seriously; but the rest of the assembly interposed, lest the character of the house should be called in question, and their nocturnal orgies suppressed. The house went under the name of the Royal Larder; which was merely a cover to conceal its real purpose, that of a place for the meeting of gamblers.

I was very young at the time, and being ignorant of the game, I had not courage to engage at the hazard-table. It was a meeting of a very inferior kind, for a shilling was admitted as a stake. I had a very few shillings in my pocket, which Bibb borrowed of me as the box came round to him, and lost every time. The house was kept by a man named Nelson, who afterwards was landlord of the George Inn, opposite to Wych street, Drury Lane. I shall have occasion to mention this man again.

How Bibb supported himself, having relinquished engraving, it would be difficult to conceive, if he had not levied taxes upon all whom he knew, insomuch that, besides his title of Count, he acquired that of "Half-brown Bibb," by which appellation he was generally distinguished; and according to a rough, and perhaps fanciful estimate, he had borrowed at least 2,000*l.* in half-crowns.

I remember to have met him on the day when the death of Dr. Johnson was announced in the

newspapers, and, expressing my regret at the loss of so great a man, Bibb interrupted me, and spoke of him as a man of no genius, whose mind contained nothing but the lumber of learning. I was modestly beginning a panegyric upon the Doctor, when he again interrupted me with, "Oh! never mind that old blockhead. Have you such a thing as ninipence about you?" Luckily for him I had a little more.

There was something so whimsical in this incident, that I mentioned it to some friends; and that and others of the same kind doubtless induced Mr. Kenny to make him the hero of his diverting farce, called *Raising the Wind*, already mentioned. Another circumstance of a similar nature was told me by Mr. Morton, whose dramatic works are deservedly popular. He told me that Bibb met him one day after the successful performance of one of his plays, and, concluding that a prosperous author must have plenty of cash, commenced his solicitation accordingly, and ventured to ask him for the loan of a whole crown. Morton assured him that he had no more silver than three shillings and sixpence. Bibb readily accepted them, of course, but said on parting, "Remember I intended to borrow a crown, so you owe me eighteen-pence." This stroke of humour induced Morton to regret that Bibb had left him his debtor.

Bibb, in his latter days, devised a good scheme to raise the supplies. He hired a large room for the reception of company once a week, which he paid for only for the day. He then, with the consent of his friends, provided a handsome dinner, for which the guests paid their due proportion. There can be little doubt that many extraordinary characters assembled on these occasions. He told me his plan, and requested I would be one of the party. I promised I would attend, and regret that I was prevented, as so motley an assemblage must have afforded abundant amusement.

Bibb's father, knowing the disposition of his son, left him an annuity, which was to be paid at the rate of two guineas a week, and which never was to be advanced beyond that sum. This was, however, probably dissipated the next day; and, when expended, he used to apply to his sister, a very amiable young lady, who was married to a respectable merchant. Having been tired by frequent applications, the husband would not let him enter the door. Bibb then seated himself on the steps, and passengers seeing a man decently dressed in that situation, naturally stopped, and at length a crowd was collected. The gentleman then, desirous of getting rid of a crowd, and probably in compliance with the desire of his wife, found it necessary to submit to her brother's requisition.

When I first became acquainted with Bibb, he had the manners of a gentleman with easy gaiety, having recently returned from travelling, as companion to a person of fortune. His conversation was enlivened with humour, and, perhaps, I might add with wit; but as he gradually departed from genteel society, and associated chiefly with gamblers, if not sharpers, his manners proportionately degenerated; and once, sitting nearly opposite to him at a public dinner, having re-

ceived a ticket from one of my friends, I was surprised to observe that all Bibb said, was accompanied by nods, winks, and by thrusting his tongue into his cheek. I could hardly believe that I had remembered him with a pleasing vivacity and well-bred manners.

Nothing could subdue the spirit of his character; for he would make a joke of those necessities under which others would repine, droop, and despair. His death was fortunate at the period when it happened; for it not only relieved him in old age from probable infirmities, which, if they had confined him at home, would doubtless have deprived him of all resources of an eleemosynary nature, but would have reduced him to absolute starvation. It was also, as I have before observed, fortunate, for he escaped the mortification of seeing his character brought upon the stage. The public journals of the Monday after his death were full of anecdotes of his extraordinary life. I may fairly add, that if he had been a man of fortune, with his talents, promptitude, and humour, he might have made a very respectable figure in life, and have been a useful member of society.

There are doubtless many in this metropolis who lead a life of expediency, like Bibb, but few who can support their difficulties with such fortitude and cheerfulness as he did; or who, like him, can sport with fortune, and rather submit to live by degrading supplications, while cautiously avoiding to incur the severities of law.

POPE, PRIOR, BOLINGBROKE, &c.

'In the early part of my life I became acquainted with a widow of the name of Bembridge. She was the mother of Mr. Bembridge, who held a good situation in the Army Pay Office. * * * I understood from her that it was the custom in her early days for gentlemen to take their female friends with them to their tavern dinners; and she told me, that upon an occasion of this nature she was present when Lord Bolingbroke, Pope, Prior, and other distinguished wits were of the company; she was introduced by a near relation, being anxious to witness such a scene.

'Mrs. Bembridge informed me that at a later period she had a house at Twickenham, so near to that of Pope's that their gardens were close to each other. She had no intercourse with her neighbour, but was one day surprised by a note from Mr. Pope, importing that, with her consent, he would have the pleasure of taking tea with her. She of course signified that she should be proud of the honour of receiving him. He came, and desired to take a walk in her garden. The lady accompanied him, and, as he was attracted by some object, he advanced a few steps before her, but suddenly turned and said, "Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons, you had a shocking prospect before you," obviously alluding to the deformity of his person.—"Ah, Master Taylor," said the old lady, "it was then I felt my deficiency; I wanted to say something about the honour of having a visitor of his genius and fame, but I could only blush and look foolish."

'Mrs. Bembridge described Mr. Pope as having been very talkative at the tavern dinner mentioned before; but that Lord Bolingbroke was reserved, though attentive to all that passed, and at times

cast around him such penetrating glances as were calculated to excite awe wherever they were directed.'

MR. G. LEWIS.

'His father held a high situation in the War Office, and allowed his son 800*l.* a-year, while the latter was in parliament. His parents had been separated some years, and as the mother's allowance was scanty, the son, with true filial affection, gave a moiety of his income for her support. When the father heard of this act of filial affection, he observed, that if his son could live upon 400*l.* a-year, he should reduce his income to that sum. The son then, at the hazard of a similar reduction, again divided his income with his mother. Such conduct ought to be recorded.

USHER, THE ACTOR.

'This gentleman was respected for his literary talents, and according to report, was the author of an elegant little tract, entitled "*Clio, or, a Discourse on Taste*," which I remember to have read in early life, and which afforded me pleasure and instruction. * * *

'Considering Mr. Usher as a literary man, he may be considered as having devised a strange expedient for the improvement of his fortune. He purchased a great number of wheelbarrows, which he let every day to the itinerant daughters of Pomona, who drive these carriages through the streets of London. They were obliged to return these vehicles every night and pay for their hire. What space he had to dispose of these travelling machines on their nocturnal return, I never knew, but, according to report, he lost so many of them by the dishonesty of these fair votaries of the goddess of vegetable luxuries, that he abandoned the scheme as a ruinous speculation.'

DERRICK, THE POET.

'My father was intimate with Derrick the poet, as he was then called, and Derrick introduced a lady to my father and mother as his wife, who it afterwards appeared, was not so. * * *

'This lady, many years after, appeared on the stage under the name of Mrs. Lessingham, and was a comic actress of merit, as well as a very pretty woman. She was an extraordinary character, and one of her whims was to assume man's attire, and frequent the coffee-houses, after her separation from Derrick.

'As Derrick wholly depended on his literary talents, he could not afford an expensive habitation, and therefore resided with Mrs. Lessingham, his nominal wife, in a floor, two pair of stairs high, in Shoe Lane, Holborn. During their residence in this place, as the lady felt a strong propensity towards the stage, Derrick took great pains to prepare her for the theatrical profession. * * *

'When Derrick used to visit my father's cottage at Highgate, after a rural walk by himself, as there was no spare bed in the house, he was accustomed to sleep in my cradle, with his legs resting on a chair at the bottom. He was a very little man.

'As his supposed wife was very pretty, and not likely to hold out against a siege of gallantry, it is not surprising that she was tempted to desert a

poor poet, and a two pair of stairs floor, in a low neighbourhood. * * * One circumstance of her conduct ought to be mentioned, as it illustrates the character of women of her description, and may operate as a warning to those who are likely to be ensnared by purchaseable beauty. She had been separated from Derrick many years. In the mean time he had become generally known, and was countenanced by Dr. Johnson. * * *

Mrs. Lessingham had risen on the stage, and was reported to be a favourite with the manager. She kept an elegant house in a fashionable part of the town. Derrick, at this time, was able to support himself by his connexion with the book-sellers, and by his literary productions; and without any pecuniary views, he was desirous to renew an acquaintance with his former pseudo spouse. He therefore called on her, and sent up his name by her superb footman. The lady declared that she knew no person of that name, and ordered the servant immediately to dismiss him. Derrick, conceiving that the man must have committed some mistake, insisted on seeing the lady. At length she came forward in sight of Derrick, called him an impudent fellow, and threatened to send for a constable unless he left the house. * *

Derrick, after his separation from Mrs. Lessingham, or rather her desertion of him, lived in respectable society, and must have conducted himself properly, as he formed many fashionable connexions, who exerted themselves with so much zeal in his favour, as to procure for him the situation of Master of the Ceremonies at Bath. He had previously published a volume of his poems, and as there were a considerable number of subscribers, they afford an evident testimony in favour of his character.

Like most of those who rise from obscurity, he was, on his elevation at Bath, very fond of pomp and show. His dress was always fine, and he kept a footman as fine as himself. When he visited London his footman always walked behind him, and, to show that he was his servant, he generally crossed the streets several times, that the man might be seen to follow him.

KINGS, LORDS, AND COMMONS, AT A DINNER PARTY IN THE FLEET PRISON.

Colonel Frederick, whom I have mentioned before, as the son of Theodore, King of Corsica, was a particular friend of mine. He told me he was once in so much distress, that when he waited the result of a petition at the Court of Vienna, he had actually been two days without food. On the third day a lady in attendance on the Court, whom he had previously addressed on the subject of his petition, observing his languid and exhausted state, offered him some refreshment; he of course consenting, she ordered him a dish of chocolate, with some cakes, which rendered him more able to converse with her: in a short time they conceived a regard for each other, and were afterwards married. * * *

He said that while his father was in the Fleet prison for debt, Sir John Stewart was a fellow-prisoner on the same account. The latter had a turkey presented to him by a friend, and he invited King Theodore and his son to partake of it. Lady Jane Douglas was of the party. She had

her child, and a girl with her as a maid servant, to carry the child; she lived in an obscure lodging at Chelsea. In the evening, Colonel Frederick offered to attend her home, and she accepted his courtesy. The child was carried in turn by the mother, the girl, and the colonel. On their journey he said there was a slight rain, and common civility would have induced him to call a coach, but that he had no money in his pocket, and he was afraid that Lady Jane was in the same predicament. He was therefore obliged to submit to the suspicion of churlish meanness or poverty, and to content himself with occasionally carrying the child to the end of the journey.

The colonel used to consider that child as the rightful claimant of the property on which he was opposed by the guardians of the Duke of Hamilton. * * *

The colonel related to me another curious anecdote, on which I rely, as I always found him consistent in his narrations. When Prince Poniatowski, who was afterwards Stanislaus, the last King of Poland, was in this country, his chief, I might perhaps truly say, his only companion, was Colonel Frederick. They were accustomed to walk together round the suburbs of the town, and to dine at a tavern or common eating-house. On one occasion the prince had some bills to discount in the city, and took Frederick with him to transact the business. The prince remained at Batson's Coffee-house, Cornhill, while Frederick was employed on the bills. Some impediment occurred, which prevented the affair from being settled that day, and they proceeded on their usual walk before dinner, round Islington. After their walk they went to Dolly's in Paternoster Row. Their dinner was beef-steaks, a pot of porter, and a bottle of port. The bill was presented to the prince, who, on looking over it, said it was reasonable, and handed it to Frederick, who concurred in the same opinion, and returned it to the prince, who desired him to pay. "I have no money," said Frederick. "Nor have I," said the prince. "What are we to do?" he added. Frederick paused a few moments, then desiring the prince to remain until he returned, left the place, pledged his watch at the nearest pawnbroker's, and thus discharged the reckoning. * *

The prince, after he became monarch of Poland, occasionally kept up an intercourse with Frederick, and in one of his letters asked the latter if he remembered when they were "in pawn at a London Tavern."

It will be but a melancholy termination to these anecdotes to add, that Colonel Frederick became involved in some bill transactions, and, apprehensive of the consequences, borrowed a pistol of a friend, and shot himself one evening in St. Margaret's church-yard.

Of the late Lord Erskine—

"Here I may relate a circumstance which manifests an extraordinary revolution in the life of a conspicuous character. A lieutenant in the royal navy had written a political pamphlet, but being called to his duty, was not able to see it through the press. He therefore placed it in the hands of a bookseller, desiring that he would give it to

some literary man, who, for duly preparing it for publication, should have half the profits. The bookseller gave it Mr. Cooke, who soon discharged his duty. The work was published, and the profits were thirty pounds, all of which was given to Mr. Cooke, who took his portion, and reserved the other half for the author whenever he should call for it. Many years elapsed, and he heard nothing of him. At length a gentleman called on him, told his name, and declared himself to be the author of the pamphlet, telling him he knew that fifteen pounds were due to him on account of the pamphlet, and adding, he was ashamed to take it, but that 'his poverty and not his will' consented, as he had a wife and an increasing family. Mr. Cooke had the money ready for him, which the stranger took, and expressed his gratitude at parting. This necessitous author was the late Lord Erskine."

There is also a good deal respecting Dr. Wolcot, the celebrated Peter Pindar, among Mr. Taylor's reminiscences. The account of his consenting to take the pay of government as a public writer, is, we have reason to believe, pretty accurate. It follows:

"Here it may be proper to give some account of what was called Peter's pension, of which no true statement has ever appeared, though many have been published. We were one day dining with a gentleman, intimately connected with a member of the government at that time, and in the course of conversation the doctor expressed himself with so much vehemence against the French revolution, which was raging at that time, and the principles on which it was founded, that I jocularly said to our host, 'The doctor seems to shew symptoms of *bribeability*.' The gentleman encouraged the joke, and addressing the doctor, 'Come, doctor,' said he, 'with these opinions you can have no objection to support the government—shall I open a negotiation?' The doctor gave a doubtful, but not a discouraging answer, and then the subject dropped; but the next morning the doctor called on the gentleman, and knowing that he was in the confidence of government, asked him if he was serious in what he had said the day before. The gentleman, not being without alarm at the progress of French principles, and their ensnaring nature; aware, too, of the power of ridicule, and how formidable a weapon it was in the hands of the doctor, told him seriously, that if he was really inclined to afford the support of his pen to government, he thought he could procure for him its patronage. The doctor said he had several works in preparation against ministers individually, which he would suppress, if that would do, but was not disposed to be actively employed in favour of government. The gentleman, with some compliment to his satirical talents, told him that he could not negotiate on such terms: for, if he published libels, the law might be put in force against him; remarking at the same time, that by supporting government he would be acting upon his own declared principles, which were so hostile to those by which the French monarchy had been overthrown. After farther discussion, the doctor permitted him to open the negotiation. Though government had

not given the least intimation on the subject, yet when so powerful a pen was offered, it was too well acquainted with the doctor's powers to repudiate the proposal. At length it was settled that the doctor should have three hundred a-year for active services. Wolcot stickled hard for five hundred a-year, but finding that he could not succeed, he consented to the measure. He, however, wrote nothing but a few epigrams against the Jacobins, which he sent to the editor of the *Star* newspaper. This, however, not being deemed an adequate service, I frequently advised him to be more active; but a sort of shame hung about him for having engaged in support of a government which he had so often abused, or rather its members, and I never could rouse him into action. I should mention, that a difficulty had arisen as to the medium through which he was to receive the recompence. The gentleman who had opened the negotiation positively declined the office, and as the doctor was prohibited from going himself to the quarter where it was to be received, matters seemed to be at a stand; however, as I was really an 'alarmist,' to use Sheridan's word, and thought highly of the advantage which might be derived from the doctor's talents, I offered to be the channel of remuneration. Wolcot, though he really did nothing more than what I have above mentioned, was constantly urging me 'to bring the bag,' as he styled it. Reluctant, however, to ask for money which he had done nothing to deserve, I delayed my application so long, that he grew impatient, and asked me if he might go himself to the quarter in question. I answered that I thought it was the best way, for I had reason to believe he considered he was really to have five hundred a-year, and that the gentleman who had negotiated the business and myself were to divide the other two. The doctor then angrily applied to the fountain-head, and on inquiring what sum he was to have, was told that it was to be three hundred a-year, and that I had spoken of his talents in the highest terms, and of the advantages which might be expected from them. He then declared that he should decline the business altogether, and returned the ten pounds which he had taken of our host, as he said, to 'bind the bargain.' Disgusted with his suspicion, I approached him on the occasion, and we separated in anger. As I knew the doctor was too apt to give a favourable colouring to his own cause, and that he had represented the whole transaction as a trap to ensnare him, though the overture had actually come from himself, I addressed a letter to him, and faithfully and fully detailed the whole affair, telling him that I kept a copy of my letter to read wherever I heard that he had misrepresented the matter. Many years of separation passed; but hearing he was blind, infirm, lame, and asthmatic, I resolved one Monday morning to begin the week with an extinction of all enmity between us, and went to his lodgings in Somers' Town on that day. I addressed him in the most friendly tone, but he did not recollect my voice; and when he understood who I was, he appeared delighted, pressed me to have a glass of brandy and water, though it was morning, and said that if I would stay, I should have a beef-steak, or anything else I could desire. In about

we were reconciled in a moment, and I repeated my visits as often as convenient to me, promising that I would positively drink tea with him on every Saturday. I found his faculties as good as ever, and his poetical talents in full vigour."

The death of this satirist is thus described:

"As a proof that he was a kind and considerate master, when one of his servants came to tell me that he had been taken ill, and was delirious when she left him, she wept all the time that she described his situation. I went as soon as I could in the afternoon, and then learned that he had recovered his faculties, but was asleep. I sat by his bedside, expecting he would awake, amusing myself with a volume of his works until ten o'clock. He then awoke, and I told him how long I had been there, observing that it was a dreary way home, and perhaps not quite safe, concluding with saying, 'Is there any thing on earth that I can do for you?' His answer, delivered in a deep and strong tone, was, 'Bring back my youth.' He fell into a sleep again, and I left him. On calling on him the next day, I found he had died, as might be said, in his sleep, and that those words were the last he ever uttered. . . .

"The doctor's love of life was intense. He has often said that he would take a lease of five hundred years from nature. 'What!' said I, 'with all your infirmities?' 'Yes,' said he; 'for while here you are something, but when dead you are nothing: yet he firmly believed in the existence of a Supreme Being. I remember once mentioning the doctor's love of life to Mr. Sheridan, expressing my surprise. Mr. Sheridan said, that he would not only take a lease for five hundred years, but for ever, provided he was in health, in good circumstances, and with such friends as he then possessed. Yet, if he had taken due care of his health, and prudently managed his fortune, he might still be alive and an ornament to the country."

From a death-scene we make our transit to an anecdote connected with birth—the other great epoch in human nature.

"Dr. Monsey told me that he was once in company with another physician and an eminent farrier. The physician stated, that among the difficulties of his profession was that of discovering the maladies of children, as they could not explain the symptoms of their disorders. 'Well,' said the farrier, 'your difficulties are not greater than mine, for my patients, the horses, are equally unable to explain their complaints.' 'Ah!' rejoined the physician, 'my brother doctor must conquer me, as he has brought his cavalry against my infantry.'"

From the Metropolitan.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE.

In this paper it is our intention to prove:—

1st. That we have always been inferior in the science of Naval Architecture to the French and Spaniards, and latterly to the Americans.

2d. That our ship-builders and navy-board did not pay that attention to the lessons which

we received from our enemies, and seldom copied from the superior models captured from the enemy.

3rd. That although other nations were always in advance of us in this science, that latterly our ship-builders have retrograded, instead of having advanced in their construction of ships of war.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! blest are they who live and die like "him,"
Loved with such love, and with such sorrow mourn'd!
Wordsworth.

BANNERS hung drooping from on high
In a dim Cathedral's nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy-pile
With the glory of his wing,
An eagle sat;—yet seem'd the while
Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
Ere by the sculptor bound;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was that which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his sword.

A flood of hues!—but one rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for him whose name
Was a trumpet-note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown
From the colour'd light one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd there,
Mourning for parted worth;
But the very heart of Love and Prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain source

Whose young pure memory, lying deep
Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the home where poor men sleep,*
A soft light meek and still :

Whose gentle voice, too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth's enthralld
By words of silvery say.

These were *his* victories—yet enroll'd
In no high song of fame,
The Pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to heaven his name.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found !

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd
That sainted image still ;
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd
The regal fame to fill.

Oh ! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh ;
How my full heart within me burn'd,
Like *Him* to live and die !

From Fraser's Magazine.

NIGHT.

A Fragment.

* * * * *

Night ! on thy face of beauty I have gazed ;
But 'tis not always thus—would that it were !
Thou hast thy terrors also. When thine eyes
Of starry light are closed, and from thy throne,
On the black womb of space, thou frownest grim—
No beam upon thy forehead—then thou art
An awful deity. The very calm
In which thy darkness floats is terrible.
Rocks, temples, mountains, whose huge outlines
stood
In bold relief against the azure sky,
Are hidden in thy gulf, and cast no shade.
Columns and towers, like guilty angels, stand
Amid the gloom. The palaces of kings
Dissolve from sight, as if they never were.
Earth's ruins are more ruinous—and Heaven
With all her lights seems to have fled away,
Affrighted, from the universal chaos.

* * * * *

Such art thou, O Night !

A changeful spirit, veering in thy course
From sad to beautiful. When thou putt'st on,
King-like, thy bridal garments, spangled o'er
With stars for jewels, and upon thy crest
Wearest the silvery moon—'tis then thou art
Adored of Nature, and thy placid reign
Gladdens the sons of men. But when with wrath
Thy front is clouded, and thy lustrous gems
Are laid aside—a fearful monarch thou !

* Love had he seen in huts where poor men lie.
Wordsworth.

Day is but thy creation ! from thy womb
He rises up, to scatter o'er the world
His gaudy beams. His empire is but short.
Like all things beautiful, he will decay ;
While thou wilt last forever ! The last trump
Is his and Nature's dirge—when into naught
All things, save thy dark kingdom, shall dissolve !

From the Metropolitan.

THE SEPARATION.

"Is there on earth a thing we can agree on ?
Yes—to part !" *Fargate.*

PARTING for ever !—is your home
So sad, so cheerless grown,
That you are each prepared to roam
Through this false world alone ?
Recall the words, though love be fled,
Though hope's bright visions cease,
Still, still together you may tread
The tranquil path of peace.

Think on the season dear and fleet,
Of young and fond romance,
When you in ecstasy would meet
Each other's smile and glance ;
Think on the joyous bridal day,
And on its sacred vow,
Then glad and flowery seemed the way,—
Why is it clouded now ?

O ! by the real ills of life,
How little are you tried ;
Your mutual taunts, your daily strife
Spring from one feeling—pride !
Bear and forbear—no longer blame
Thy partner's faults alone,
Conscience may urge a ready claim
To tell thee of thy own.

But part—the chosen one forsake,
To whom thy troth was given ;
Reflect, nor dare a tie to break,
Approved by earth and heaven :
Man cannot, must not rend the band
Of holy marriage love,
'Tis ruled by an unerring hand,
The hand of Him above.

EPITAPHS.

ON JONATHAN CRUM.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Crum—
His soul has gone to kingdom come.

ON TIMOTHY DREW.

Here lies the remains of Timothy Drew
Who died 1st March, 1802.

ON TWO CHILDREN.

Here lies the bodies of two children dear ;
One buried in Dundee—the other here.

ON MYSELF.

If I'm not dead I should be dead—for how
I have been buried at least a year.

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From the United Service Journal.

WAR OF THE TURKS AND EGYPTIANS.

It is reported, that the Porte is about to request the interposition of England, to save it from the imminent peril with which its very existence seems to be threatened by the rebellion of the Viceroy of Egypt. Whether or not the pride of the Sultan has stooped to so humiliating a confession of inferiority to one of his own Pashas, it is certain, that he may find a more ominous indication of the fall of his power, in the dismemberment of the Ottoman empire,—in which Mehemet Ali has already partially succeeded, and which, unless obstructed by foreign interference, he is manifestly able to complete,—than in the presence of a Russian general in Adrianople, dictating to the Porte, as in 1829, terms of capitulation.

Indeed, we never went to the full extent of the apprehensions, entertained by some, that the passage of the Balkan by a Russian force would involve, as a necessary consequence, the establishment of the Czar's supremacy in Constantinople: nor are we of the opinion of those who ascribed it wholly to the moderation of Nicholas, that the hostile march of his troops stopped short at Adrianople. Even had General Diebitsch been equal to the desperate conflict which awaited him in the event of an attack on the imperial city, the question remains, how long could he have held it, after having once gained possession of it? Would the Russians still have been left in sufficient force, both to maintain their position in the metropolis, and secure their lines of communication? Is it not known that, had the enemy's troops in the rear rallied, they were strong enough to have attacked and overpowered the advanced Russian army? At least, nothing would have been easier for the Turks, in a country so favourable to the guerilla warfare, in which they excel, and so abundant in natural obstacles to hostile invasion or occupation, than to have entirely cut off the Russian general from all further supplies and reinforcements. It was most fortunate for Diebitsch, that his bold and hazardous movement, threatening the capital itself, struck such a seasonable terror into the heart of the Sultan, as inclined him to peace on almost any terms. Had time been left for the Turks to recover from the surprise and alarm occasioned by the rapid advance of the invaders, the Russians would, in all probability, have paid dearly for their temerity.

The difficulties which obstructed the progress of the Russian arms in Turkey in 1828 and 1829 did not arise from any direct opposition which the Ottoman government gave or could give. The operations of the Porte throughout the war betrayed a defi-

ciency of resources—a want of the elements of both physical and moral strength—far from being anticipated in a power which, if no longer seated on the eminence it had attained in the days of Solyman the Magnificent, was however still possessed of extensive jurisdiction, both in Europe, in Asia, and in Africa. But the obstacles which Russia had to contend with arose chiefly from the remoteness of the seat of war. The expense and the various difficulties attendant on the maintenance of a large army at a great distance from those parts of her dominions where her resources are concentrated, and from which supplies could be sent only by a tedious land-communication, were already, before the termination of the contest, beginning to overburden her strength, and a continuance of hostilities for a much longer period would have reduced Russia almost to a state of exhaustion. In the latter event, had the Turks merely confined themselves to a desultory kind of warfare—had they, in this way only, co-operated with the advantages left within their reach by the peculiar nature of their country, and the circumstances of the enemy's position, Nicholas might have been taught, but accompanied by a severer castigation, a lesson of the same kind as the experience of Peter the Great had supplied above a century before, when the fate of himself and his army was left entirely at the mercy of a grand vizier.

A combined view of the two campaigns of 1828 and 1829 illustrates all we have said as to the limited capabilities of Russia in regard to ultimate success in the invasion of a distant country. The first was so decidedly unsuccessful,—so far disappointed the expectations of those, who had looked to the gigantic and seemingly formidable preparations of the Czar,—that the most exaggerated notions began to prevail, of the power which the Ottoman government could exert, when once driven to its last efforts. The failure of the campaign of 1828 was in fact attributed to the determined and able opposition by which the Porte had baffled and defeated the designs of the invader; and people, who had once beheld, in the still increasing power of Russia, matter of fearful apprehension, were wonderfully relieved at the supposed discovery of a formidable barrier, that now appeared perfectly sufficient to stem the full tide of Russian invasion. But the following year rapidly dissipated those delusions. The utter imbecility of the Ottoman government, as exhibited throughout the course of the second campaign,—the ignorance and want of energy which characterized all its measures of defence—its neglect of opportunities which ordinary care and prudence might have converted into the means of the enemy's destruction,—and, in a word, its total inability to turn to any account the advantages which circumstances, natural or

accidental, placed at its disposal,—all concurred to produce an universal conviction, that such a government could have been, to no great extent, the cause of the ill success which Russia had experienced in the previous year. It became manifest that the exertions of the Autocrat had signally failed in 1828, not because of the ability and energy of the Porte, but simply because the vast resources of his extensive empire could not, without the utmost difficulty, be put in motion, combined, and brought to bear with effect on a point of attack, so distant from the centre of his power. As we obtained, then, by the campaign of 1829, a true insight into the intrinsic feebleness of that image of power, which, with one foot in Europe, and another in Asia, has so long appeared in men's imaginations, like some mighty Colossus, challenging admiration for its elevation and strength, so a combined view of both campaigns should be sufficient to undeceive those who have been in the habit of forming an exaggerated estimate of the power and resources of the Russian empire.

A government, holding in subjection a population of sixty millions, with a territory which could support perhaps five times that number, and possesses also, in abundance, the natural sources of commercial and naval power, enjoys, it is clear, too large a portion of the elements of political strength, not to excite the solicitude of other states, even the most powerful. But, withal, the ability of Russia consists rather in the amplitude of her means of defence, than in her capacity for hostile operations in a foreign and distant country. The Autocrat, with thirty-five millions of subjects, firmly attached to his government, as the Muscovites are, by the bond of Religion as well as the force of habit, would have scarcely any limits to the extent of his means for resisting foreign invasion. Napoleon's grand Russian campaign gave the "northern giant" the first great opportunity of displaying the amount of his resources. Still years must pass away before Russia can become a power dangerous to the independence of any states, but what come into immediate contact with herself, and are already tottering from internal debility. Of the countries which she has subjugated, many are still but imperfectly incorporated with the empire, and prudence would suggest the propriety of consolidating her present dominions, before attempting to make further acquisitions.

European Turkey, to which the longings of Russian ambition are said to have been directed ever since the days of Catharine, would seem, at first view, a conquest of no great difficulty to a power, whose permanent military establishment is 800,000 men. But our opinion may, perhaps, change when we consider, even granting the whole of this

force to be effective, over how large a portion of the surface of the globe it is diffused; how necessary is its diffusion over the whole extent of the empire for the stability of the Czar's authority; and, independent of financial considerations, how great and numerous would be the difficulties of concentrating, in the provinces south of the Danube, a sufficient number of these troops for the establishment of Russian dominion. In the campaign of 1828, Russia could never muster more than 30,000 disposable men as an *armée d'opérations*. With treble this amount—we do not ask could she overturn the present wretched and imbecile government, which still assumes to itself the guardianship of the Bosphorus, but—could she fix herself in secure possession of a country, in which would be found a warlike population of two millions, banded together by an inveterate and fierce fanaticism, and urged on to resistance by the lasting hatred of wounded pride?

The successive encroachments on the dominions of the Porte by Russia, and the territorial acquisitions of both Catharine and her successors on that side, prove undoubtedly that the Ottoman emperor has long ceased to be a match to his northern antagonist. Yet to us the subject of wonder is, not that the various wars which were severally concluded at Kainardghi, at Jassy, at Bucharest, and finally at Adrianople, were all in their issue advantageous to Russia, but that the successes of this power have not been more decisive, and that those which she has obtained have cost her so much preparation, time, and exertion. The real ground for surprise is, that the Sultan, who has so often been forced to acknowledge his inferiority to Pashas of his empire,—individuals who owed all their strength and influence to their own exertions in situations in which he had placed them,—should have so long maintained his ground against his powerful rival, who has, for the last seventy years, been straining every nerve to obtain the mastery.

Towards the close of the last century, Paswan Oglou, Pasha of Widdin, successfully withstood the whole force which the Ottoman government could bring against him, marched his troops to the very gates of Constantinople, and reduced his imperial master to as abject a submission as the Russian General did the present Sultan in 1829. The feeble and ineffectual power of the Porte, as compared with that of one of its viceroys, was again glaringly exhibited in the course of the Greek insurrection. For four years it struggled in vain to re-establish its authority over the insurgents. The Greeks had, in two campaigns, baffled and repelled the whole military and naval power which the Sultan could apply to the suppression of the rebellion. But the

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achievement which had been found to require an exertion of strength too great for the resources of the Ottoman government, was discovered to be a matter of easy accomplishment to the Pasha of Egypt. From the moment of Ibrahim Pasha's landing in the Morea, the fortune of the Greeks changed; and in a series of terrible reverses they had bitter proof of the mightier enemy that had now entered the lists against them. It was only by the active interference of the three powers, parties to the treaty of London, of July 1827, that Greece was saved from again falling under the Mohammedan yoke.

Granting, however, that the want of concentration in her means must take away from the force of the impression which Russia attempts to produce at a distance from the seat of her power, still she must, ere this, have accomplished the subversion of a political structure, so feeble that the hands of a rebellious Pasha seem sufficient to bring it to the ground, while the interposition of some faithful adherent is necessary to support it, had not some barrier been interposed to save the tottering fabric from utter ruin. What, then, has enabled the Ottoman power to withstand so long the attacks of the empire of the north?—The fanaticism and pride of the Turkish character. Of all Mohammedans, the Turks are the most bigoted and intolerant,—have the highest opinion of the excellence of their own religion, and the greatest contempt for the professors of every other. They arrogate to themselves also no little importance from their connexion with the family of Osman, the founder of their nation, and still proudly associate themselves with the glories with which the name of Osmanli was invested by the abilities and energies of their earlier Sultans. It was this religious fanaticism and this national pride in the people, which, in the case of foreign invasion, compensated in a great degree for the incompetency and imbecility of the government; and never, till the present Sultan had, by his innovating policy, weakened the force of those feelings, or at least deprived himself of their co-operation, could a Russian army boast of having forced its way over the passes of the Balkan. It is simply because the many repulses which Russia has met with, in her oft-repeated efforts to extend her conquests to the shores of the Mediterranean, are to be ascribed, not to the abilities or the exertions of sultans or their ministers, but to causes which would continue to operate were the Ottoman government no longer in existence;—it is for this reason we feel assured that, even after the triumphant march of a Russian army into the capital of the Ottoman empire, the struggle would be yet to begin which was to decide the destinies of European Turkey.

The parting advice of the Dey of Algiers to the French was—"Get rid as soon as possible of the Turkish Janissaries. Accustomed to command as masters, they will never consent to live in order and subjection." But though the reason of the advice holds equally good with regard to the Osmanlis of Europe as of Barbary, the advice itself would be by no means so practicable in the case of the former as of the others. We imagine it would overtask the whole power of Russia herself, even if in possession of Constantinople, to get rid of the Mussulman population of European Turkey. It would be no easy matter to force two millions of Turks from the seats they have so long occupied in Europe. Should they remain, would they peacefully submit to the usurped authority of *Giaours* in those very countries where they have for ages maintained the character and assumed the port of lords and masters? All we know of their stern fanaticism and obstinate pride forbids such a supposition; and their numbers, their familiarity with the use of arms, their knowledge of a country so well fitted for the desultory warfare which is habitual to them, and above all, the indissoluble bond of their religion, would form the materials of a rebellion which Russia would vainly attempt to crush or control.

The little chance of success to any attempt of Russia to secure to herself a seat on the Bosphorus, seems to us the result of just calculation, when we compute the magnitude of the resistance she must encounter, and the comparative paucity of the means she could apply to the accomplishment of such an object, at least within any period of time that should influence the views of politicians in the present day. A reference to the determined stand which Turkey has so frequently, within the last seventy years, opposed to Russian encroachment on the banks of the Danube, justifies our conclusion; for in general the Porte was left to fight its battles alone, and Russia had no other opposition to surmount but what was offered by the Osmanlis themselves. But when we take into account the obstacles which other powers might throw in the way of the gratification of the ambition of the northern empire;—when we estimate the influence which Austria, from her proximity and her concentration of power, could exert on the fortunes of Turkey, and the extent to which England could carry her interference by naval operations, directed either against the capital itself, or any part of the long line of coast bordering the provinces of Bulgaria and Roumelia, we confess, we can find little reason for that alarm with which every announcement of the march of a Russian army towards the Danube has filled the minds of some political prophets among us for above half a century.

A mighty moral change, therefore, must be wrought in the Turks before they will consent to descend from the position they have so long maintained in Europe, so far at least as to acknowledge the supremacy of any Christian prince; and Russia, even supposing the future course of events to operate most favourably for the stability of her power, will have long to wait before she can have the ability to completely surmount the obstacles which the characteristic qualities of the Turkish character must oppose to every effort of hers to extend her long arms to the Bosphorus. Some great political revolution must also have produced a material alteration in the present relations of the great European powers, before any one can succeed in appropriating, despite the interference of the others, a possession of such importance as the Turkish provinces in Europe. But though these considerations might induce us to think the day still distant when the Ottoman power shall descend from the pedestal on which it even now proudly stands, there is no probability that the Turkish empire will hold together till these moral and political changes have happened, which we have supposed a necessary prelude to its fall through the instrumentality of any external force. Long before any injury from abroad can have the effect of destroying the vital principle which still keeps alive this singular political system, its dissolution may have been brought about by the violence of its internal disorders. Indeed, if we be guided by the analogy of past experience, we must conclude that the Ottoman empire is destined to find within itself, and in its own bosom, the immediate and direct instruments of its ruin.

It is remarkable that the Porte, even in the very seasons when it could present a firm and formidable front to the assaults of the most powerful adversaries from without, has frequently been near to falling a victim to the shocks it has received from internal, but otherwise feeble causes. Towards the close of the last century, Turkey summoned forth an energy that for three years appeared almost a match for the united strength of Russia and Austria; and yet about the same period was she brought to the verge of destruction by two rebellions, each headed by an individual who had raised himself from obscurity and insignificance. Czerni George, the Servian rebel, and the Pasha of Widdin, each maintained his ground against the utmost efforts of the Porte, and only on its acceptance of his terms did each of these chiefs consent to lay down his arms. But never at any period of Ottoman history, did rebellion assume so fearful an aspect to the eyes of a Sultan as now, that Mehemet Ali, the experienced warrior and the practised politician, has unfurled the standard of defiance to Mahmoud.

It is certain that the Pasha of Egypt has not allowed the feelings of an ill-judging and precipitate resentment to hurry him into a contest for which he was unprepared. He has long known himself to be the object of the envy and jealousy with which an Ottoman emperor generally views the superior talents and eminent services of a subject. The ability he displayed in overthrowing the power of the Mamelukes, and establishing Turkish authority in Egypt, had already marked him out in the eyes of the Porte, as one in whom it would be no longer safe to repose confidence, and who ought, therefore, on the first favourable opportunity, to be quietly consigned to his fate by the bow-string. The Sultan has on various occasions betrayed his most anxious desire to have so desirable an event accomplished; and in 1813, at the very time when he was employing the military talents of Mehemet Ali against the Wahabees in Arabia, he despatched a person to Cairo to supersede him in his government. The fidelity of one of his ministers saved Mehemet Ali from the ruin which had been plotted against him. The Pasha, however, still continued, outwardly at least, the faithful servant of Mahmoud, and carried on the war with success against the Arabian heretics. In the end, Abdalla Saoud, the leader of the rebellious sect, was taken prisoner, and sent to Constantinople, where he lost his head. But it is probable that a knowledge of the real state of the Sultan's feelings towards him was a principal reason with Mehemet Ali for the endeavour to establish his power on a firmer basis, and that to this source might be traced his first attempt in 1815 to make his troops acquainted with European tactics. He was, however, compelled to defer the execution of his intentions by a mutiny of the soldiers, who refused to submit to any change in the system to which they had been accustomed.

Several years afterwards he found an opportunity of carrying into effect his favourite idea. Having freed himself from the presence of his old troops, whom he despatched on various expeditions, and having thus removed the bitterest foes of innovation out of the way, he commenced the work of military reform with earnestness and determination. He availed himself of the assistance of the most skilful French and Italian officers he could get, and made use of all the information they possessed, on every point of their profession. His exertions were unremitting, and eminently successful. Towards the close of the year 1824, he was able to despatch a powerful army for the Morea, well-appointed, and supplied with every necessary equipment in the European style. Our readers are aware of the complete success of this expedition. Greece, which had actually destroyed the whole power which the Sultan could bring into the field, and

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nearly achieved its perfect independence, rapidly lost, one after another, the advantages she had gained, and soon saw Ibrahim Pasha uncontrolled master of the Morea.

Mehemet Ali had not, however, devoted his whole attention to military reforms. He had laboured with the greatest assiduity for the acquisition of naval power also; and by the adoption of European improvements in every branch of marine service, had succeeded in constructing a navy of considerable strength. He was not, it is true, so fortunate in the first grand trial of his naval, as of his military ability: for the value of his reforms in the marine was first brought to the test in the bay of Navarino. But in this battle, when we consider who his enemies were, the destruction of his fleet is not a proof that his efforts to form a navy had been ineffectual; nor did it at all discourage him from following up his plans for strengthening his government by the accession of maritime power.

Since the period when Mehemet Ali was compelled to relinquish all interference in the affairs of Greece, while he has omitted no opportunity of augmenting and consolidating his military and naval strength, he has at the same time so far increased the resources of his government, as to provide amply for the permanent support of the new institutions. Under his rule Egypt has become a country of both commercial and agricultural importance, and realized many of the other advantages of improved civilization. Colleges and schools have been established for the cultivation of science and literature; and the increase of knowledge has already produced its effect in softening down and liberalizing the severe intolerance of Mohammedanism. The Pasha's monopoly of a great part of the commerce and agriculture of his dominions is, indeed, with justice, much exclaimed against; but it should be said, in his favour, that the wealth acquired by him in this way goes directly to the public service, and so far diminishes the amount of necessary taxation.

Mehemet Ali has thus established the edifice of his power on a new and solid foundation; and, in the natural course of events, each day should add to its strength. But even its connexion with the Ottoman empire promises to be for its advantage. Being now the only strong part of a fabric, which is fast crumbling to pieces elsewhere, it may receive continual accessions in the fragments, easily detached from the decayed portion of the structure. Before the commencement of the present war between the Sultan and his powerful viceroy, which has already given the whole of Syria to the latter, besides Egypt, were recognized as under the jurisdiction of Mehemet Ali, Nubia and the whole country south-

ward to Abyssinia, the island of Candia, and a considerable portion of Arabia. With regard to Cyprus, to which his ambitious views are probably now directed, he would have little difficulty in making an acquisition of that island. It appears that he despises the strength of the Ottoman government as much by sea as by land; and that his fleet has been long in chase of the Sultan's, which evidently shows its reluctance for the engagement. The Turkish sailors, naturally enough, consider themselves as unequal a match for the Egyptian, as the armies of the Porte have been proved to be for the land-forces of the Pasha.

We will not now inquire how it has happened that, while the innovations of Mehemet Ali have afforded him a firmer foundation for the re-construction of his power, the only effect of those of Mahmoud has been to undermine the strength of the old system, without supplying any sure ground whereon to rear a new one. One cause of the wide difference in point of success between the efforts of the two great Mohammedan reformers, may certainly be found in the great disparity of their characters. The Sultan is far below the Pasha in talent and energy. He has, however, had more formidable obstacles to contend with; and perhaps even Mehemet Ali's plans of reform might have failed, had they been brought into collision with the interests and the prejudices of such a well-combined, influential, and powerful corporation as that of the Ulemas.

From the Keepsake.

VICISSITUDES IN THE LIFE OF A PRINCESS OF THE HOUSE OF BRUNSWICK.

BY LORD DOVER.

ABOUT the year 1760, there lived in the city of Brussels, in great retirement, an old lady, who bore the name of Madame d'Aubant. She was much occupied in observances of religion, as well as in extensive charities to the poor of her neighbourhood, who regarded her as their benefactress. She had passed some years in this circle of duties, unnoticed by the great or the gay, and apparently without connexions or relatives. Yet none in that city were born of higher lineage, or wedded to greater hopes; nor had any other of its inhabitants probably endured so great a variety of prosperity and adversity, and of romantic changes of fortune, which almost exceed the bounds of credibility.

Lewis Rudolphus, Duke of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel, married Christina Louisa, Princess of Oettingen, who bore him three

daughters. The eldest, Elizabeth Christina, married Charles the Sixth, Emperor of Germany, and slumbered through a tranquil life of Austrian precision and etiquette. Far different was the lot of her youngest* sister, the Princess Charlotte Louisa; though she also was destined to marry into an imperial house. On the twenty-fifth day of October, 1711, she became the ill-fated wife of Alexis Petrowitz, Prince of Russia, the eldest son of Peter the Great. The marriage took place at Torgau in Germany, and the young bridegroom was in the twenty-second year of his age. The czarowitz was a man of ferocious manners, and his habits of debauchery had greatly increased his natural brutality. He is also said to have taken a violent aversion to his unhappy wife, and to have attempted no less than three different times to poison her. Happily the princess, upon all these occasions, received such speedy succour, that her life was preserved. But the ill-treatment she received from her barbarous husband continued to increase. Nor was there any one at this time at the court of Russia, who could control the violence and the outrages of the czarowitz, as Peter the Great and the czarina Catherine were occupied in visiting foreign countries.

At length, one day, when the princess was eight months gone with child, her husband attacked her with greater fury than ever, knocked her down, kicked her while she lay on the ground, and left her bathed in blood. He then set off for one of his country houses, without deigning to make any farther inquiries respecting his unhappy victim. The consequence of the ill-treatment she had received was a premature labour, which her attendants determined to take advantage of, to deliver the princess for ever from the hands of her unworthy husband. They therefore sent a courier to him, to inform him of her death. The czarowitz returned for answer, an order for her immediate interment as privately as possible, hoping by speed and secrecy to prevent the public from becoming aware of the manner in which he had behaved towards her.

The funeral of the princess accordingly took place, but her coffin only contained a log of wood. In the meanwhile, and whilst all the courts of Europe were wearing mourning for her supposed decease, she had escaped from the palace in which she usually resided.

The Countess Konigsmark, who had been one of the mistresses of Augustus the Second, King of Poland, and was the mother by him, of the celebrated Maréchal de

Saxe, was at this time at the court of the Princess of Russia. It was to her assistance and management that the princess principally owed her escape. She collected for her whatever of money or of jewels could be found in the palace; gave her an old and trustworthy man-servant of her own, who spoke French and German, to accompany her, and one of her own *femmes-de-chambre*. Thus attended, the princess set off for Paris, where she arrived without accident. Fearing, however, lest she might be recognised in that capital, she determined to go to America. With this view she went to l'Orient, from which port the vessels belonging to the company of the Ladies, to whom the king had conceded the right of colonizing Louisiana, otherwise called the Mississippi, were accustomed to sail.

The princess embarked in a packet with eight hundred other Germans, who were on their way to the newly-settled colony. Her faithful servant, who passed on board the vessel for her father, and her maid, still accompanied her. She arrived in safety at the place of her destination. The appearance of the young and beautiful stranger in this wild colony excited universal admiration. The Chevalier d'Aubant, an officer of merit, who at that time resided in the colony, and who had formerly been at Petersburg soliciting an employment in the Russian service, saw and recognised the princess. At first he could hardly believe the testimony of his eyes; but after seeing her frequently, and examining attentively her air, her countenance, and her features, he could no longer doubt that the obscure exile was the same person, whom he had formerly beheld surrounded by a brilliant court. He had the prudence not to confide his discovery to any one; but feeling a natural interest in the fortunes of so illustrious an exile, he contrived to acquire the intimacy and confidence of her old and faithful servant, who has been already mentioned.

At length the old man confided to him, that he and his family were desirous of making a settlement on the banks of the Mississippi, for which purpose he had brought with him a sufficient sum of money; and he proposed at the same time to the chevalier to unite his fortunes with theirs in the undertaking. D'Aubant accepted with readiness, joined his funds to those of the strangers, and undertook the management of the whole concern; for which, from his habits of business, he was peculiarly well qualified. The chevalier thus acquired the opportunity of seeing the princess daily, of exerting himself with zeal in her service, and of showing her upon all occasions the most respectful attachment and devotion.

One day, when he found himself alone

* The second Princess of Brunswick, Antonetta Amelia, married Ferdinand Albert, Duke of Brunswick Bevern.

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with her, he could no longer resist telling her the secret which he had discovered.— He fell at her feet, and acknowledged that he knew her. This avowal at first caused the princess no less surprise than pain; but after a time she became reassured, from reflecting upon the prudence and attachment which she had witnessed in the chevalier. She therefore contented herself with thanking him for his previous kindness, and making him enter into a solemn engagement that he would keep her secret inviolably.

Some time after this occurrence, the European newspapers which arrived at New Orleans brought accounts of the catastrophe and death of the czarowitz. The princess, who was civilly dead in Europe, and who besides was happy in the obscure but tranquil situation in which fate had now placed her, preferred remaining in the New World, and leaving her friends and relatives in the Old ignorant of her existence. At length she had the misfortune to lose her faithful servant, who had followed her over more than half the globe.

His death overwhelmed the princess with grief: she felt at first as if she had lost her only friend. But the redoubled zeal and activity of the Chevalier d'Aubant, who now undertook the entire management of her affairs, enabled her to struggle through her difficulties. The respectful tenderness of the feelings which the chevalier entertained for her had also not escaped her. He seemed but to exist for the purpose of furthering and executing her wishes, almost before they were formed in her own breast. He treated her at the same time with the homage due to a sovereign, while his whole life was spent in striving to make her forget her sorrows, and in procuring for her whatever comforts or pleasures that wild region afforded.

His merits, his capacity, and his zeal, at length touched the heart of the princess, and she became his wife. And thus was united to a captain of infantry, in a country peopled with negroes, and in the midst of the savage natives, a princess, born herself of a sovereign house, the widow of the heir of one of the vastest empires of the world, and the sister of the Empress of Germany. The newly married couple lived happily, and struggled contentedly through all the difficulties which must accompany a residence in a newly-settled country. The princess did not disdain to assist her husband in the labours of the establishment. Time passed rapidly away, and Heaven blessed their union with a daughter, whom Madame d'Aubant nursed herself, and to whom she taught her own language, German.

After some years of tranquil happiness, passed in the manner here described, the Chevalier d'Aubant was attacked with a

disorder which required surgical aid. He therefore sold his property in Louisiana, and came to Paris, with the view of obtaining it. Madame d'Aubant nursed her husband with the tenderest affection. During the convalescence of the chevalier, she sometimes went with her daughter to walk in the gardens of the Tuileries. One day, as she was talking German to her, the Count de Saxe, who was passing along the same walk, and who was attracted by the sound of his native language, approached them. What was his surprise, on recognising in the elder of the two strangers the Princess of Russia, whom he, with the rest of the world, had imagined to have died many years before.

Madame d'Aubant, upon his discovering to her that he knew her, implored him to guard her secret; and then related to him in what manner the Countess Konigsmark had favoured her escape from Petersburg. The Count de Saxe promised what she wished with regard to the world in general; but informed her, that he should feel it his duty to state the circumstance to the King of France. The princess then entreated him, at all events, not to make the disclosure for the space of three months. The count consented to this; and then demanded the permission to come and see her; to which she agreed, on condition that he would only come at night, and alone.

In the meanwhile the Chevalier d'Aubant had recovered his health, but found his means of subsistence nearly exhausted. He solicited and obtained from the French East India Company the situation of major of the island of Bourbon. The Count de Saxe paid visits from time to time to the princess; and at length, when the three months were expired, he went to her house, in order to inform her that the time was now arrived when he intended to mention her name to the king. Upon arriving at her lodging, he was much astonished to find that she had set off, with her husband and her daughter, for the island of Bourbon.

The Count de Saxe went immediately to the king, and told him the whole story. The king sent in consequence for his minister, and ordered him to write to the governor of Bourbon, desiring him to treat Madame d'Aubant with the greatest respect and attention. His majesty also wrote, with his own hand, a letter to the Queen of Hungary, though he was at that time at war with that sovereign, to give her information respecting the fate of her aunt. The queen returned an answer of thanks to the king, and sent him a letter, to be forwarded to Madame d'Aubant, in which she entreated her to come to her, and leave her husband and daughter, for whom the King of France would provide.

This offer the princess at once and pe-

remptorily refused. She remained in the island of Bourbon until the year 1754, when, having become a widow, and having also lost her daughter, she returned to Paris. From thence she went to Brussels, where she remained till her death, in extreme old age; subsisting upon a pension of sixty thousand florins, (given her by the House of Brunswick,) of which she devoted three-fourths to objects of charity and benevolence.

This anecdote is given on the authority of M. Bossu, the French North American traveller, whose travels in Louisiana are well known and much esteemed, and who must have been made acquainted with the details of it while in that province. Every reader of it must judge for himself as to the degree of credence he is willing to give to it.

From the Glasgow Magazine.

MATTHEW M'FARLANE.

Where came the guineas frae, Matthew, my dear?
I trow thou hadst nae till the sodgers came here,
If they're the king's or the sergeant's, my son,
Gie them back, for thou never maun carry the gun.

Could ye e'er think to gang o'er the braid sea,
To lea' the loonhead, the auld bigging, and me,
The smith and the smiddy, thy loom, and the lass
That stauks at the gavel, and laughs when ye pass?

Mind, Matthew—for thou likes thy belly fu' weel—
There is naething abroad like our hearty oatmeal,
Nor guid sheephead-kail, for nae outlandish woman
Has the gumption to ken that they need sic a scummin'.

In thy lug, though that wild Heeland sergeant may blaw,
And talk o' the ferties he's seen far awa',
And the pleasures and ease o' a sodgering life,
Believe me its naething but labour and strife.

If thy fit should but slip in the midst o' the drilling,
The ranking and raving, and marching and wheeling,
The sergeant would cry, "shoot the stammering loon,"
or else

"Tie the sconcerel up to the halberts, ye sconcerels!"

And when our King George to the wars would be prancing,

Wi' the crown on his head, and his sceptre a' glancing,
Wi' chariots and horsemen, and cornels a host o' them,
And sergeant M'Tavish as proud as the best o' them—

My son, and the rest o' the puir single men, wad be
Trudging behind them wi' legs twining wearily,
Laden like camels, and cringing like colly dogs,
Till the Frenchmen in swarms wad come bizzing about
their lugs.

Then to meet Bonapartie rampagin', and red
To the verra een holes wi' the spilling o' bluid,—
O maybe the fiend in his talons wad clauight thee,
And rive thee to spawls, without speering wha's aught
thee!

Thou maunna wear claes o' red, Matthew M'Farlane,
Nor ringe wi' twa sticks on a sheep's skin, my darling,
Nor edge wi' a knapsack frae Dan to Beersheba, nor
Dee like thy father at wearfu' Baltimore.

Bide still in Kilbarehan, and wha keas but thou
May be some day an elder, and keep a bit cow,
And hae for thy wife the braw thoroughier lass
That stauks at the gavel, and laughs when ye pass!

From the Keepsake.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER—AN ITALIAN STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

It is well known that the hatred borne by one family against another, and the strife of parties, which often led to bloodshed in the Italian cities during the middle ages, so vividly described by Shakespeare in *Romeo and Juliet*, was not confined to the Montecchi and Ciappelletti of Verona, but existed with equal animosity in almost every other town of that beautiful peninsula. The greatest men among them were the victims; and crowds of exiles—families who but the day before were in the full enjoyment of the luxuries of life and the endearing associations of home—were every now and then seen issuing from the gates of their native cities, deprived of every possession, and with melancholy and slow steps dragging their wearied limbs to the nearest asylum offered them, thence to commence a new career of dependence and poverty, to endure to the end of their lives, or until some lucky accident should enable them to change places with their enemies, making those the sufferers who were late the tyrants. In that country, where each town formed an independent state, to change one for the other, was to depart from the spot cherished as a country and a home for distant banishment—or worse—for as each city entertained either hatred or contempt for its neighbour, it often happened that the mourning exile was obliged to take up his abode among a people whom he had injured or scoffed. Foreign service offered a resource to the young and bold among the men. But lovely Italy was to be left, the ties of young hearts severed, and all the endearing associations of kin and country broken and scattered for ever. The Italians were always peculiarly susceptible to these misfortunes. They loved their native walls, the abodes of their ancestors, the familiar scenes of youth, with all the passionate fervour characteristic of that clime.

It was therefore no uncommon thing for any one among them, like Foscari of Venice, to prefer destitution and danger in their own city, to a precarious subsistence among strangers in distant lands; or, if compelled to quit the beloved precincts of their native walls, still to hover near, ready to avail themselves of the first occasion that should present itself for reversing the decree that condemned them to misery.

For three days and nights there had been warfare in the streets of Sienna—blood flowed in torrents—yet the cries and groans of the fallen but excited their friends to avenge them—not their foes to spare. On

the fourth morning, Ugo Mancini, with a scanty band of followers, was driven from the town: succours from Florence had arrived for his enemies, and he was forced to yield. Burning with rage, writhing with an impotent thirst for vengeance, Ugo went round to the neighbouring villages to rouse them, not against his native town, but the victorious Tolomei. Unsuccessful in these endeavours, he next took the more equivocal step of seeking warlike aid from the Pisans. But Florence kept Pisa in check, and Ugo found only an inglorious refuge where he had hoped to acquire active allies. He had been wounded in these struggles; but, animated by a superhuman spirit, he had forgotten his pain and surmounted his weakness; nor was it until a cold refusal was returned to his energetic representations that he sank beneath his physical sufferings. He was stretched on a bed of torture when he received intelligence that an edict of perpetual banishment and confiscation of property was passed against him. His two children, beggars now, were sent to him. His wife was dead, and these were all of near relations that he possessed. His bitter feelings were still too paramount for him to receive comfort from their presence; yet these agitated and burning emotions appeared in after-times a remnant of happiness compared to the total loss of every hope—the wasting inaction of sickness and of poverty.

For five years Ugo Mancini lay stretched on his couch, alternating between states of intense pain and overpowering weakness; and then he died. During this interval, the wreck of his fortunes, consisting of the rent of a small farm, and the use of some money lent, scantily supported him. His few relatives and followers were obliged to seek their subsistence elsewhere, and he remained alone to his pain, and to his two children, who yet clung to the paternal side.

Hatred to his foes, and love for his native town, were the sentiments that possessed his soul, and which he imparted in their full force to the plastic mind of his son, which received like molten metal the stamp he desired to impress. Lorenzo was scarcely twelve years old at the period of his father's exile, and he naturally turned with fondness towards the spot where he had enjoyed every happiness, where each hour had been spent in light-hearted hilarity, and the kindness and observance of many attended on his steps. Now, how sad the contrast!—dim penury—a solitude cheered by no encouraging smiles or sunny flatteries—perpetual attendance on his father, and untimely cares, cast their dark shadows over his altered lot.

Lorenzo was many years older than his sister. Friendless and destitute as was the exile's family, it was he who overlooked its

moderate disbursements, who was at once his father's nurse and his sister's guardian, and acted as the head of the family during the incapacity of his parent. But instead of being narrowed or broken in spirit by these burdens, his ardent soul rose to meet them, and grew enlarged and lofty from the very calls made upon it. His look was serious, not care-worn—his manner calm, not humble—his voice had all the tenderness of a woman—his eye all the pride and fire of a hero.

Still his unhappy father wasted away, and Lorenzo's hours were entirely spent beside his bed. He was indefatigable in his attentions—weariness never seemed to come near him. His limbs were always alert—his speech inspiring and kind. His only pastime was during any interval in his parent's sufferings, to listen to his eulogiums on his native town, and to the history of the wrongs which, from time immemorial, the Mancini had endured from the Tolomei. Lorenzo, though replete with noble qualities, was still an Italian; and fervent love for his birthplace, and violent hatred towards the foes of his house, were the darling passions of his heart. Nursed in loneliness, they acquired vigour; and the nights he spent in watching his father were varied by musing on the career he should hereafter follow—his return to his beloved Sienna, and the vengeance he would take on his enemies.

Ugo often said, I die because I am an exile;—at length these words were fulfilled, and the unhappy man sank beneath the ills of fortune. Lorenzo saw his beloved father expire—his father, whom he loved as a mother loves a sickly infant which she has led from its birth to an early five years' old tomb. He seemed to deposit in his obscure grave all that best deserved reverence and honour in the world; and turning away his steps, he lamented the sad occupation of so many years, and regretted the exchange he made from his father's sick bed to a lonely and unprized freedom.

The first use he made of the liberty he had thus acquired was to return to Sienna with his little sister. He entered his native town as if it were a paradise, and he found it a desert in all save the hues of beauty and delight with which his imagination loved to invest it. There was no one to whom he could draw near in friendship within the whole circuit of its walls. According to the barbarous usage of the times, his father's palace had been razed, and the mournful ruins stood as a tomb to commemorate the fall of his fortunes. Not as such did Lorenzo view them—he often stole out at nightfall, when the stars alone beheld his enthusiasm, and, clambering to the highest part of the massive fragments, spent long hours in mentally rebuilding the

desolate walls, and in consecrating once again the weed-grown hearth to family love and hospitable festivity. It seemed to him that the air was more balmy and light, breathed amidst these memorials of the past; and his heart warmed with rapture over the tale they told of what his progenitors had been—what he again would be.

Yet had he viewed his position sanely, he would have found it full of mortification and pain; and he would have become aware that his native town was perhaps the only place in the world where his ambition would fail in the attainment of its aim. The Tolomei reigned over it. They had led its citizens to conquest, and enriched them with spoils. They were adored; and to flatter them, the populace were prone to revile and scoff at the name of Mancini. Lorenzo did not possess one friend within its walls: he heard the murmur of hatred as he passed along, and beheld his enemies raised to the pinnacle of power and honour; and yet, so strangely framed is the human heart, that he continued to love Sienna, and would not have exchanged his obscure and penurious abode within its walls to become the favoured follower of the German emperor. Such a place, through education and the natural prejudices of man, did Sienna hold in his imagination, that a lowly condition there, seemed a nobler destiny than to be great in any other spot.

To win back the friendship of its citizens and humble his enemies was the dream that shed so sweet an influence over his darkened hours. He dedicated his whole being to this work, and he did not doubt but that he should succeed. The house of Tolomei had for its chief, a youth but a year or two older than himself—with him, when an opportunity should present itself, he would enter the lists. It seemed the bounty of Providence that gave him one so nearly equal with whom to contend; and during the interval that must elapse before they could clash, he was busy in educating himself for the struggle. Count Fabian del Tolomei bore the reputation of being a youth full of promise and talent; and Lorenzo was glad to anticipate a worthy antagonist. He occupied himself in the practice of arms, and applied with perseverance to the study of the few books that fell in his way. He appeared in the market-place on public occasions modestly attired; yet his height, his dignified carriage, and the thoughtful cast of his noble countenance, drew the observation of the bystanders;—though, such was the prejudice against his name, and the flattery of the triumphant party, that taunts and maledictions followed him. His nobility of appearance was called pride; his affability, meanness; his aspiring views, faction;—and it was declared that it would be a happy day when he should no longer

blot their sunshine with his shadow. Lorenzo smiled—he disdained to resent, or even to feel, the mistaken insults of the crowd, who, if fortune changed, would the next day throw up their caps for him. It was only when loftier foes approached that his brow grew dark, that he drew himself up to his full height, repaying their scorn with glances of defiance and hate.

But although he was ready in his own person to encounter the contumely of his townsmen, and walked on with placid mien regardless of their sneers, he carefully guarded his little sister from such scenes. She was led by him each morning, closely veiled, to hear mass in an obscure church. And when, on feast-days, the public walks were crowded with cavaliers and dames in splendid attire, and with citizens and peasants in their holiday garb, this gentle pair might be seen in some solitary and shady spot, he bending down and smiling on the lovely child, who looked up to him with eyes expressive of unutterable affection. In the whole world, Flora knew none to love except her brother—she was his junior by nearly seven years—she had grown under his eyes from infancy; and while he attended on the sick bed of their father, he was father, brother, tutor, guardian to Flora—the fondest mother could not have been more indulgent; and yet there was mingled a something beyond, pertaining to their difference of sex. Uniformly observant and kind, he treated her as if she had been a high-born damsel, nurtured in her gayest bower.

Her attire was simple—but thus, she was instructed, it befitted every damsel to dress; her needle-works were such as a princess might have emulated; and while she learnt under her brother's tutelage to be reserved, studious of obscurity, and always occupied, she was taught that such were the virtues becoming her sex, and no idea of dependence or penury was raised in her mind. Had he been the sole human being that approached her, she might have believed herself to be on a level with the highest in the land; but coming in contact with dependants and various females in the humble class of life, Flora became acquainted with her true position; and learnt, at the same time, to understand and appreciate the unequalled kindness of her brother, and to regard his virtues as superhuman.

Two years passed away while this brother and sister continued, in obscurity and poverty, to cherish the dearest blessings of life, hope, honour, and mutual love. If an anxious thought ever crossed Lorenzo, it was for the future destiny of Flora, whose beauty as a child gave promise of perfect loveliness hereafter. For her sake he was anxious to begin the career he had marked out for himself, and resolved no longer to

delay his endeavours to revive his party in Sienna, and to seek rather than avoid any contest with the young Count Fabian, on whose overthrow he would rise—Count Fabian the darling of the citizens, vaunted as a model for a youthful cavalier, overflowing with good qualities, and so adorned by gallantry, subtle wit, and gay, winning manners, that he stepped by right of nature as well as birth, on the pedestal which exalted him the idol of all around.

It was on a day of public feasting that Lorenzo first presented himself in rivalry with Fabian. His person was unknown to the Count, who, in all the pride of rich dress and splendid accoutrements, looked down with a smile of patronage on the poorly mounted and plainly attired youth, who presented himself to run a tilt with him. But before the challenge was accepted, the name of his antagonist was whispered to Fabian; then, all the bitterness engendered by family feuds; and all the spirit of vengeance, which had been taught as a religion, arose at once in the young noble's heart; he wheeled round his steed, and riding rudely up to his competitor, ordered him instantly to retire from the course, nor dare to disturb the revels of the citizens by the hated presence of a Mancini. Lorenzo answered with equal scorn; and Fabian, governed by uncontrollable passion, called together his followers to drive the youth with ignominy from the lists. A fearful array was mustered against the hateful intruder; but had their number been trebled, the towering spirit of Lorenzo had met them all. One fell—another was disabled by his weapon before he was disarmed and made prisoner; but his bravery did not avail to extract admiration from his prejudiced foes: they rather poured execrations on him for its disastrous effects, as they hurried him to a dungeon, and called loudly for his punishment and death.

Far from this scene of turmoil and bloodshed, in her poor but quiet chamber, in a remote and obscure part of the town, sat Flora, occupied by her embroidery, musing, as she worked, on her brother's project, and anticipating his success. Hours passed, and Lorenzo did not return,—the day declined, and still he tarried. Flora's busy fancy forged a thousand causes for the delay. Her brother's prowess had awaked the chilly zeal of the partisans of their family;—he was doubtless feasting among them, and the first stone was laid for the rebuilding of their house. At last, a rush of steps upon the stairs, and a confused clamour of female voices calling loudly for admittance, made her rise and open the door; in rushed several of the women of the house—dismay was painted on their faces—their words flowed in torrents—their eager gestures helped them to a meaning, and,

though not without difficulty, amidst the confusion, Flora heard of the disaster and imprisonment of her brother—of the blood shed by his hand, and the fatal issue that such a deed ensured. Flora grew pale as marble. Her young heart was filled with speechless terror; she could form no image of the thing she dreaded, but its indistinct idea was full of fear. Lorenzo was in prison—Count Fabian had placed him there—he was to die! Overwhelmed by such tidings, yet in a moment she rose above their benumbing power, and without proffering a word, or listening to the questions and remonstrances of the women, she rushed past them, down the high staircase, into the street; and then with swift pace to where the public prison was situated. She knew the spot she wished to reach, but she had so seldom quitted her home that she soon got entangled among the streets, and proceeded onwards at random. Breathless, at length, she paused before the lofty portal of a large palace—no one was near—the fast fading twilight of an Italian evening had deepened into absolute darkness. At this moment the glare of flambeaux was thrown upon the street, and a party of horsemen rode up; they were talking and laughing gaily. She heard one addressed as Count Fabian: she involuntarily drew back with instinctive hate; and then rushed forward and threw herself at his horse's feet, exclaiming "Save my brother!" The young cavalier reined up shortly his prancing steed, angrily reproving her for her heedlessness, and, without deigning another word, entered the court-yard. He had not, perhaps, heard her prayer;—he could not see the suppliant, he spoke but in the impatience of the moment;—but the poor child, deeply wounded by what had the appearance of a personal insult, turned proudly from the door, repressing the bitter tears that filled her eyes. Still she walked on; but night took from her every chance of finding her way to the prison, and she resolved to return home, to engage one of the women of the house, of which she occupied a part, to accompany her. But even to find her way back became matter of difficulty; and she wandered on, discovering no clue to guide her, and far too timid to address any one she might chance to meet. Fatigue and personal fear were added to her other griefs, and tears streamed plentifully down her cheeks as she continued her hopeless journey. At length, at the corner of a street, she recognised an image of the Madonna in a niche, with a lamp burning over it, familiar to her recollection as being near her home. With characteristic piety she knelt before it in thankfulness, and was offering a prayer for Lorenzo, when the sound of steps made her start up, and her brother's voice hailed, and her brother's arms encircled her; it

seemed a miracle, but he was there, and all her fears were ended.

Lorenzo anxiously asked whither she had been straying; her explanation was soon given; and he in return related the misfortunes of the morning—the fate that impended over him, averted by the generous intercession of young Fabian himself; and yet—he hesitated to unfold the bitter truth—he was not freely pardoned—he stood there a banished man, condemned to die if the morrow's sun found him within the walls of Sienna.

They had arrived, meanwhile, at their home; and with feminine care, Flora placed a simple repast before her brother, and then employed herself very busily in making various packages. Lorenzo paced the room, absorbed in thought; at length he stopped, and kissing the fair girl, said,

"Where can I place thee in safety? how preserve thee, my flower of beauty, while we are divided?"

Flora looked up fearfully. "Do I not go with you?" she asked; "I was making preparations for our journey."

"Impossible, dearest; I go to privation and hardship."

"And I would share them with thee."

"It may not be, sweet sister," replied Lorenzo, "fate divides us, and we must submit. I go to camps—to the society of rude men; to struggle with such fortune as cannot harm me, but which for thee would be fraught with peril and despair. No, my Flora, I must provide safe and honourable guardianship for thee, even in this town." And again Lorenzo meditated deeply on the part he should take, till suddenly a lightning thought flashed on his mind. "It is hazardous," he murmured, "and yet I do him wrong to call it so. Were our fates reversed, should I not think myself highly honoured by such a trust?" And then he told his sister to don hastily her best attire; to wrap her veil round her, and to come with him. She obeyed—for obedience to her brother was the first and dearest of her duties. But she wept bitterly while her trembling fingers braided her long hair, and she hastily changed her dress.

At length they walked forth again, and proceeded slowly, as Lorenzo employed the precious minutes in consoling and counseling his sister. He promised as speedy a return as he could accomplish; but if he failed to appear as soon as he could wish, yet he vowed solemnly that, if alive and free, she should see him within five years from the moment of parting. Should he not come before, he besought her earnestly to take patience, and to hope for the best till the expiration of that period; and made her promise not to bind herself by any vestal or matrimonial vow in the interim. They had arrived at their destination, and entered the

courtyard of a spacious palace. They met no servants; so crossed the court, and ascended the ample stairs. Flora had endeavoured to listen to her brother. He had bade her be of good cheer, and he was about to leave her; he told her to hope; and he spoke of an absence to endure five years—an endless term to her childish anticipations. She promised obedience, but her voice was choked by sobs, and her tottering limbs would not have supported her without his aid. She now perceived that they were entering the light and inhabited rooms of a noble dwelling, and tried to restrain her tears, as she drew her veil closely around her. They passed from room to room, in which preparations for festivity were making; the servants ushered them on, as if they had been invited guests, and conducted them into a hall filled with all the nobility and beauty of Sienna. Each eye turned with curiosity and wonder on the pair. Lorenzo's tall person, and the lofty yet sweet expression of his handsome countenance put the ladies in good-humour with him, while the cavaliers tried to peep under Flora's veil.

"It is a mere child," they said, "and a sorrowing one—what can this mean?"

The youthful master of the house, however, instantly recognized his uninvited and unexpected guest; but before he could ask the meaning of his coming, Lorenzo had advanced with his sister to the spot where he stood, and addressed him.

"I never thought, Count Fabian, to stand beneath your roof, and much less to approach you as a suitor. But that Supreme Power, to whose decrees we must all bend, has reduced me to such adversity as, if it be his will, may also visit you, notwithstanding the many friends that now surround you, and the sunshine of prosperity in which you bask. I stand here a banished man and a beggar. Nor do I repine at this my fate. Most willing am I that my right arm alone should create my fortunes; and, with the blessing of God, I hope so to direct my course, that we may yet meet upon more equal terms. In this hope, I turn my steps, not unwillingly, from this city; dear as its name is to my heart—and dear the associations which link its proud towers with the memory of my forefathers. I leave it a soldier of fortune; how I may return is written in the page where your unread destiny is traced as well as mine. But my care ends not with myself. My dying father bequeathed to me this child, my orphan sister, whom I have, until now, watched over with a parent's love. I should ill perform the part intrusted to me, were I to drag this tender blossom from its native bower into the rude highways of life. Lord Fabian, I can count no man my friend; for it would seem that your smiles have won the hearts of my fellow-citizens from me;

and death and exile have so dealt with my house, through the intervention of yours, that not one of my name exists within the walls of Sienna. To you alone can I intrust this precious charge. Will you accept it until called upon to render it back to me, her brother, or to the juster hands of our Creator, pure and untarnished as I now deliver her unto you? I ask you to protect her helplessness, to guard her honour; will you—dare you accept a treasure, with the assurance of restoring it unsoiled, unhurt?"

The deep expressive voice of the noble youth and his earnest eloquence enchained the ears of the whole assembly; and when he ceased, Fabian, proud of the appeal, and nothing loth in the buoyant spirit of youth to undertake a charge which, thus proffered before his assembled kinsmen and friends, became an honour, answered readily—"I agree, and solemnly before Heaven accept your offer. I declare myself the guardian and protector of your sister; she shall dwell in safety beneath my kind mother's care, and if the saints permit your return, she shall be delivered back to you as spotless as she now is."

Lorenzo bowed his head; something choked his utterance as he thought that he was about to part for ever from his Flora; but he disdained to betray this weakness before his enemies. He took his sister's hand and gazed upon her slight girlish form with a look of earnest fondness, then murmuring a blessing over her, and kissing her brow, he again saluted Count Fabian, and turning away with measured steps and lofty mien, left the hall. Flora, scarcely understanding what had passed, stood trembling and weeping under her veil. She yielded her passive hand to Fabian, who leading her to his mother, said: "Madam, I ask of your goodness, and the maternal indulgence you have ever shown, to assist me in fulfilling my promise to yonder stripling, by taking under your gracious charge this young orphan."

"You command here, my son," said the countess, "and your will shall be obeyed." Then making a sign to one of her attendants, Flora was conducted from the hall, to where, in solitude and silence, she wept over her brother's departure, and her own strange and humiliating position.

Flora thus became an inmate of the dwelling of her ancestral foes, and the ward of her most bitter enemy. Lorenzo was gone she knew not whither, and her only pleasure consisted in reflecting that she was obeying his behests. Her life was uniform and tranquil. Her occupation was working tapestry, in which she displayed taste and skill. Sometimes she had the more mortifying task imposed on her of waiting on the Countess del Tolomei, who having lost two brothers in the last contest with the Mancini,

nourished a deep hatred towards the whole race, and never smiled on the luckless orphan. Flora submitted to every command imposed upon her. She was buoyed up by the reflection that her sufferings were imposed on her by Lorenzo; schooling herself in any moment of impatience by the idea that thus she shared his adversity. No murmur escaped her, though the pride and independence of her nature were often cruelly offended by the taunts and supercilious airs of her patroness or mistress, who was not a bad woman, but who thought it a virtue to ill-treat a Mancini. Often, indeed, she neither heard nor heeded these things. Her thoughts were far away, and grief for the loss of her brother's society weighed too heavily on her to allow her to spend more than a passing sigh on her personal injuries.

The countess was unkind and disdainful, but it was not thus with Flora's companions. They were amiable and affectionate girls, either of the bourgeois class, or daughters of dependants of the house of Tolomei. The length of time which had elapsed since the overthrow of the Mancini, had erased from their young minds the bitter duty of hatred, and it was impossible for them to live on terms of daily intercourse with the orphan daughter of this ill-fated race, and not to become strongly attached to her. She was wholly devoid of selfishness, and content to perform her daily tasks in inoffensive silence. She had no envy, no wish to shine, no desire of pleasure. She was nevertheless ever ready to sympathise with her companions, and glad to have it in her power to administer to their happiness. To help them in the manufacture of some piece of finery; to assist them in their work; and, perfectly prudent and reserved herself, to listen to all their sentimental adventures; to give her best advice, and to aid them in any difficulty, were the simple means she used to win their unsophisticated hearts. They called her an angel; they looked up to her as to a saint, and in their hearts respected her more than the countess herself.

One only subject ever disturbed Flora's serene melancholy. The praises she perpetually heard lavished on Count Fabian, her brother's too successful rival and oppressor, was an unendurable addition to her many griefs. Content with her own obscurity, her ambition, her pride, her aspiring thoughts were spent upon her brother. She hated Count Fabian as Lorenzo's destroyer, and the cause of his unhappy and hazardous exile. His accomplishments she despised as painted vanities; his person she contemned as the opposite of his prototype. His blue eyes, clear and open as day; his fair complexion and light brown hair; his slight elegant person; his voice, whose tones in song won each listener's heart to tender-

ness and love; his wit, his perpetual flow of spirits, and unalterable good-humour, were impertinences and frivolities to her who cherished with such dear worship the recollection of her serious, ardent, noble-hearted brother, whose soul was ever set on high thoughts, and devoted to acts of virtue and self-sacrifice; whose fortitude and affectionate courtesy seemed to her the crown and glory of manhood; how different from the trifling flippancy of the butterfly, Fabian: "Name an eagle," she would say, "and we raise our eyes to Heaven, there to behold a creature fashioned in Nature's bounty; but it is a degradation to waste one thought on the insect of a day." Some speech similar to this had been kindly reported to the young count's lady mother, who idolized her son as the ornament and delight of his age and country. She severely reprimanded the incautious Flora, who, for the first time, listened proudly and unyieldingly. From this period her situation grew more irksome; all she could do was to endeavour to withdraw herself entirely from observation, and to brood in deeper secrecy over the perfections, while she lamented yet more feelingly the absence, of her brother.

Two or three years thus flew away, and Flora grew from a childish-looking girl of twelve into the bewitching beauty of fifteen. She unclosed like a flower, whose fairest petals are yet shut, but whose half-veiled loveliness is yet more attractive. It was at this time that on occasion of doing honour to a prince of France, who was passing on to Naples, the Countess Tolomei and her son, with a bevy of friends and followers, went out to meet and to escort the royal traveller on his way. Assembled in the hall of the palace, and waiting for the arrival of some of their number, Count Fabian went round his mother's circle, saying agreeable and merry things to all. Wherever his cheerful blue eyes lighted, their smiles were awakened, and each young heart beat with vanity at his harmless flatteries. After a gallant speech or two he espied Flora, retired behind her companions.

"What flower is this," he said, "playing at hide and seek with her beauty?" And then, struck by the modest sweetness of her aspect, her eyes cast down, and a rosy blush mantling over her cheek, he added, "What fair angel makes one of your company?"

"An angel indeed, my lord," exclaimed one of the younger girls, who dearly loved her best friend; "she is Flora Mancini."

"Mancini!" exclaimed Fabian, while his manner became at once respectful and kind: "are you the orphan daughter of Ugo—the sister of Lorenzo, committed by him to my care?" For since then, through her careful avoidance, Fabian had never even seen his fair ward. She bowed an assent to his

questions, while her swelling heart denied her speech; and Fabian, going up to his mother, said, "Madam, I hope for our honour's sake this has not before happened. The adverse fortune of this young lady may render retirement and obscurity besetting; but it is not for us to turn into a menial, one sprung from the best blood in Italy. Let me entreat you not to permit this to occur again. How shall I redeem my pledged honour, or answer to her brother for this unworthy degradation?"

"Would you have me make a friend and a companion of a Mancini?" asked the countess, with raised colour.

"I ask you not, mother, to do aught displeasing to you," replied the young noble; "but Flora is my ward, not our servant:—permit her to retire; she will probably prefer the privacy of home, to making one among the festive crowd of her house's enemies. If not, let the choice be hers.—Say, gentle one, will you go with us or retire?"

She did not speak, but raising her soft eyes, curtsied to him and to his mother, and quitted the room; so tacitly making her selection.

From this time Flora never quitted the more secluded apartments of the palace, nor again saw Fabian. She was unaware that he had been profuse in his eulogium on her beauty; but that while frequently expressing his interest in his ward, he rather avoided the dangerous power of her loveliness. She led rather a prison life, walking only in the palace garden when it was else deserted, but otherwise her time was at her own disposal, and no commands interfered with her freedom. Her labours were all spontaneous. The countess seldom even saw her, and she lived among this lady's attendants like a free boarder in a convent, who cannot quit the walls, but who is not subservient to the rules of the asylum. She was more busy than ever at her tapestry frame, because the countess prized her work; and thus she could in some degree repay the protection afforded her. She never mentioned Fabian, and always imposed silence on her companions when they spoke of him. But she did this in no disrespectful terms. "He is a generous enemy, I acknowledge," she would say, "but still he is my enemy, and while through him my brother is an exile and a wanderer upon earth, it is painful to me to hear his name."

After the lapse of many months spent in entire seclusion and tranquillity, a change occurred in the tenor of her life. The countess suddenly resolved to pass the Easter festival at Rome. Flora's companions were wild with joy at the prospect of the journey, the novelty, and the entertainment they promised themselves from this visit, and pitied the dignity of their friend, which

prevented her from making one in their mistress's train; for it was soon understood that Flora was to be left behind; and she was informed that the interval of the lady's absence was to be passed by her in a villa belonging to the family situated in a sequestered nook among the neighbouring Apennines.

The countess departed in pomp and pride on her so called pilgrimage to the sacred city, and at the same time Flora was conveyed to her rural retreat. The villa was inhabited only by the peasant and his family who cultivated the farm, or podere, attached to it, and the old cassier or housekeeper. The cheerfulness and freedom of the country were delightful, and the entire solitude consonant to the habits of the meditative girl, accustomed to the confinement of the city, and the intrusive prattle of her associates. Spring was opening with all the beauty which that season showers upon favoured Italy; while blights and chilling rain usually characterise it in these northern lands. The almond and peach trees were in blossom; and the vine-dresser sang at his work, perched with his pruning knife among the trees. Blossoms and flowers, in laughing plenty, graced the soil; and the trees, swelling with buds ready to expand into leaves, seemed to feel the life that animated their dark old boughs. Flora was enchanted; the country labours interested her, and the hoarded experience of old Sandra was a treasure-house of wisdom and amusement. Her attention had hitherto been directed to giving the most vivid hues and truest imitation to her transcript with her needle of some picture given her as a model; but here was a novel occupation.—She learned the history of the bees, watched the habits of the birds, and inquired into the culture of plants. Sandra was delighted with her new companion; and, though notorious for being cross, yet could wriggle her antique lips into smiles for Flora.

To repay the kindness of her guardian and his mother, she still devoted much time to her needle. This occupation but engaged half her attention; and while she pursued it, she could give herself up to endless reverie on the subject of Lorenzo's fortunes. Three years had flown since he had left her; and, except a little gold cross brought to her by a pilgrim from Milan, but one month after his departure, she had received no tidings of him. Whether from Milan he had proceeded to France, Germany, or the Holy Land, she did not know; by turns her fancy led him to either of these places, and fashioned the course of events that might have befallen him. She figured to herself his toilsome journeys—his life in the camp—his achievements, and the honours showered on him by kings and nobles; her cheek glowed at the praises he received, and her

eye kindled with delight as it imaged him standing with modest pride and an erect but gentle mien before them. Then the fair enthusiast paused; it crossed her recollection like a shadow, that if all had gone prosperously, he had returned to share his prosperity with her, and her faltering heart turned to sadder scenes to account for his protracted absence.

Sometimes, while thus employed, she brought her work into the trellised arbour of the garden, or, when it was too warm for the open air, she had a favourite shady window, which looked down a deep ravine into a majestic wood, whence the sound of falling water met her ears. One day, while she employed her fingers upon the spirited likeness of a hound which made a part of the hunting-piece she was working for the countess, a sharp, wailing cry suddenly broke on her ear, followed by trampling of horses and the hurried steps and loud vociferations of men. They entered the villa on the opposite side from that which her window commanded; but the noise continuing, she rose to ask the reason, when Sandra burst into the room, crying, "O Madonna! he is dead! come and help him;—he has been thrown from his horse, and he will never speak more." Flora, for an instant, could only think of her brother, as if expecting to see him stretched on his bier. She rushed past the old woman, down into the great hall, in which, lying on a rude litter of boughs, she beheld the inanimate body of Count Fabian. He was surrounded by servitors and peasants, who were all clasping their hands and tearing their hair as, with frightful shrieks, they pressed round their lord, not one of them endeavouring to restore him to life. Flora's first impulse was to retire; but, casting a second glance on the livid brow of the young count, she saw his eyelids move, and the blood falling in quick drops from his hair on the pavement; she exclaimed, "He is not dead—he bleeds! hasten some of you for a leech!" And meanwhile she hurried to get some water, sprinkled it on his face, and, dispersing the group that hung over him and impeded the free air, the soft breeze playing on his forehead revived him, and he gave manifest tokens of life; so that when the physician arrived, he found that, though he was seriously and even dangerously hurt, every hope might be entertained of his recovery.

Flora undertook the office of his nurse, and fulfilled its duties with unwearied attention. She watched him by night and waited on him by day with that spirit of Christian humility and benevolence which animates a Sister of Charity as she tends the sick. For several days Fabian's soul seemed on the wing to quit its earthly abode; and the state of weakness that followed his insensibility was scarcely less

alarming. At length, he recognised and acknowledged the care of Flora, but she alone possessed any power to calm and guide him during the state of irritability and fever that then ensued. Nothing except her presence controlled his impatience; before her he was so lamb-like, that she could scarcely have credited the accounts that others gave her of his violence, but that, whenever she returned, after leaving him for any time, she heard his voice far off in anger, and found him with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, all which demonstrations subsided into meek acquiescence when she drew near.

In a few weeks he was able to quit his room; but the motion of his horse was forbidden him, and any noise or sudden sound drove him almost insane. So loud is an Italian's quietest movements, that Flora was obliged to prevent the approach of any except herself; and her soft voice and noiseless footfall were the sweetest medicine she could administer to her patient. It was painful to her to be in perpetual attendance on Lorenzo's rival and foe, but she subdued her heart to her duty, and custom helped to reconcile her. As he grew better, she could not help remarking the intelligence of his countenance, and the kindness and cordiality of his manners. There was an unobtrusive and delicate attention and care in his intercourse with her that won her to be pleased. When he conversed, his discourse was full of entertainment and variety. His memory was well stored with numerous *fabliaux*, *novelle*, and romances, which he quickly discovered to be highly interesting to her, and so contrived to have one always ready from the exhaustless stock he possessed. These romantic stories reminded her of the imaginary adventures she had invented, in solitude and silence, for her brother; and each tale of foreign countries had a peculiar charm, which animated her face as she listened, so that Fabian could have gone on for ever, only to mark the varying expression of her countenance as he proceeded. Yet she acknowledged these attractions in him as a Catholic nun may the specious virtues of a heretic; and, while he contrived each day to increase the pleasure she derived from his society, she satisfied her conscience with regard to her brother by cherishing in secret a little quiet stock of family hate, and by throwing over her manners, whenever she could recollect so to do, a cold and ceremonious tone, which she had the pleasure of seeing vexed him heartily.

Nearly two months had passed, and he was so well recovered, that Flora began to wonder that he did not return to Sienna, and of course to fulfil her duty by wishing that he should; and yet, while his cheek was sunk through past sickness, and his elastic step grown slow, she, as a nurse desirous of

completing her good work, felt averse to his entering too soon on the scene of the busy town and its noisy pleasures. At length, two or three of his friends having come over to see him, he agreed to return with them to the city. A significant glance which they cast on his young nurse probably determined him. He parted from her with a grave courtesy and a profusion of thanks, unlike his usual manner, and rode off without alluding to any probability of their meeting again.

She fancied that she was relieved from a burthen when he went, and was surprised to find the days grow tedious, and mortified to perceive that her thoughts no longer spent themselves so spontaneously on her brother, and to feel that the occupation of a few weeks could unhinge her mind and dissipate her cherished reveries; thus, while she felt annoyance from the absence of Fabian, she hated him the more for having, in addition to his other misdeeds, invaded the sanctuary of her dearest thoughts. She was beginning to conquer this listlessness, and to return with renewed zest to her usual occupations, when, in about a week after his departure, Fabian suddenly returned. He came upon her as she was gathering flowers for the shrine of the Madonna; and, on seeing him, she blushed as rosy red as the roses she held. He looked infinitely worse in health than when he went: his wan cheeks and sunk eyes excited her concern; and her earnest and kind questions somewhat revived him. He kissed her hand, and continued to stand beside her as she finished her nosegay. Had any one seen the glad, fond look with which he regarded her as she busied herself among the flowers, even old Sandra might have prognosticated his entire recovery under her care.

Flora was totally unaware of the feelings that were excited in Fabian's heart, and the struggle he made to overcome a passion too sweet and too seductive, when awakened by so lovely a being, ever to be subdued. He had been struck with her some time ago, and avoided her. It was through his suggestion that she passed the period of the countess's pilgrimage in this secluded villa; nor had he thought of visiting her there; but, riding over one day to inquire concerning a foal rearing for him, his horse had thrown him, and caused him that injury which had made him so long the inmate of the same abode. Already prepared to admire her,—her kindness, her gentleness, and her unwearied patience during his illness, easily conquered a heart most ready and yet most unwilling to yield. He had returned to Sienna resolved to forget her; but he came back assured that his life and death were in her hands.

At first Count Fabian had forgot that he had any but his own feelings and prejudices,

and those of his mother and kindred, to overcome; but when the tyranny of love vanquished these, he began to fear a more insurmountable impediment in Flora. The first whisper of love fell like mortal sin upon her ear; and disturbed, and even angry, she replied:

"Methinks you wholly forget who I am, and what you are. I speak not of ancient feuds, though there were enough to divide us for ever. Know that I hate you as my brother's murderer. Restore Lorenzo to me—recall him from banishment—erase the memory of all that he has suffered through you—win his love and approbation; and when all this is fulfilled, which never can be, speak a language which now it is as the bitterness of death for me to hear!"

And saying this, she hastily retired, to conceal the floods of tears which this, as she termed it, insult had caused to flow; to lament yet more deeply her brother's absence and her own dependence.

Fabian was not so easily silenced; and Flora had no wish to renew scenes and expressions of violence so foreign to her nature. She imposed a rule on herself, never swerving from which she hoped to destroy the ill-omened love of her protector. She absented herself from him as much as possible; and when with him assumed such chilling indifference of manner, and made apparent in her silence so absolute and cold a rejection of all his persuasions, that had not love with its unvanquishable hopes reigned absolutely in young Fabian's heart, he must have despaired. He ceased to speak of his affection, so to win back her ancient kindness. This was at first difficult; for she was timid as a young bird, whose feet have touched the limed twigs. But naturally credulous, and quite inexperienced, she soon began to believe that her alarm was exaggerated, and to resume those habits of intimacy which had heretofore subsisted between them. By degrees Fabian contrived to insinuate the existence of his attachment—he could not help it. He asked no return—he would wait for Lorenzo's arrival, which he was sure could not be far distant. Her displeasure could not change, nor silence destroy, a sentiment which survived in spite of both. Intrenched in her coldness and her indifference, she could not quarrel with each word he spoke; and hoping to weary him out by her defensive warfare, she fancied that he would soon cease his pursuit in disgust.

The countess had been long away; she had proceeded on to view the feast of San Gennaro at Naples, and had not received tidings of her son's illness. She was now expected back; and Fabian, still lingering at the villa, resolved to return to Sienna in time to receive her. Both he and Flora were therefore surprised one day, when she

suddenly entered the apartment where they both were. Flora had long peremptorily insisted that he should not intrude while she was employed on her embroidery frame; but this day he had made so good a pretext, that for the first time he was admitted, and then suffered to stay a few minutes—they now neither of them knew how long; she was busy at her work; and he sitting near, gazing unreprieved on her unconscious face and graceful figure, felt himself happier than he had ever been before.

The countess was sufficiently surprised, and not a little angry; but before she could do more than utter one exclamation, Fabian interrupted, by entreating her not to spoil all. He drew her away—he made his own explanations, and urged his wishes with resistless persuasion. The countess had been used to indulge him in every wish; it was impossible for her to deny any strongly urged request; his pertinacity—his agitation—his entreaties half won her; and the account of his illness, and his assurances, seconded by those of all the family, that Flora had saved his life, completed the conquest, and she became in her turn a suitor for her son, to the orphan daughter of Mancini.

Flora, educated till the age of twelve by one who never consulted his own pleasures and gratifications, but went right on in the path of duty, regardless of pain or disappointment, had no idea of doing aught merely because she or others might wish it. Since that time she had been thrown on her own resources; and jealously cherishing her individuality in the midst of her enemies, every feeling of her heart had been strengthened by solitude and by a sense of mental independence. She was the least likely of any one to go with the stream, or to yield to the mere influence of circumstances. She felt, she knew, what it became her to do, and that must be done in spite of every argument.

The countess's expostulations and entreaties were of no avail. The promise she had made to her brother of engaging herself by no vow for five years must be observed under every event; it was asked her at the sad and solemn hour of their parting, and was thus rendered doubly sacred. So constituted, indeed, were her feelings, that the slightest wish ever remembered by her having been expressed by Lorenzo, had more weight with her than the most urgent prayers of another. He was a part of her religion; reverence and love for him had been moulded into the substance of her soul from infancy; their very separation had tended to render these impressions irradicable. She brooded over them for years; and when no sympathy or generous kindness was afforded her—when the countess treated her like an inferior and a dependant, and Fabian had

forgotten her existence, she had lived from month to month, and from year to year, cherishing the image of her brother, and only able to tolerate the annoyances that beset her existence, by considering that her patience, her fortitude, and her obedience, were all offerings at the shrine of her beloved Lorenzo's desires.

It is true that the generous and kindly disposition of Fabian won her to regard him with a feeling nearly approaching to tenderness, though this emotion was feeble, the mere ripple of the waves, compared to the mighty tide of affection that set her will all one way, and made her deem every thing trivial except Lorenzo's return—Lorenzo's existence—obedience to Lorenzo. She listened to her lover's persuasions so unyieldingly that the countess was provoked by her inflexibility; but she bore her reproaches with such mildness, and smiled so sweetly, that Fabian was the more charmed. She admitted that she owed him a certain submission as the guardian set over her by her brother; Fabian would have gladly exchanged this authority for the pleasure of being commanded by her; but this was an honour he could not attain, so in playful spite he enforced concessions from her. At his desire she appeared in society, dressed as became her rank, and filled in his house the station a sister of his own would have held. She preferred seclusion, but she was averse to contention, and it was little that she yielded, while the purpose of her soul was as fixed as ever.

The fifth year of Lorenzo's exile was now drawing to a close, but he did not return, nor had any intelligence been received of him. The decree of his banishment had been repealed, the fortunes of his house restored, and his palace, under Fabian's generous care, rebuilt. These were acts that demanded and excited Flora's gratitude; yet they were performed in an unpretending manner, as if the citizens of Sienna had suddenly become just and wise, without his interference. But these things dwindled into trifles while the continuation of Lorenzo's absence seemed the pledge of her eternal misery; and the tacit appeal made to her kindness, while she had no thought but for her brother, drove her to desperation. She could no longer tolerate the painful anomaly of her situation;—she could not endure her suspense for her brother's fate, nor the reproachful glances of Fabian's mother and his friends. He himself was more generous,—he read her heart, and, as the termination of the fifth year drew nigh, ceased to allude to his own feelings, and appeared as wrapt as herself in doubt concerning the fate of the noble youth, whom they could scarcely entertain a hope of ever seeing more. This was small comfort to Flora. She had resolved

that when the completion of the fifth year assured her that her brother was for ever lost, she would never see Fabian again. At first she had resolved to take refuge in a convent, and in the sanctity of religious vows. But she remembered how averse Lorenzo had always shown himself to this vocation, and that he had preferred to place her beneath the roof of his foe, than within the walls of a nunnery. Besides, young as she was, and, despite of herself, full of hope, she recoiled from shutting the gates of life upon herself for ever. Notwithstanding her fears and sorrow, she clung to the belief that Lorenzo lived; and this led her to another plan. When she had received her little cross from Milan, it was accompanied by a message, that he believed he had found a good friend in the archbishop of that place. This prelate, therefore, would know whither Lorenzo had first bent his steps, and to him she resolved to apply. Her scheme was easily formed. She possessed herself of the garb of a pilgrim, and resolved on the day following the completion of the fifth year to depart from Sienna, and bend her steps towards Lombardy, buoyed by the hope that she should gain some tidings of the object of all her care.

Meanwhile Fabian had formed a similar resolve. He had learnt the fact from Flora, of Lorenzo having first resorted to Milan, and he determined to visit that city, and not to return without certain information. He acquainted his mother with his plan, but begged her not to inform Flora, that she might not be tortured by double doubt during his absence.

The anniversary of the fifth year was come, and with it the eve of these several and separate journeys. Flora had retired to spend the day at the villa before mentioned. She had chosen to retire thither for various reasons. Her escape was more practicable thence than in the town; and she was anxious to avoid seeing both Fabian and his mother, now that she was on the point of inflicting severe pain on them. She spent the day at the villa and in its gardens, musing on her plans, regretting the quiet of her past life—saddened on Fabian's account—grieving bitterly for Lorenzo. She was not alone, for she had been obliged to confide in one of her former companions, and to obtain her assistance. Poor little Angelina was dreadfully frightened with the trust reposed in her, but did not dare expostulate with or betray her friend; and she continued near her during this last day, by turns trying to console and weeping with her. Towards evening they wandered together into the wood contiguous to the villa. Flora had taken her harp with her, but her trembling fingers refused to strike its chords; she left it, she left her companion, and strayed on alone to take leave of a

spot consecrated by many a former visit. Here the umbrageous trees gathered about her, and shaded her with their thick and drooping foliage;—a torrent dashed down from a neighbouring rock, and fell from a height into a rustic basin, hollowed to receive it; then, overflowing the margin at one spot, it continued falling over successive declivities, till it reached the bottom of a little ravine, when it stole on in a placid and silent course. This had ever been a favourite resort of Flora. The twilight of the wood and the perpetual flow, the thunder, the hurry, and the turmoil of the waters, the varied sameness of the eternal elements, accorded with the melancholy of her ideas, and the endless succession of her reveries. She came to it now; she gazed on the limpid cascade—for the last time; a soft sadness glistened in her eyes, and her attitude denoted the tender regret that filled her bosom;—her long bright tresses streaming in elegant disorder, her light veil and simple, yet rich attire, were fitfully mirrored in the smooth face of the rushing waters. At this moment the sound of steps more firm and manly than those of Angeline struck her ear, and Fabian himself stood before her; he was unable to bring himself to depart on his journey without seeing her once again. He had ridden over to the villa, and, finding that she had quitted it, sought and found her in the lone recess where they had often spent hours together which had been full of bliss to him. Flora was sorry to see him, for her secret was on her lips, and yet she resolved not to give it utterance. He was ruled by the same feeling. Their interview was therefore short, and neither alluded to what sat nearest the heart of each. They parted with a simple "Good night," as if certain of meeting the following morning: each deceived the other, and each was in its turn deceived. There was more of tenderness in Flora's manner than there had ever been; it cheered his faltering soul, about to quit her, while the anticipation of the blow he was about to receive from her made her regard as venial this momentary softening towards her brother's enemy.

Fabian passed the night at the villa, and early the next morning he departed for Milan. He was impatient to arrive at the end of his journey, and often he thrust his spurs into his horse's sides, and put him to his speed, which even then appeared slow. Yet he was aware that his arrival at Milan might advance him not a jot towards the ultimate object of his journey; and he called Flora cruel and unkind, until the recollection of her kind farewell came across to console and cheer him.

He stopped the first night at Empoli, and, crossing the Arno, began to ascend the Apennines on the northern side. Soon he penetrated their fastnesses, and entered

deep into the ilex woods. He journeyed on perseveringly, and yet the obstructions he met with were many, and borne with impatience. At length, on the afternoon of the third day, he arrived at a little rustic inn, hid deep in a wood, which showed signs of seldom being visited by travellers. The burning sun made it a welcome shelter for Fabian; and he deposited his steed in the stable, which he found already partly occupied by a handsome black horse, and then entered the inn to seek refreshment for himself. There seemed some difficulty in obtaining this. The landlady was the sole domestic, and it was long before she made her appearance, and then she was full of trouble and dismay; a sick traveller had arrived—a gentleman to all appearance dying of a malignant fever. His horse, his well-stored purse, and rich dress showed that he was a cavalier of consequence:—the more the pity. There was no help, nor any means of carrying him forward; yet half his pain seemed to arise from his regret at being detained—he was so eager to proceed to Sienna. The name of his own town excited the interest of Count Fabian, and he went up to visit the stranger, while the hostess prepared his repast.

Meanwhile Flora awoke with the lark, and with the assistance of Angeline attired herself in her pilgrim's garb. From the stir below, she was surprised to find that Count Fabian had passed the night at the villa, and she lingered till he should have departed, as she believed, on his return to Sienna. Then she embraced her young friend, and taking leave of her with many blessings and thanks, alone, with Heaven, as she trusted, for her guide, she quitted Fabian's sheltering roof, and with a heart that maintained its purpose in spite of her feminine timidity, began her pilgrimage. Her journey performed on foot was slow, so that there was no likelihood that she could overtake her lover, already many miles in the advance. Now that she had begun it, her undertaking appeared to her gigantic, and her heart almost failed her. The burning sun scorched her: never having before found herself alone in a highway, a thousand fears assailed her, and she grew so weary, that soon she was unable to support herself. By the advice of a landlady at an inn, where she stopped, she purchased a mule to help her on in her long drawn way. Yet with this help, it was the third night before she arrived at Empoli, and then crossing the Arno, as her lover had done before, her disasters seemed to begin to unfold themselves, and to grow gigantic as she entered the dark woods of the Apennines, and found herself amidst the solitude of its vast forests. Her pilgrim's garb inspired some respect, and she rested at convents by the way. The pious sisters held

up their hands in admiration of her courage; while her heart beat faintly with the knowledge that she possessed absolutely none. Yet, again and again, she repeated to herself, that the Apennines once passed, the worst would be over. So she toiled on, now weary, now frightened—very slowly, and yet very anxious to get on with speed.

On the evening of the seventh day after her quitting Sienna, she was still entangled in the mazes of these savage hills. She was to sleep at a convent on their summit that night, and the next day arrive at Bologna. This hope had cheered her through the day; but evening approached, the way grew more intricate, and no convent appeared. The sun had set, and she listened anxiously for the bell of the Ave Maria, which would give her hope that the goal she sought was nigh; but all was silent, save the swinging boughs of the vast trees, and the timid beating of her own heart; darkness closed around her, and despair came with the increased obscurity, till a twinkling light, revealing itself among the trees, afforded her some relief. She followed this beamy guide till it led her to a little inn, where the sight of a kind-looking woman and the assurance of safe shelter, dispelled her terrors, and filled her with grateful pleasure.

Seeing her so weary, the considerate hostess hastened to place food before her, and then conducted her to a little low room where her bed was prepared. "I am sorry, lady," said the landlady, in a whisper, "not to be able to accommodate you better; but a sick cavalier occupies my best room—it is next to this—and he sleeps now, and I would not disturb him. Poor gentleman! I never thought he would rise more; and under Heaven he owes his life to one who, whether he is related to him or not, I cannot tell, for he did not accompany him. Four days ago he stopped here, and I told him my sorrow—how I had a dying guest, and he charitably saw him, and has since then nursed him more like a twin brother than a stranger."

The good woman whispered on. Flora heard but little of what she said; and overcome by weariness and sleep, paid no attention to her tale. But having performed her orisons, placed her head on the pillow, and was quickly lapped in the balmy slumber she so much needed.

Early in the morning she was awake by a murmur of voices in the next room. She started up, and recalling her scattered thoughts, tried to remember the account the hostess had given her the preceding evening. The sick man spoke, but his accent was low, and the words did not reach her; he was answered—could Flora believe her senses? did she not know the voice that spoke these words?—"Fear nothing, a sweet

sleep has done you infinite good; and I rejoice in the belief that you will speedily recover. I have sent to Sienna for your sister, and do indeed expect that Flora will arrive this very day."

More was said, but Flora heard no more: she had risen, and was hastily dressing herself; in a few minutes she was by her brother's, her Lorenzo's bedside, kissing his wan hand, and assuring him that she was indeed Flora.

"These are indeed wonders," he at last said, "and if you are mine own Flora, you perhaps can tell me who this noble gentleman is, who day and night has watched beside me, as a mother may by her only child, giving no time to repose, but exhausting himself for me."

"How, dearest brother," said Flora, "can I truly answer your question? to mention the name of our benefactor were to speak of a mask and a disguise, not a true thing. He is my protector and guardian, who has watched over and preserved me, while you wandered far; his is the most generous heart in Italy, offering past enmity and family pride as sacrifices at the altar of nobleness and truth. He is the restorer of your fortunes in your native town—"

"And the lover of my sweet sister,—I have heard of these things, and was on my way to confirm his happiness and to find my own, when sickness laid me thus low, and would have destroyed us both for ever, but for Fabian Tolomei—"

"Who now exerts his expiring authority to put an end to this scene," interrupted the young count: "not till this day has Lorenzo been sufficiently composed to hear any of these explanations, and we risk his returning health by too long a conversation. The history of these things and of his long wanderings, now so happily ended, must be reserved for a future hour; when assembled in our beloved Sienna, exiles and foes no longer, we shall long enjoy the happiness which Providence, after so many trials, has bounteously reserved for us."

From the Glasgow Magazine.

ALEXANDER RODGER.

[From an article on Modern Songs and Modern Song Writers.]

Among those who, by the bright and sparkling effusions of their wit and genius, have contributed to the enjoyment of social and convivial life, nobody is more deserving of notice and respect than a poet of our own city, Mr. Alexander Rodger. This highly gifted, and truly modest and meritorious person, like many, many of his predecessors who have displayed the same sort of ex-

cellence, belongs, by his circumstances, to that humble condition of life which inherits the original malediction to the greatest extent—"In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." And although it cannot by any means be said that he is altogether unnoticed and unknown, yet true it is that he has hitherto been too much

"A child of rustic song
Who, nonetheless, steals the crowd among."

Perhaps this may be partly owing to the modesty and independent spirit of Mr. Rodger, which has prevented him from having recourse to any of those little arts of manoeuvring and underhand management, by the use of which many persons of greatly inferior talent and ability have risen into notice, and some of them attained to eminence, in the public estimation. We have good reasons for believing that, to a great extent, this is the true state of the case; and it is merely on this account that we feel an anxiety—an honourable one, we hope,—to make the great body of our readers better acquainted with his merits than they have hitherto been.

Mr. Rodger has, from time to time produced a variety of songs and other short poetical pieces, which have been, and still are, highly popular; and they are admired by persons perfectly qualified, in every respect, to judge of their merits: and it is a fact not generally known, though not the less true, that many of his songs have attained fully a higher degree of popularity in the United States of America, than they have ever enjoyed at home. This remark especially applies to the well-known and celebrated songs, "Behave yoursel' before folk,"—"Isabel,"—"Dinna forget,"—"The Peasant's fireside," and several others; and indeed the last mentioned piece deserves to be better known than it is,—for truly it is an admirably drawn picture of real happiness in humble life—almost sufficient to make a rich man wish himself poor, for the sake of enjoying the scene described; for although it embraces a much less extensive range of incidents, so far as it goes it is quite equal to "The Cotter's Saturday night." For the fact of these songs being very popular in America, we have two sorts of evidence. We have seen them published in the American newspapers, and other periodical publications, and very highly commended, although, in some instances, "Brother Jonathan" was *ungentlemanly* enough to withhold the author's name; and we have been informed to the same purpose by persons who have "pergrinated" over a considerable part of the States.

Mr. Rodger's muse is particularly adapted to satire of every kind; but especially to political satire. In this sort of warfare his arrows are keen, piercing, and well directed

to a proverb,—nor has he been at all sparing in the use of his powerful bow. There are thousands of persons in Glasgow, and many at the distance of fifty miles from it, who must well recollect the effect produced, in the year 1816, by a little poem, entitled, "The Sooty Rabble," addressed to "James Block, Esq.;" and no small curiosity was awakened to find out the author. In 1819, a new version of "The Muckin' o' Geordie's Byre,"—a piece of political satire, so happily conceived and directed, that it has seldom been equalled,—gave such mortal offence to "the powers that then were," that a learned Judge from the Bench vented his spleen and indignation, by denouncing it as "sedition and blasphemy;" and had the author been known, beyond all doubt he would have tasted the sweets of Lord Sidmouth's prison discipline. But his most effective and annoying piece of this kind was produced in the year 1822, when his late majesty, George the Fourth, of glorious and happy memory, paid that visit to the "Modern Athens," which called forth such abundant overflowings of Whig and Tory loyalty. It was published in Edinburgh the very night before the king landed; and having by some unaccountable conveyance, found its way to London, it was, a few days afterwards, inserted in the *Examiner*, which made bad worse, with a vengeance. The *exposé* which it contained, of the fawning and sycophantic spirit of Scottish Toryism, was so complete and so exquisitely ludicrous, that it was exceedingly offensive and annoying to those who then filled the "high places" in Scotland; even the equanimity and bland courtesy of Sir Walter Scott were said to be greatly ruffled by it. Many of our readers will recollect the song, as well as the effect which it produced, when we remind them that the chorus commenced with

"Sandy, now the King's come!"

Of comic and humorous songs, Mr. Rodger has produced a great number; some of which enjoy a high degree of popularity. Of course every body has heard or read "Highlan' Sobriety,"—"Maister Shon Macnab,"—and "Donald Grant's opinion of the Reform Bill." Five or six years ago he published a small volume of poems and songs, which contains several of those to which we have referred, as well as others, which, although not mentioned, are also excellent; but his best, or at least his most humorous and popular comic songs, have been produced and published in various newspapers, and other periodical works, since that time. There is, however, a more serious *desideratum* than that which arises from this cause. The volume contains none of those exquisite political satires which we have mentioned, while their place is supplied by Peter Cornclips, (a long poetical tale,) which, although

far above mediocrity, is not very interesting, and affords no proper standard for estimating his talent and genius as a poet. We suppose that the principal reason for omitting his political pieces, was the advice of some friends, whose good wishes and intentions were in this instance greater than their wisdom; but the political atmosphere being, at the period referred to, particularly smooth and untroubled, it was perhaps feared that some of them might find their way to a "high quarter," and disturb the "dignified retirement" of "the finest gentleman in Europe." If what we have heard be correct, Mr. Rodger derived no advantage from this publication, owing to the embarrassments in which his publishers became involved. We hope, however, that he intends to publish a "new and enlarged edition," and heartily wish him better success.

Having said so much respecting his talents and ability as a poet, many proofs of which have been long before the public, it only remains to add—and we do it with great pleasure—that his character and conduct as a man, and a member of society, do him equal credit and equal honour. We have already said that his condition and circumstances are humble;—he has through life maintained himself and his family by the labour of his own hands in a laborious occupation, but with a degree of fidelity and perseverance which reflects the highest honour upon himself, and lustre upon that numerous and important portion of the community to which he belongs;—he discharges all the duties incumbent upon him as a husband—as the father of a numerous family—as a kind, obliging, and useful friend and neighbour, and an actively benevolent member of society. We cannot do better than conclude with one of his songs, which has never been published, and the MS. of which lately came into our hands by a very odd accident. It is a most humorous picture of the jolly churchman of the "good old times," as well as an excellent imitation of the style and orthography of the period to which it professes to belong.

SANCT MUNGO.

Sanet Mungo was ane famous Sanet,
And ane cantye earl was hee,
He drankt o' ye *Molindinar burne*,
Quhan bettere hee culdna prie;
Zit quhan hee culd gette strongere chere,
Hee neuer wals wattere drye,
But drankt o' ye streame o' ye wimpland worme,
And loot ye burne rynnne bye.

Sanet Mungo wals ane merrye sanet,
And merrylie hee sang;
Quhanever hee liltit uppe his spryng,
Ye verrey *firre Parke* rang;
Butte thoek hee weele culd lilt and syng,
And mak sweet melodye,
Hee chaumit aye ye *bouldest straynes*,
Quhan prynd wi' *barlye-bree*.

Sanet Mungo wals ane godlye sanet,
Farre-famed for godlye dedis,
And grete delyte hee daylye tooke
Inn countynge owre his beadis;
Zit I, Sanet Mungo's yongeste sonne,
Can count als wele als he;
Butte ye beadis quhilk I lyke best to count,
Are ye beadis o' *barlye-bree*.
Sanet Mungo wals ane jollye sanet;—
Sa weele hee lykt gude zill,
Thatte quhyles hee staynde hys quhyte vestes,
Wi' dribblands o' ye still;
Butte I hys maist unwordye sonne,
Have gane als farre als hee,
For ance I tynde my garment skirte,
Throuthe lufe o' *barlye-bree*.

From the Amulet.

A BROTHER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Brother, alas! our life
Was one unending strife!
And there thou liest now,
Death's seal upon thy brow,
Stretched on thy pallet-bed,
Cold straw beneath thy head!
I shall lie down to sleep
In soft state pillow'd deep;
In fine and silvery lawn,
With damask curtains drawn!
Yet thou art gone to rest,
Like Lazarus in Abraham's breast;
And I, another Dives, shall awake
Within the ever-burning lake.
Wretch that I am!—through life have been!—
Now comes the first reward of sin,—
Remorse, that with relentless ire
Gnaweth my soul like fire;
And, pointing to this death-bed state,
Crieth, "Repentance comes too late!"
My soul is tortured thus to see,
Brother, thy latest misery!—
These pangs, of poverty the proof;
Those naked rafters in the roof;
That fireless grate, this broken floor;
And here thy miserable store—
The last drop in the pitcher drained,
The bread from charity obtained,
Dry, tasteless morsel, at thy side!—
And thus my brother died!

Well, life and all its wants are o'er;
His heart will ache no more!
And no more in the street
Will lie my chariot meet,
And say, indignant at my pride,
To the poor beggar at his side;—
"You rich man is my brother,
The first-born of my mother.
Our father died; and he
Possessed our property.
A tyrant was he from a boy,
Dominion was his life's sole joy;
And with an iron away he broke
At first my spirit to his yoke.
Oh, happy were the three
That died in infancy!
They felt not what my life has borne—
Capricious enmity and scorn.
I was a trampled slave for years,
I craved mine own with bitter tears;
And, after long and cold neglect,
'Twas offered me—for what?—my self-respect!
Oh, happy were the three
That died in infancy!

For they knew not the bitter feud—
The life-long strife that thence ensued;
And saw not, as I daily see,
His pride insult my poverty!"

Thus wilt thou say no more—no more!
The hatred and the pride are o'er;
And I would give my luxury
As low as thou to lie,
Could that the lost regain,
Or from my soul remove the guilty stain!

Oh! what a dread amount,
'Fore me, to judgment went on his account!
And he, this day, hath stood before the throne,
To testify of evil I have done:
And judgment is gone forth—therefore in dread
Saw I accused and trembling with the dead!
Ay, I would give my golden luxury,
Brother, to be like thee!—
To meet without despair
The old man with the silver hair,—
To say, "Thy words I did obey,
And kept through life the narrow way!"
To fly, with garments undefiled,
To that pure mother, her redeemed child;—
To say, "Thy prayers were heard;
And, at the eleventh hour, I was restored;"
And then to hear her say triumphantly,
"Thank God! the sons he gave are all with me!"

From the Spectator.

PROGRESS OF DISCOVERY

ON THE NORTHERN COASTS OF AMERICA.

This is one of the masterly compilations of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. Its subject is one of the most interesting chapters of discovery,—interesting not only because the adventurers were mainly English, and the result the propagation of the British name and race, and the extension of British power, but because the hardships encountered and the difficulties overcome by the courage and perseverance of the navigators and voyagers, render their story as captivating to the imagination as their conduct is honourable to their country, and even their kind.

The tale is taken up from the first discovery of Cabot; it is carried through the enterprises of Portugal and Spain, jealous of his success: then we have the Russian exploits of Behring, followed up by those of Cooke and Clerke. The adventures of the persons connected with the Fur Companies present an important episode: nay, Hearne's Three Journeys form one of the most simple and affecting narratives in the language, and the expeditions of Sir John Mackenzie are equally important. Then come the deeply interesting narrative of Franklin, and the contemporaneous voyage of Beechey. Of all the adventures that have sprung out of the exploration of these Arctic regions, there are none which excite the sympathies in a more powerful manner than the tale of the sufferings and privations of Sir John

Franklin and his brave companions; among whom, the courage, generosity, and fortitude of Dr. Richardson, stand nobly conspicuous. Such are the materials of Mr. Tytler's work. His name alone would give us assurance at least of respectable execution; but he has done full justice to the character of his undertaking.

One feature of the work partakes of the nature of a critical and geographical controversy: to this subject an Appendix is devoted, and a portion of the text. Our readers are aware, that a Memoir of Sebastian Cabot lately appeared, from the pen of Mr. Biddle, an American writer; who displayed a remarkable degree of research, and no less ingenuity, in investigating a very intricate question. Mr. Biddle, on looking into the authorities on which the common narrative of the discovery of North America rests, found reason to distrust the accounts usually received, and took up the idea that the agency in this most important event had been attributed to the wrong person—to the father instead of the son. The Memoir, in fact, was a vindication of the claims of Sebastian Cabot, and an exposure of numerous modern authorities, who took it for granted, that as John his father was the patentee of the discovery, therefore he was the agent. Mr. Biddle at least showed, that the father and son were often confounded; that the exploits of the latter were constantly attributed to the former; and in fact, that there was nothing more known of the old Cabot than that he was a merchant from Venice, settled in England, and that he was the father of Sebastian. This view of the subject was reasoned by Mr. Biddle with extraordinary plausibility; the objections were got over with much dexterity; and in the course of the inquiry, a great deal of very curious information, drawn from recondite sources, was brought to bear upon different branches of the investigation. And whatever may be the extent of the conviction established by the writer as to the insignificance of John Cabot in this matter, and the sole agency of his son, it is at least certain, that so much light was never previously thrown upon the very obscure history of these important transactions. The present author, Mr. Tytler, even while he controverts the statements of the American writer, makes a very large use of them; and ought, we think, to have made a more generous acknowledgment of the value of Mr. Biddle's Memoir. Certain we are, though we think highly of Mr. Tytler's industry and acquirements, that his first chapter would have been comparatively meagre, and in some instances erroneous, had he not been preceded by the very able work in question. With Mr. Biddle, on the main point of his treatise, Mr. Tytler is directly at issue. He denies the honour of discovery to the son, and reclaims it for the father.

In an Appendix, he goes minutely into the arguments adduced by Mr. Biddle; and certainly presents the evidence in favour of John in a far more striking point of view than did Mr. Biddle, whose object was to overthrow it. The strength of the argument in favour of the father lies in a nutshell,—it is John, the father, who is commissioned to make the first voyage, and there is no evidence to prove that he did not make it; moreover, his son, at the time, was only twenty years of age. In answer to this, it may be said, that the commission may only mean an authority to fit out, and does not imply that the person therein named as moving the expedition was actually to command it. As to the matter of age, if Sebastian was only twenty at the time of the first voyage, he was only twenty-one the year after the epoch of the second voyage, which all are agreed was conducted by Sebastian alone. The question is, however, one of extreme difficulty; and in spite of Mr. Tytler having now the last word with us, we are still inclined to side with Mr. Biddle.

The defence of Hakluyt is certainly successful. Mr. Biddle, in his zeal for his favourite theory, undoubtedly carried his charges against the motives of that industrious compiler, to whom we are on many accounts so greatly indebted, too far.

We ought not to conclude this notice without referring to the satisfaction with which we have perused Mr. Wilson's "Descriptive Sketches" of the Zoology of the North American regions. There is an excellent map, besides many smaller illustrations.

From the Glasgow Magazine.

CHOICE COMPANIE.

I sit beside the foaming fall
Afar in the wild glen,—
I hear above the sheep-dog's call,
But not the voice of men.
Yet I'm not lonely,—for to me
My own sad thoughts are companie!

I've left a fair and joyous crowd,
Who will not dim one smile,
Nor bate a note of laughter loud,
Though I am gone the while;—
Yet am I lonely?—No! to me
My own sad thoughts are companie!

'Tis lonelier far, than so to sit
Away from human din,
To join a crowd, yet be of it
A part—but not a kin!—
Oh!—is't not sweeter thus to be
Where my sad thoughts make companie?

They never, like a sunshine friend,
Without a shadow leave
The heart they've taught a bliss to find,
In what could once but grieve!
—There comes a time to all, as me,
When sad thoughts are best companie!

THOMAS ATKINSON.

From the United Service Journal.

A VISIT TO THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

[The dispute respecting these islands, between the United States and Buenos Ayres, having brought them into immediate notice, the following account of them, from the notes of a recent visitor, will, doubtless, be interesting to our readers.]

The Falkland Islands, situated between latitude 51 and 53 S., and longitude 58 and 61½ W., are about ninety leagues from the coast of Patagonia; they are said to have been discovered by Americus Vesputius, in 1502. Beauchene Gouin anchored on the eastern shore, in 1770. A low island a little farther south bears this navigator's name.

The first settlement ever formed here took place in 1763, by the French, under De Bougainville, an experienced navigator. It appears that he arrived there on the 3d of February in that year, taking with him as colonists, nineteen men, five women, and three children.

After remaining about fourteen months on the island, De Bougainville sailed for France; but returned to the island in January 1765, and was much pleased at finding the colony well and contented.

In the latter end of 1764, the Spanish government having their jealousy roused at the idea of any other nation possessing a country so nearly adjacent to their own South American possessions, sent to the French government a demand for the immediate surrender of the islands to their forces. This demand was acceded to, and De Bougainville, by their order, abandoned these lands to the above claimants on the 27th of April, 1765, having had possession of them rather better than two years. The French, it is supposed, were settled during the whole of the time at Port Louis, the place of the present settlement; and when De Bougainville left, it is probable that he took away the French colonists with him.

In the year 1765, Commodore Byron touched at the western of these islands, and in the following year the English government formed a settlement at Port Egmont, on the northern coast of the west Falkland.

The Spaniards dispossessed the English, and settled at Port Louis, in or about the year 1766, and remained there about eleven years.

Of the proceedings of the Spaniards whilst there, little or nothing is known, except what appears from the remains of their buildings, and their excavations of peat, for domestic uses, no wood growing on the islands. Who their governor was, and whether, on leaving the colony, any account was published in Spain of their proceedings,

I do not know, but it would be interesting to discover if any such document exists.

Since their abandonment by the Spaniards, these islands remained unoccupied until the year 1825, when Don Louis Vernet, a German by birth, resident in America from his youth upwards, was induced to visit and inspect them with a view of settling on them. Having matured his plans, he returned, and made application to the neighbouring republic of Buenos Ayres (who then claimed their possession) for a grant of them to him. It appears that certain military officers in the Buenos Ayres army, relations of Don Vernet by marriage, having claims on that government for services in the late wars, agreed to receive from him certain sums of money, cancelling in part the debt due by the government of Buenos Ayres to them; the said government in consideration of such sums paid by Don Vernet to these officers, made over to him the eastern Falkland Island, as his property for ever, with entire and sole right to all its soil, cattle, horses, hogs, fisheries, &c. &c., as also the adjacent island of Staten Land, likewise his property for ever; for the supplying wood to the first named island, and either he or his brother immediately formed a settlement on the eastern Falkland.

Lieutenant Langdon, R. N., on his voyage in 1827, from Van Diemen's Land to England, being becalmed for five weeks off Cape Horn, and having only one cask of water left on board, put into Berkely Sound, and anchored about two miles up; watered easily, and procured some fine beef at two pence per pound, from Don Vernet's brother (then there,) who sent it down in a whale-boat from the settlement, and with it a letter warning that officer not to kill any of the cattle or wild pigs.

On the 23d of October, 1831, the "Thomas Lawrie," Captain Langdon, made the land of Malvinia, (the French name of the eastern Falkland island.) The day was very foggy, with heavy rain, and after anxiously beating up the eastern coast all the morning, it was with feelings of great satisfaction to all on board, that about four P. M., the vessel safely entered Berkely Sound; the mist and rain clearing off at the moment, exposed to view, at about half a mile's distance, on either side, a succession of hills, partially covered with grass to the summits. Proceeding about four miles up the Sound, the anchor was dropped within a stone's throw of the shore to larboard. In about two hours a whale-boat manned with six hands was observed pulling towards the ship from the bottom of the Sound; and on its arrival we were informed of the situation of the settlement.

On the following morning early, the writer (a passenger in the Lawrie) returned with the whale-boat, and found the settlement

securely situated along the edges of a small bay, which has a narrow entrance into it out of the Sound; this entrance in the time of the Spaniards was commanded by two forts, both now lying in ruins; the only use made of one being to confine the wild cattle in its circular wall, when newly brought in from the interior. Having landed, I immediately paid a visit to the governor, Don Vernet, who received me with much cordiality. His features are prepossessing, and his address gentlemanly and pleasing. He possesses much information, and speaks fluently several languages. The house is long and low, of one story, and has very thick walls of stone. In the sitting-room I found a good library of Spanish, German, and English works. Having, at his request, sent an invitation to Captain Langdon and his family to come and remain on shore, they accordingly arrived about sunset. A lively conversation passed at dinner; the party consisting of Don Vernet and his lady, Captain Langdon and his family, a Captain Brisbane, and two American gentlemen belonging to a sealing schooner detained at the island by Don Vernet; in the evening we had music and dancing. In the room was one of Stoddart's pianofortes, and Donna Vernet, a Spanish lady, favoured us with some excellent singing—it sounding not a little strange to listen to "Di Tanti Palpiu," &c., well executed, at the Falkland Isles, where we had only expected to find a few fishermen.

On the following day I was conducted round the settlement, and shown the "lions." The buildings (except some dry grass huts) were all originally constructed by the Spaniards; they are remarkable for their extremely thick walls (of stone,) some being three feet in solidity. They are very straggling, covering a space of half a mile in length, and a quarter of a mile in breadth.

There are the remains of a building, formerly used as a cathedral, (now uninhabited and in ruins,) a hospital, a general store warehouse, a large oven (in which at present resides a family of five people,) a parade-ground, trenches, several small forts, and the remains of a very thick, straight, stone bridge, lying quite in ruins, in the erection of which, report said, the Spaniards expended twenty-five thousand dollars, the stream which it crossed being, even in rainy weather, never too deep to pass over it by the help of common stepping-stones.

About a mile from the "Town," is the place where the Spaniards excavated their peat, now presenting to the eye a number of tanks of various sizes filled with water, and many of them from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. On the edge of the cliff, before the house, a piece of ordnance was

placed, and near the ruined fort at the entrance of the bay, four or five more.

Close to the entrance of the bay, but in the Sound, a small schooner was lying at anchor. It appears that about three months previous to the arrival of the "Thomas Lawrie," three schooners from the United States were sealing amongst the islands; one escaped, but the other two Don Vernet took, and detained the captains and crews in custody: a short time after he suffered one of these two to depart, leaving a cargo of seal-skins as a deposit. The other was still detained, out of which he took stores of all kinds, and sold them by auction, and was about to sail in her to Buenos Ayres, for the purpose of attending the trial as to her and her companion's condemnation.

Don Vernet's domestic establishment consisted of about fifteen slaves, bought by him from the Buenos Ayrean government, on the condition of learning them some useful employment, and having their services for a certain number of years, after which, by the provisions of the Slave Trade Act, they were free. They seemed generally to be from fifteen to twenty years of age, and appeared quite contented and happy.

The number of persons altogether on the island consisted of about one hundred, including twenty-five gauchos and five char-ruas, Indians. There are a few Dutch families, the women of which milk the cows, and make the butter. Two or three Englishmen, a German family, and the remainder made up of Spaniards and Portuguese, pretending to follow some trade, but doing little or nothing. The gauchos are chiefly Spaniards: their captain or "the Chief of the Gauchos" is a Frenchman. These men throw the lasso after the manner practised in the great bull-fights of Spain. A fierce bull was caught in my presence by the captain, who, after galloping for some time in pursuit of him up and down the hills, dexterously threw the lasso across his horns, the horse, as if instinctively, throwing himself on his haunches, and firmly planting his fore-feet on the ground, held him fast; and at the same moment another gaucho threw a lasso with heavy metal balls attached to it, round his hind-legs, thus effectually preventing his escape; they then hamstrung him. When in the interior, these men lie down to sleep on the ground, wrapped in their saddle-cloths and cloaks, regardless of wet or cold. They are very fond of their horses. The rowels of their spurs are about two inches long, and their stirrups only admit the toes. When in camp they gamble very deeply. Their game is with dib-bones; the art being to throw them in a particular manner. I have seen notes (of the country) to the amount of two or three hundred dollars on the ground at one time. One gaucho was worth fifteen

hundred dollars, and an Irishman who had been a gaucho, and had come to the island in Don Vernet's debt, had not only paid it off, but had been enabled to give him seven hundred and fifty dollars for a building which he had converted into a store. On the day I first landed, it being Sunday (with them,—Saturday with ourselves,) I walked down to this store, where I found all the gauchos assembled over a cask of a beverage made of molasses and dried apples, and tasting not unlike beer. They drank it freely, relating tales and singing, performing slight-of-hand tricks upon each other, and occasionally bursting into the most dissonant laughter; but before I left, their knives were drawn, and with furious and impassioned gestures, and wild cries, they aimed blows at each other, and blood was brought in two or three instances. With their huge cloaks, slouched hats, ear and nose-rings, thick, curly, bushy hair hanging down to their shoulders, and their daggers in their girdles, seen too by the dim light of a large lamp hanging from the ceiling, they formed altogether a group such as is described in the old Italian romances, as revelling in the deep caverns of the Alpine mountains, after a desperate but prosperous adventure.

These men obtain two dollars a head for all the cattle they bring in; and they in fact keep the greater proportion of the inhabitants, for the females wash for them, mend their clothes, &c. &c., and so obtain sufficient to keep their husbands in tobacco and idleness.

No greater proof of the miserable business of the men generally need be adduced than the following:—Very good potatoes are grown by Don Vernet, and sooner than raise them themselves (though offered them by him for seed *gratis*) they pay him ten pence per pound for them.

The five Indians are very powerfully made men, from the country to the north of the Monte Video side of the river La Plata. Being at war with a neighbouring nation in amity with the Buenos Ayrean government, they were made prisoners and sent to Buenos Ayres. Don Vernet seeing them, applied to the government for them as gauchos, who gave them the option of remaining in prison, or going to the Falkland Islands, which latter alternative they chose. They were employed making lassos for the gauchos. I went into their hut and heard one of them play upon an instrument, which produced sounds far from unmusical, made of a hollow piece of wood, with an incision in it, and two strings of gut tied across it, which he beat upon with a stick, and at the same time chaunted a low and rather sweet song.

It is of course only from those who have resided for any length of time in it, that a

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gro description of any country can be obtained, and it is impossible for a mere passer-on to do more than to collect the best information he can from such persons, making his own observations as time will allow.

A work written by the first settler, M. de Bougainville, appears to me to give a faithful description of these islands; and in this opinion I am borne out by the testimony of Don Vernet.

The following are the remarks which I was enabled to make during my stay at Port Louis, my researches extending to a few miles in every direction round the settlement.

I tried the soil in different places, and found it generally (except on those hills near the coast, consisting mostly of rock and grass to the summit) to consist of a mixture of the roots of different small shrubs, and below them, at the depth of from eight to fourteen inches, a black mould. In some places a firm peat goes down several feet in depth.

In a garden near Don Vernet's house, the spot chosen indiscriminately, much exposed to the west and north winds, and the soil not artificially manured, I found growing cabbages, lettuces, onions, peas, beans, potatoes, (some of the latter accidentally left in the ground in the fall, produced the next year more abundant than those planted in the spring following,) turnips, and carrots, a species of birch from Staten Land, which appeared to have taken root, also a currant-tree from thence, quite flourishing, and precisely similar in taste and smell to the English currant-tree! How it made its way to Staten Land is a query. It should be recollected that it was now just the end of winter.

Don Vernet showed me some fine specimens of flax which he had raised—and wheat he was about to try the approaching spring.

The winds from the west and north would be the only cause, in my opinion, of suspending the regular labour of the agriculturist. These winds, more or less, during the summer months, blow with great violence from soon after sunrise till sunset. I have been almost unable to stand against their force, and with difficulty made myself heard by a person at no very great distance from me. I am here, however, speaking of rather elevated ground near a large open sound, whilst in the interior are said to be plains of the richest soil sheltered by mountains, over which the force of these winds is probably not so severely felt, and where under the immediate cover of the hills many acres might always be throwing up a produce; and the increase of vegetation, and the growth of timber would, no doubt, in time much soften their effect.

Of water there is plenty every where and

of the best quality. The island is indeed indented on every side in an extraordinary manner by inlets and bays ending in rivers, many of them of fresh water.

As to the climate, all accounts speak of it as temperate. The first day I landed was sunshiny and pleasant, neither hot nor cold; each of the following days was attended, from sunrise to sunset, with the wind violent from the west and northwest; and on one day there was a continual fall of snow and hail, but which had entirely disappeared the following morning. The nights were beautifully starlight and very still.

The thermometer, Don Vernet informed me, in winter has not been lower than 26° , and generally above the freezing point. The snow seldom lies three days on the ground. In summer the thermometer seldom rises above 75° . The whole of the inhabitants were in the finest state of health.

The gum plant I met with in great abundance: on breaking short the flower from the root I perceived a thick glutinous matter, which adhered to my fingers, but I had neither time nor opportunity to make experiments on this plant. I also found wild celery, scurvy-grass, sorrel, rosemary, the tea and the beer plant in great plenty. The former is chiefly found amongst the cliffs growing in crevices and niches; the rosemary is met with on the rising grounds, and the tea and beer plant every where.

Don Vernet informed me, that on a spot twelve feet square, chosen indiscriminately on the hills in the interior, when journeying through the country with his brother, he had counted as many as twenty-seven different plants.

A German, into whose hut I went, gave me a quantity of the infusion of the tea plant to taste; I found it not unpleasant, and having a slight flavour of the common black tea used in England. None of the persons I conversed with appeared to know any thing of the properties of the beer plant. Different heaths, grasses, and weeds seem to abound. In summer they collect a great quantity of a fruit called lucet, and eat it with milk. I met with many little yellow flowers, and one white, smelling like the rose, and I saw also a flower similar to a violet.

On ranging along the beach, I broke with a hammer large pieces of stone, which upon dividing presented to the eye the most perfect impressions of shells, leaves, and a species of worms, some of which I brought with me to England. I found but few shells, and those of a common kind. Quartz was scattered over the surface of many hills, and granite in detached rounded masses; but sandstone seems to be the prevailing feature.

On the opposite side of the sound, and some few miles in the interior, natural cu-

ricities are met with in the shape of huge amphitheatres, large caverns, &c., from which some beautiful specimens of stalactites were shown, and which sufficiently proves the presence of lime in the country.

No reptiles have ever been found, and the only quadruped is an animal between the fox and the wolf, very destructive to the birds. I saw the skin of one which was about three feet long. Of birds, I observed some precisely similar to the plover and the sparrow of England; a little yellow bird very common; a great number of small hawks, and a beautiful bird of the gull kind, very common, of a soft slate colour, with red beak and red feet. Captain Langdon and myself took an excursion across the hills to a rabbit ground, (of which animals there are an immense number,) and we returned in a short time, having obtained three or four couples, two large upland geese, a kind of curlew, (having eyes like rubies with a white rim round them;) a very handsome bird of the diver kind, and two or three kinds of teal and snipe. In the season an immense number of excellent eggs of all kinds are to be obtained with ease; and nothing can exceed the richness of the penguin or mollymawk's egg beat up with coffee.

I collected some pearls from a very large mussel common there, which were inferior; but I was informed by Captain Brisbane, that he had collected as many as would fill a wine-glass, in a very short time at a particular season, nearly the bigness of a pea, and colourless.

As respects the resources of the island, its exports, &c., I found that, as near as Don Vernet can calculate, he supposes there to be about twenty thousand head of horned cattle, three thousand horses, and a great number of wild pigs and rabbits on the island.

A kind of mullet prevails from the month of October until April, so numerous that not only a sufficiency could be obtained to nourish thousands of inhabitants, but also to become a considerable article of exportation.

His exports consist at present of cattle-hides, for which he has an establishment, and for salting, about sixty miles to the southward, where are large bulls of that size, that he informed me the skins alone had weighed eighty pounds, and so heavy that the gauchos cannot drive them across the marshes to the north side. Rabbit-skins, of dark iron-gray, and particularly close, thick, and soft in their texture; and dried mullet, of which in one season, from one fishery-ground only, he has exported eighty tons, which sold in South America for twenty-five shillings a hundred weight.

All agricultural produce fetches the highest prices in the Brazils.

The island affords every prospect to the sealer and the whaler. Mr. Brisbane had

picked up on the coast at different times whalebone to the value of at least four hundred pounds, according to its present price. Whaling in boats alone about the coast would be sure of being successful. The harbours all round the island are of the best kind, mostly formed by bays, well sheltered by small islands, and possessing inlets navigable far up, and intersecting the country in every direction. The immense quantity of kelp would not only assist in manuring the ground, but also make excellent potash. Plenty of materials for making pottery abound in the island.

Don Vernet has divided the island into eleven sections: one he has colonized, and another he has sold to Lieutenant Langdon, to whom he has given a deed of grant, authorizing him to let other portions of the land to persons willing to emigrate to the country. This tract consists of about ten square miles, of six hundred and forty English acres each, as his property for ever, with a proviso that he, or some person appointed by him, shall settle on it within a given time. He has also empowered Lieutenant Langdon to distribute, gratis, among ten families willing to emigrate, certain portions of the land.

The above deed sets forth the conditions under which emigrants will be received, and also Don Vernet's ideas on the subject of colonization. He engages to provide the settlers with cattle and horses sufficiently tame for use, at certain low prices, a freedom from taxes, contributions, and imposts of any kind whatsoever, during twenty years, from the 5th of January, 1831; a free use of the fisheries; and to provide them upon arrival with beef at the rate of two pence per pound. He proposes that settlers should transport themselves there in a whaling or sealing vessel, which after landing them could go direct to Staten Land for a cargo of timber, and then either remain sealing and whaling about the islands, or take to the Brazils any produce which the settlers might have raised in the meantime.

The settler on the Falkland Islands need not fear the many disappointments and almost insurmountable difficulties experienced by the hundreds who embarked their all in the Swan River scheme. He need not dread, on his return home from a journey, to find his wife and children murdered by the ferocious and blood-thirsty savage, as has lately been the case in Van Diemen's Land—neither need he fear to hear the war-whoop of the Indian burst upon his ear, as he is assembled round his domestic hearth with his family, as was, not long ago, the case in the back settlements of America—he need not fear, as in the African settlements, the murderous attack of the Caffres—neither has to reside amongst a number of slaves, against whose rising he has not one single

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moment's real protection. He has only steadily to pursue his aim, certain of never being in want, and with every prospect of acquiring wealth.

In one point of view these islands present to the English a most important feature. It has hitherto been the custom for almost all vessels returning home from the colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land to put into the Brazils for refreshments. This takes them out of their direct track, is a great loss of time, and is only done by incurring such expenses as very materially lessen the value to the owners of the ships' cargoes.

The population of the above colonies is fast increasing; their trade is becoming very great; and their shipping is doubling itself. Now, as it is absolutely necessary, that vessels returning to England from either should put into some port for refreshments, no one presents itself so conveniently circumstanced as the Eastern Falkland island, which lies in the direct track of every ship after she has doubled Cape Horn. It possesses a beautiful harbour, of easy access, where can be obtained excellent water, fine beef, good vegetables, and, in case of the illness of seamen, plenty of the finest antiscorbutic grasses.

Of the Western Falkland Island, the following account is extracted from a letter written by Mr. (afterwards Admiral) Gower, to which himself and crew had been conveyed, after being wrecked in a sloop of war on the coast of Patagonia.

"The country abounds with long sedge grass. Our food consisted of geese, ducks, widgeons, teal, &c., tame enough to be knocked down with sticks. Foxes were the only native quadruped. We brought many pigs and rabbits to the island, which increased much. Many beautiful pebbles were found upon the beach, some quite transparent, making handsome seals. The mountains produced fine crystals, which, after being in the hands of our workmen, were, to all appearance, little inferior to precious stones.

"The cluster of islands called Falkland are all extremely high, and may be seen in fine weather fifty miles off. The tops are entire rock, the lower parts very rich, on which any thing that is sown will grow. They contain fine lagoons, abounding in wild fowl. There are likewise many rivulets, where water-cresses, wild celery, and scurvy-grass, are to be met with in plenty, and the banks produce excellent turf for fires. We caught but few fish."

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE IN TRISTAN D'ACUNHA.

[In our last number we gave a review of Earle's New Zealand. The following re-

view of the latter part of the volume—his residence in Tristan D'Acunha,—is from the Quarterly Review, and is part of an article on the whole work.]

Those who are pleased with these specimens of Mr. Earle's account of New Zealand will be not less interested with many parts of it which we have no room to notice—being unwilling to close our paper without directing attention to a second tract included in the same volume, and which, as it refers to an earlier period of our author's adventurous life, and gives of the two the clearer, and we may add more agreeable, notion of his personal character and disposition, we rather think his editor would have done well to place first before the reader. In January, 1824, Earle sailed, as we said, from Rio Janeiro for the Cape of Good Hope, but landing, early in July, on the desolate island of Tristan D'Acunha, for the purpose of sketching some of its savagely magnificent scenery, a gale sprung up, which rendered it impossible for the vessel to remain off the horrid reefs that surround the place, and the enthusiastic artist found himself left on the beach with nothing but his sketch-book and pencils! Here he remained for no less than ten months, the uninvited but cordially welcomed guest of a little colony of his countrymen, whose whole history and conduct appear to have been such that they well deserve a record. Some time ago, government thought of nursing an establishment here, and fifty Hottentots from the Cape were accordingly landed, under proper officers. But though the experiment seems to have answered quite as well as could have been expected, it was, we have never heard the reason why, broken up after two or three years, and all the settlers left it, except one Scotchman, Alexander Glass, who, having a young wife and children, chose to stay, and take his chance of getting on as well as he could, with a bull and a couple of cows, and such implements of husbandry as his superiors left at his disposal. Governor Glass, as he is now styled, remained accordingly, and presently his example found imitators in two or three sailors, who happening to touch at his territory, were smitten with the comfortable appearance of his *ménage*, and resolved, as soon as opportunity should serve, to go and do likewise. Glass and his cottage, alias the government-house, are sketched by Mr. Earle's pen and pencil too, in a very happy manner; and we should not wonder if the effect of his whole description should be, to send many a weary Sweet William, and many a fond Black-eyed Susan more, to claim a place among this potentate's faithful subjects.

Mr. Earle's spirits were severely enough tried during this imprisonment. When he

had covered the last leaf of his little notebook, he found that he had exhausted all the paper on the island, except a blank, though brown enough, page at the end of one or two *tracts* in the governor's library. Vessel after vessel hove in sight, could not or would not attend to their signals of distress, and disappeared;—none of his relations or friends in England were likely to have the least intelligence of his whereabouts;—the time hung heavy on his hands, and occasionally he was plunged in deep melancholy, which no one will suspect of being, under ordinary circumstances, "the mood of his mind." By degrees, however, he got reconciled to his situation, and we almost incline to guess, that had there been a spare Calypso on the rock, this wandering Ulysses might never have left it at all. Meanwhile he had abundance of leisure, and happily for us thought of interlining one of the few books the desolate island afforded with his diary—which, indeed, is so much better written than his chapters on New Zealand, that we suspect he must have taken the trouble to go over it twice. His account of Mr. Glass is as follows:—

"The original founder and first settler of this little society was born in Roxburgh.* In the course of many long conversations I had with him, seated in his chimney-corner, I learned that, in early life, he had been a gentleman's servant in his native town; and that he had an old aunt settled there, an eminent snuff and tobacco vender; but whether she claimed descent from, or affinity with, the celebrated lady of the same name and occupation whom Sir Walter Scott mentions in 'The Heart of Midlothian,' as being so great a favourite of John, Duke of Argyle, I could not discover. Indeed, he did not seem to know much about his ancestors—an uncommon thing even with the lowest of his countrymen. Having, while still quite a youth, been *crossed in love*, he enlisted in the artillery drivers—that corps suiting him best, from his well understanding the management of horses, and being an excellent rider. He related many amusing stories of his first and only campaign in Germany, which was an unsuccessful one. His favourite theme was his various adventures at the Cape. He gave me the whole history of his promotion from a private to a corporal, for he rose to that rank. I was always pleased with his descriptions, for there was such an air of truth and candour in them, as convinced me of his probity and honour, as well as the high terms in which he always spoke of his officers, and of the service in which he had for so many years been engaged. He was of a happy disposition, for he seemed to forget all the disagree-

ables of his profession, and only remembered the comforts and pleasures he experienced during the whole time he was a soldier; and he always spoke in enthusiastic raptures of the government which had so comfortably provided for old veterans. Glass considered himself particularly fortunate in his military career, in having been generally employed by an officer as his servant. He showed me a letter this gentleman had written a few hours before he died, giving his servant such an excellent character as any man might be proud of receiving; and, at the same time, bequeathing him the whole of his property. Poor Glass was much affected when he gave me these particulars. It was in consequence of the general good character he bore at the Cape, that he was chosen to accompany the expedition to Tristan D'Acunha."—p. 307.

Mr. Earle seems soon to have won the warmest regard of this worthy fellow and all his family.

"Glass is as eager in watching for a mail as myself, and says, (and I fully believe him,) that should a vessel arrive, the master of which refuses to take me without payment, he shall have all his cattle and stock of potatoes, rather than I shall be disappointed of a chance of returning to my family. While speaking of Glass, I may be permitted to record a circumstance highly characteristic of national feeling, and of that love of country which never forsakes a Scotchman. As he is an experienced tailor, as well as an excellent operative in various other trades, I proposed to him, when my clothes were completely worn out, to make me a full dress suit out of my tartan cloak. He agreed to do so; but still my clothes were not forthcoming. One evening, on my return from a fatiguing day's hunting, Glass came to me with a most melancholy face, and began,—'It is no use holding out any longer, Mr. Earle; I really cannot find it in my heart to cut up that bonnie tartan. I have had it out several times, and had the scissors in my hands, but I cannot do it, sir; it is the first tartan that ever was landed on Tristan D'Acunha, and the first I have seen since I left Scotland; and I really cannot consent to cut it up into pieces.' I replied, he was most welcome to keep the cloak for his own use as it was; but that, as I could not make my appearance, even at Tristan D'Acunha, quite in a state of nature, he must contrive to make me a pair of trowsers out of any thing he might happen to have amongst his stores. His face instantly brightened up, and I was soon after equipped in a costume which, even here, excited no small curiosity: the front of these 'Cossacks' consisting of sail cloth, and the back of dried goat's skin, the hair outside, which they all assured me I should find very convenient in descending the mountains. I laughed heartily when I

* Probably Kelso—there is no town now at Roxburgh.

first sported this Robinson Crusoe habili-
ment. 'Never mind how you look, sir,'
said my kind host; 'his Majesty himself,
God bless him! if he had been left here, as
you were, could do no better.'—pp. 350-
352.

An old weather-beaten fore-castle man,
John Taylor by name, and a comrade of his,
"half sailor, half waterman, half fisherman,"
yclept Billingsgate Dicky, were the first
chance visitors that fell in love with the
governor's retreat. They both said to them-
selves, "We shall have served our time out
ere we reach England. Let's club our
money to purchase some farm stock and
fishing implements, and come out to the go-
vernor for good." Home accordingly they
went in this resolution. They received
their pay and some prize-money to boot—
and spent it all at Portsmouth! and then,
resuming their plan, walked to London, to
consult "the Lords," as to what could be
done for carrying it into effect. When they
arrived at the admiralty—

"They requested to be introduced; and
as the Board was then sitting, they were
formally ushered into their presence. They
immediately informed their lordships that
they had each served upwards of twenty
years in the navy, and were entitled, by
length of service, and by their wounds, to a
pension; that they would willingly waive
that right, and had come to them to beg a
passage to the island of Tristan d'Acunha.
Taylor used to describe this interview with
the lords of the admiralty with a great deal
of humour, and the mirth they excited, and
the numerous questions put to them by Sir
George Cockburn, who, to Taylor's infinite
delight, addressed him by the title of *ship-
mate*; for he had served under him some
years before. They told their lordships all
the particulars about Glass's establishment,
the wish they had to retire from the world,
and the comfortable prospect that island
offered them of independence; and that at
a time of peace, when it was almost impos-
sible for the most prudent and industrious to
gain their bread. So humble, so just a re-
quest, was instantly granted; all the gentle-
men composing the Board cordially wished
them success, and assured them that the
first man-of-war bound round the Cape
should land them, and all their worldly
goods, on this island. Accordingly, they
were put on board 'The Satellite,' bound to
India. Thus were they added to Glass's
company; and though a little addicted to
the characteristic growling of old sailors,
they jog on pretty smoothly, their quarrels
seldom going further than swearing a little
at each other."—pp. 310, 311.

A few personages, of the same order, with
their wives and children, make up the
existing colony. Glass sees his cattle multi-
plying about him: potatoes thrive capitally;

new ground is every year broken up to ad-
vantage; and as there are plenty of wild
goats to hunt, and of all sorts of fish to catch,
whenever the weather is tolerable, the so-
ciety contrive to get on very comfortably on
the whole. No doubt the evenings of 1824,
must have been considerably abridged by
Mr. Earle's presence.

"Our house is (and all are built nearly
after the same model) a complete proof of
the nationality of an Englishman, and his
partiality for a comfortable fire-side. Though
the latitude is temperate, each room is fur-
nished with a noble fire-place; and in what
we call 'the Government House,' we meet
every night, and sit round a large and cheer-
ful blaze, each telling his story, or adven-
tures, or singing his song; and we manage
to pass the time pleasantly enough.

"Looking out from my abode, no spot in
the world can be more desolate—particu-
larly on a blowing night. The roar of the
sea is almost deafening; and the wind rush-
ing furiously down the perpendicular sides
of the mountains, which are nearly nine
hundred feet high, and are masses of craggy
rocks, has the most extraordinary and almost
supernatural effect. No sooner does night
set in than the air is full of nocturnal birds,
whose screams are particularly mournful;
and then comes the painful reflection, that I
am so many thousands of miles from any
human haunt, and separated from all my
friends and family, who are in total igno-
rance of where I am, or what has become of
me. But I force myself to struggle against
dismal thoughts, unwilling that my com-
rades (who do every thing in their power to
console me) should suspect how much I suf-
fer; so I take my seat by the fire, shut out
the night, pile on a cheerful log, and tell my
tale in turn. I must confess that, amongst
my companions, I never see a sad or a dis-
contented-looking face; and though we have
no wine, grog, or any other strong drink,
there is no lack of jovial mirth in any of the
company.

"Since my arrival, I have been unani-
mously appointed chaplain; every Sunday
we have the whole service of the church of
England read, Mr. Glass acting as my clerk;
and it is really a gratifying sight to behold
the cleanly and orderly state in which the
men appear; all the children are dressed in
their best, and they all pay the utmost at-
tention during divine service. I am also
schoolmaster to the elder children, who are
pretty forward in reading; and their parents
are so anxious for their improvement, that it
gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to
assist them in so laudable an undertaking;
though, to be sure, we are sadly at a loss for
books, paper, pens, and all other school ma-
terials. Their parental exertions (poor fel-
lows!) would not avail much; the state of
literature being but at a very low ebb

amongst them; but what little information they have, they all endeavour to teach the children. One of the men lamented to me the other day, that he had so little *larning*, although he once had had the advantage of seeing the king's own printing office at Portsmouth!"—pp. 303, 304.

These "ancient mariners," among other occupations, climb the highest peaks of the melancholy mountain, at the foot of which they have come to anchor, in quest of the albatross, and Mr. Earle was often of the party, and describes the scenery they traversed with no inconsiderable effect—*c. g.*

"A death-like stillness prevailed in these high regions, and, to my ear, our voices had a strange unnatural echo, and I fancied our forms appeared gigantic, whilst the air was piercing cold. The prospect was altogether very sublime, and filled the mind with awe. On the one side, the boundless horizon, heaped up with clouds of silvery brightness, contrasted with some of darker hue, enveloping us in their vapour, and, passing rapidly away, gave the only casual glances of the landscape; and, on the other hand, the sterile and cindery peak, with its venerable head, partly capped with clouds, partly revealing great patches of red cinders, or lava, intermingled with the black rock, produced a most extraordinary and dismal effect. It seemed as though it was still actually burning, to heighten the sublimity of the scene. The huge albatross appeared here to dread no interloper or enemy; for their young were on the ground completely uncovered, and the old ones were stalking around them. This bird is the largest of the aquatic tribe; and its plumage is of a most delicate white, excepting the back and the tops of its wings, which are grey: they lay but one egg, on the ground, where they form a kind of nest by scraping the earth round it; after the young one is hatched, it has to remain a year before it can fly; it is entirely white, and covered with a woolly down, which is very beautiful. As we approached them, they clapped their beaks with a very quick motion, which made a great noise. This, and throwing up the contents of the stomach, are the only means of offence and defence they seem to possess; the old ones, which are valuable on account of their feathers, my companions made dreadful havoc amongst, knocking on the head all they could come up with. These birds are very helpless on the land, the great length of their wings precluding them from rising up into the air, unless they can get to a steep declivity. On the level ground they were completely at our mercy, but very little was shown them, and in a short space of time, the plain was strewn with their bodies, one blow on the head generally killing them instantly."—pp. 326-328.

"They informed me, that the very last

time they had ascended the mountain, on their return, one of the party got too close to the precipice without being aware of it, and fell down several hundred feet; they found the corpse the next day in a most miserably mangled state. They interred it in the garden near their settlement; and placed at the head of the grave a board, with his name and age, together with an account of the accident which caused his death, and a pious remark to the reader, that it happened on a Sunday—a dreadful warning to Sabbath-breakers. The people all say, they never more will ascend the mountains on that sacred day; indeed, from all I have seen of them, they pay every respect to the duties of religion which lies in their power."—pp. 329, 330.

The hunt of the sea-elephant, is, however, the most lucrative occupation which this wild place affords, and we shall quote one or two of the many pages devoted to these monstrous lumps of blubber:—

"June 6th.—This is now the middle of winter: the winds are changeable and boisterous. I saw to-day, for the first time, what the settlers call a *pod* of sea-elephants. At this particular season these animals lie strewed about the beach, and, unless you disturb them, the sight of a man will not frighten them away. I was determined to get a good portrait, and accordingly took my sketch-book and pencil, and seated myself very near to one of them, and began my operations, feeling sure I had now got a most patient sitter, for they will lie for weeks together without stirring; but I had to keep throwing small pebbles at him, in order to make him open his eyes and prevent his going to sleep. The flies appear to torment these unwieldy monsters cruelly, their eyes and nostrils being stuffed full of them. I got a good sketch of the group. They appeared to stare at me occasionally with some little astonishment, stretching up their immense heads and looking around; but finding all still, (I suppose they considered me a mere rock,) they composed themselves to sleep again. They are the most shapeless creatures about the body. I could not help comparing them to an overgrown maggot, and their motion is similar to that insect. The face bears some rude resemblance to the human countenance; the eye is large, black, and expressive; excepting two very small flippers or paws at the shoulder, the whole body tapers down to a fish's tail; they are of a delicate mouse colour, the fur is very fine, but too oily for any other purpose than to make mocassins for the islanders. The bull is of an enormous size, and would weigh as heavily as his namesake of the land; and in that one thing consists their only resemblance, for no two animals can possibly be more unlike each other.

"It is a very curious phenomenon, how

they can possibly exist on shore; for, from the first of their landing, they never go out to sea, and they lie on a stormy beach for months together without tasting any food, except consuming their own fat, for they gradually waste away; and as this fat or blubber is the great object of value for which they are attacked and slaughtered, the settlers contrive to commence operations against them upon their first arrival. I examined the contents of the stomach of one they had just killed, but could not make out the nature of what it contained; the matter was of a remarkable bright green colour. They have many enemies even in the water; one called the killer, a species of grampus, which makes terrible havoc amongst them, and will attack and take away the carcase of one from alongside a boat. But man is their greatest enemy, and causes the most destruction to their race; he pursues them to all quarters of the globe; and being aware of their seasons for coupling and breeding, (which is always done on shore,) he is there ready with his weapons, and attacks them without mercy. Yet this offensive war is attended with considerable danger, not from the animals themselves, they being incapable of making much resistance, but the beaches they frequent are most fearful; boats and boats' crews are continually lost; but the value of the oil, when they are successful, is an inducement to man, and no dangers will deter him from pursuing the sea-elephant until the species is extinct.

"June 8th.—This proving a very fine day, and several of our party being in want of shoe-leather, we launched the boat to go in quest of a bull elephant. After pulling a few miles, we came to a beach where they resorted; and, landing through a high surf, and hauling the boat up, we proceeded to business, and singled out a monstrous creature. My companions boldly attacked him with lances, thrusting them repeatedly into his sides, he throwing himself about furiously and struggling and rolling towards the sea; but he being soft and fat, the lances sharp and long, they perforated his heart, the blood flowing in torrents and covering the men. Just as he had obtained the edge of the surf, to make his escape from his merciless enemies, he fell and expired. He measured sixteen feet in circumference and twenty in length!

"It is remarkable, that these unwieldy masses of animated nature, so seemingly helpless and incapable of exertion, should be delicate and ardent in their amours. In the early part of the spring the females come out of the sea, for the purpose of propagating and bringing forth their young. The males are always on the beach to receive them; and the moment the ladies appear, they make a terrible snorting noise, the signal for a dreadful battle, to determine which shall

be the *champion* of the strand. The monsters raise themselves up on their flippers and throw themselves on each other, and, as their mouths are wide and armed with formidable teeth, the wounds they give and receive are of a terrific nature. Glass once saw two of them fighting on this very spot, in which one struck the eye of his opponent completely out. When this fighting has been continued till one remains "master of the lists," he becomes the gallant of all the females, who lie around, seemingly in fearful anxiety, till the battle is ended. The authority of the conquerer is absolute amongst his mistresses, and no bashaw ever assumed more importance in his seraglio than he does; though, like most other conquerors, his dominions are liable to invasion, and the frontiers are often entered by small parties of the discomfited foe. The bulls which have been driven off, prowl around, and often smuggle off a frail female; who, if her lord is engaged in dalliance with another, and his attention diverted from her, receives the homage of the banished and unfortunate kindly; but if, by chance, they are seen by the enraged master, he sends forth a dreadful noise from the snout, and shuffles after the disloyal couple, and, if he cannot come up with his rival, takes vengeance on the fair, by inflicting on her several wounds with his sharp teeth. His empire is seldom of long duration; either some one of the vanquished enter the lists with him a second time, or some more powerful adversary rises from the deep; he then must once again try the conflict, and, being wounded and weakened by former encounters, he (like his betters) must give place to a stronger opponent; his ungrateful females lavish their favours on the new comer as on the first. Thus the beach is, during the whole of that particular season, one scene of love and war, presenting a savage picture of what is going on amongst the human race, excepting that in these creatures we only trace the rude outline—it is not filled up, as with us, by fraud, dissimulation, and falsehood!"—pp. 343-346.

We have not room for any more of these lively descriptions—the book is full of them. We cannot, however, lay it aside, without extracting, for the benefit of travelled and untravelled, learned and unlearned, a passage in which Mr. Earle preaches eloquently a doctrine which we hope he has never since ceased to practice:—

"Our food is of the coarsest description; bread we never see, milk and potatoes are our standing dishes, fish we have when we chance to catch them, and flesh when we can bring down a goat. In order to procure materials to furnish forth a dinner, I go early in the morning to the mountains; and the exertions I go through make me ready to retire to bed by eight o'clock in the evening, when I enjoy the soundest sleep;

and though certainly I have nothing here to exhilarate my spirits—on the contrary much to depress them—these last four months' experience has done more to convince me of the "beauty of temperance" than all the books that ever were written could have done. I now begin to think the life of an anchorite was not so miserable as is generally imagined by the gay and dissipated, and that his quiet enjoyments and serene nights may well be balanced against their feverish slumbers and palled appetites. The temperate man enjoys the solid consolation of knowing he is not wearing out his constitution, and may reasonably look forward to a happy and respected old age; while the votary of sense soon loses all relish for former enjoyments, and pays the penalty of early excesses in a broken and diseased frame. He finds himself helpless, and has the mortifying reflection, that he has only himself to blame; that he has piloted himself into this misery, contrary to his own common sense and the admonition of his friends; that no helping hand can save him; whilst the memory of his former enjoyments aggravates his humiliating situation, and pain and sorrow are the only attendants to conduct him to his last home!"—pp. 352-354.

We think no reader can part with Mr. Earle without having formed, on the whole, a favourable notion of his talents as well as of his temper, and joining us in wishing that this may not be the last of his productions. It appears that, having returned to this country from India in 1831 in a sorely shattered state of health, he no sooner found himself somewhat re-invigorated by his native air, than the old mania for wandering came back on him as strong as ever, and that, some time before his book was sent to press, he had accepted the situation of draughtsman to his majesty's ship 'Beagle,' Captain Fitzroy, and sailed on a voyage of discovery, 'not likely to terminate under four years;'—during which, it is to be hoped, his pen will be kept in requisition as well as his pencil. It is a pity he had not been on the spot to superintend the engravings for the present volume. With the exception of one representing Glass and his government house, they are executed in a style which must be sufficiently mortifying to an artist-author.

From the Spectator.

THE DEPUTY LICENSOR BEFORE THE DRAMATIC COMMITTEE.

An extract from the evidence given by old GEORGE COLMAN the younger, in his official capacity of Deputy Licensor, before the Committee for inquiring into the Laws relating to Dramatic Literature, has made the round of the papers. It is worth quoting once more, for its laughable absurdity.

"When a play is submitted to you for examination, how do you proceed upon it?" "The Examiner is a very subordinate person, and no further interferes, directly from himself, with the Managers, than by recommending them to omit any passage palpably exceptionable, and all oaths, as well as all religious expressions and allusions too sacred for the stage. I observe previously in this statement, 'the Lord Chamberlain is the Licensor, to whom the Examiner forwards an outline, and sends his opinion of the entertainments, which he has officially perused, and then the Lord Chamberlain signs or does not sign the form of license, as he may think proper.' I may observe here, that as to sending an outline, that is a *voluntary act*, because my predecessor never sent any outline; but I thought it might be more satisfactory, and I have *gratuitously sent that, at my own expense*, that the Lord Chamberlain might see what the subject of the play was."

A voluntary act performed *gratuitously* at his own expense—amazing virtue! how much did it cost!

The Examiner, though "subordinate" in power, is supreme in authority. His opinion is the ground of the Licensor's refusal or permission to allow a play to be acted. Virtually, the Examiner is the Licensor. Yet we have several recommendations of the Committee to strengthen and increase the power of the Lord Chamberlain as Licensor of Plays. If there is need of any other controlling power than public opinion to preserve the moralities of the stage, assuredly a Lord Chamberlain and his Deputy are insufficient as judge and jury. They constitute a snug little private court, without any appeal from its decision. A Lord Chamberlain is about as appropriate an arbiter of the fate of dramatic authors as a Groom of the Chambers would be as censor of the press. What were the Committee thinking about, when they recommended a continuance of such an obsolete absurdity; which was only tolerable so long as the players were made appendages of a court, and literally "his Majesty's servants, in order to screen them from the fangs of Justice's law as 'rogues and vagabonds!'"

But we are keeping the feast waiting—hear Mr. COLMAN upon angels!

"What do you consider palpably exceptionable, that is at your discretion?"—"It must be very gross and palpable to every body before I should interfere. I allude to political and personal allusions, downright grossness and indecency, or any thing that would be profane, which any candid man could not but say was improper, about which there could not be two opinions." "The Committee have heard of your cutting out of a play the epithet 'angel,' as applied to a woman?"—"Yes, because it is a woman, I grant; but it is a *celestial woman*. It is an allusion to

the Scriptural angels, which are celestial bodies. Every man who has read his Bible understands what they are; or if he has not, I will refer him to Milton." "Do you recollect the passage in which that was struck out?"—"No, I cannot charge my memory with it. I do not recollect that I struck out an angel or two, but most probably I have, at some time or other." "Milton's angels are not ladies?"—"No, but the *Scripture angels are ladies, I believe*. If you will look at Johnson's Dictionary, he will tell you they are celestial persons, commanded by God to interfere in terrestrial business."

This is rich. "It must be very gross and palpable to every body before I should interfere," says our moral Examiner; and in the next breath he justified his having "struck out an angel or two, because they are Scriptural personages." What authority, by the way, has Mr. COLMAN for determining the sex of angels? How has he discovered that they are "celestial women?" His reference to MILTON is unlucky: but when it is objected that "Milton's angels are not ladies," he, with "infinite promptitude," rejoins—"No; but the *Scripture angels are ladies—I believe!*" Can any thing be more conclusive? Again—

"Suppose you were to leave the word 'angel' in a play or farce, will you state your opinion as to what effect it would have on the public mind?"—"It is impossible for me to say what effect it would have; I am not able to enter into the breasts of every body who might be in gallery, pit, or boxes." "But you must have some reason for erasing it?"—"Yes, because it alludes to a Scriptural personage." "Must an allusion to Scripture have an immoral effect?"—"Yes; I conceive all Scripture is much too sacred for the stage, except in very solemn scenes indeed, and that to bring things so sacred on the stage becomes profane."

Mr. COLMAN reasons thus: Scripture is too sacred for the stage. Allusion to Scripture has an immoral effect: bringing things so sacred on the stage is profane; ergo, *except*—mark the exception—"in very solemn scenes indeed!" Thus, for a gallant in comedy to speak of a woman metaphorically as an angel, is profane; but for the hero or heroine of a tragedy to invoke Heaven with very great solemnity indeed, is not profane. This is lamentable drivelling. Every body knows and feels, that when a lover says his mistress is as beautiful as an angel, the phrase conventionally expresses the idea of exquisite beauty, and nothing more. No Scriptural association whatever is produced. If there is any profanity on the stage, it is precisely in those "solemn scenes" of which the sage Examiner makes an approving exception.

Let us hear the Licensor on swearing.

"What would be the result of using ordinary oaths, such as 'damme,' or any thing of

that sort?"—"I think it is highly immoral and improper, to say nothing of the vulgarity of it, in assemblies where *high characters* and females congregate. I certainly think it highly improper; and, beyond that, I believe you will find *there are acts of Parliament where swearing is restrained* under a penalty." "Do you speak from your experience as to the immoral effect, or is it your opinion merely?"—"It is my opinion of the practice in general. I have seen a great deal of the stage, undoubtedly, and so far I can speak from experience. I think nobody has gone away from a theatre the better for hearing a great deal of cursing and swearing."

The truth here comes out. Mr. COLMAN's morality is imbibed from the Statutes. His rule of virtue is an act of Parliament. He speaks like a parish beadle, or a page of the back-stairs. The Licensor's opinion of the vulgarity of a "damme" in assemblies where *high characters* and females congregate, is exquisite: we hope it will have due weight in the servant's hall. Mrs. Betty "hates any thing as is low."

"How do you reconcile the opinion* you have just given with your making use of those terms, such as 'damme,' or any of those small oaths which you say are immoral and improper, to say nothing of their vulgarity, in some of your own compositions, which have met with great success on the stage?"—"If I had been the Examiner I should have scratched them out, and would do so now. I was in a different position at that time; I was a careless, immoral author. I am now the Examiner of Plays; I did my business as an author at that time, and I do my business as an Examiner now."

This is the thief-taker's morality. "I was a reckless, unprincipled rascal; I am now a thief-taker. I did my business as a thief at that time, and I do my business as a thief-taker now."

"Do you suppose that those plays of your's (which were so pleasing to the public, and are still acted with great success, from which you have not the power of erasing these small oaths) have done much mischief to the morals of the town?"—"They have certainly done no good, and I am sorry I inserted the oaths. As a moral man, one gets a little wiser as one goes on, and I should be very happy to relieve my mind from the recollection of having written those oaths."

"As a moral man?" here is an assumption of morality. How far back is it dated? since the appearance of the *Vagaries Vindicated*, or the *Eccentricities for Edinburgh*, we presume.

"Do you mean to say that you regret being the author of *John Bull*?"—"No; that is a different thing. I might not be sorry to have made a good pudding; but if there are any bad plums in it, I should be glad to have them out." "Have you any idea of what you would consider politically

wrong?"—"Yea, certainly; any thing that may be so allusive to the times as to be applied to the existing moment, and which is likely to be inflammatory." "You would think, under a Tory Administration, any thing against the Tories would be wrong; and under a Whig Administration, any thing against the Whigs?"—"I should say to the Manager, 'I do not presume to interfere, but you had better not allow it, for the sake of your theatre, as you will have a row in your theatre.' It was but the other day the word 'Reform' was mentioned, and I understand there was a hubbub." "Where was that?"—"At all the theatres." "In the exercise of your censorship at the present moment, if the word 'Reform' should occur, would you strike it out?"—"No; I should say, 'I think you had better omit it; I advise you to do so, for your own sakes, or you will have a hubbub.'"

The political nicety of the Censor is worthy of his moral delicacy. His definition of an improper phrase in a political sense as "any thing that *may* be so allusive to the times as to be applied to the existing moment, and which is *likely* to be inflammatory," is a most subtle distinction. We do not object to his waging a war of extermination against all claptraps, and we will concede the dangerous word "Reform."

"There was a play of *Charles the First* you refused to license?"—"Yea." "Why did you refuse to license that?"—"Because it amounted to every thing but cutting off the King's head upon the stage." "So does *Julius Cæsar*?"—"Yes, but *not in that way*. If you took the trouble of reading the two plays, you would see the difference."

We would lay a bet that this play did not represent Charles as he figures in the Almanacks—a Royal Martyr.

"There is a discretionary power in the Lord Chamberlain." "Is it all a matter of discretion and caprice?"—"Yes, it is the discretion of the Lord Chamberlain." "Or a caprice?"—"You may call it so."

Yet in the teeth of this leading question, and the reluctant admission of the answer, the Committee would confirm the Lord Chamberlain's authority in these matters!

From the Amulet.

PRESTON MILLS.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES," &c.

The day was fair, the cannon roared,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's mills by thousands poured
Their little captives forth.

* The painful picture which the eloquent author of "Corn-Law Rhymes" has here painted, is "taken from the life." Those who are acquainted with the state of our manufacturing towns will readily recognize its truth. May it have the effect of directing the attention of the benevolent to the dreadful condition of "Slaves at Home!"

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of liberty!
But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like "death-in-life" they smiled;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas! is that a child?
Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side;
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.
Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!—
With eyes so glazed and dull!
Alas! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!
And, oh, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
"This is a wailing for the grave!"
I whispered to my heart.
It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden, blasting gale
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.
It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnæ mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.
It was as if, in dungeon-gloom,
Where chained despair reined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind,
And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily—
Oh, who would be or have a child!
A mother who would be!

From the Amulet.

COLUMBUS AMONG THE AZORES

BY THOMAS BRYDSON.

[Previous to his discovery of America, Columbus is said to have frequently watched the setting sun, from one of the Islands of the Azores, and fancied it rising upon the great continent which he supposed to be over the ocean.]

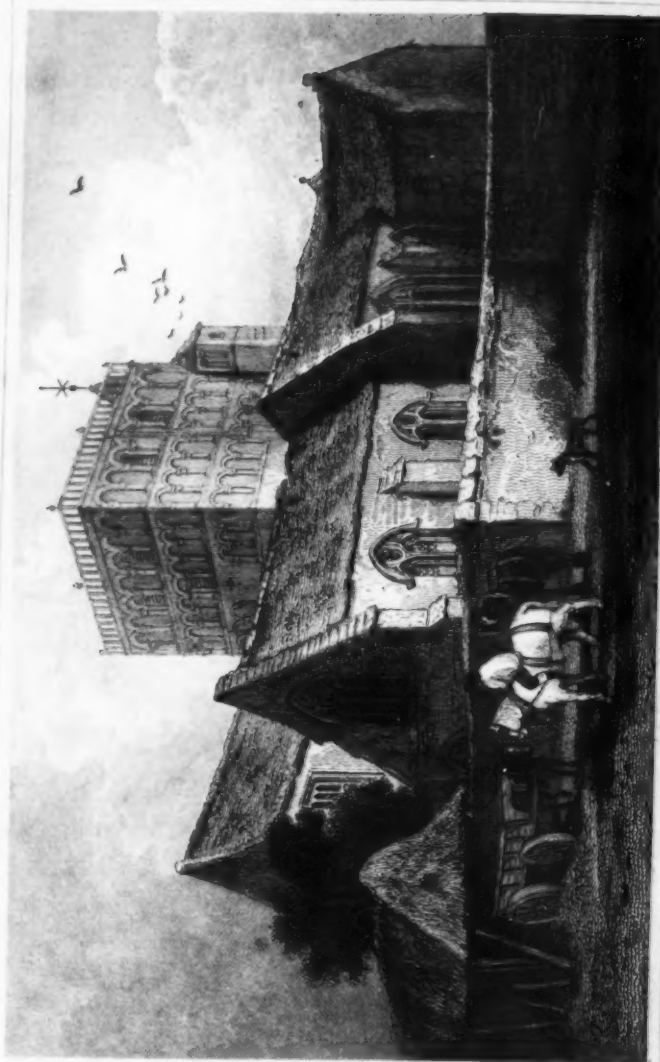
Oh, undiscovered world! once more
I wander forth alone,
To muse beside that ocean vast,
Whose arms are round thee thrown.
Methinks yon setting sun, which smiles
In glory far away,
Already, o'er thy mountain-peaks,
Proclaims another day—
To some awakened child of thine,
Who sees, with careless eye,
The wondrous landscape of my dreams
Before him brightly lie.

There be who scoff at thoughts like these—
But still my soul doth keep
Its solitary vigil here,
Beside the solemn deep.

Yea, yes!—beyond that pathless waste,
A mighty world I'll find;
And several tribes of Adam's race
By me shall yet be joined—

In friendship's golden chain, as now,
By yonder setting sun,
Whose living line of radiance links
Their far shores into one.

Father of Nature! thou wilt guide
The sail that is unfurled,
To bear across the ocean's breast
The tidings of a world!



Drawn by H. G. G. G. G.

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